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THE FORUM

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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

SPRING AND THE POETS

FREDERICK L. ALLEN

SOMETHING must be done about the poetry of spring. It may be all right for England, but it won't do for Westchester County, New York.

The trouble with the poetry of spring, — I mean the imported English variety on which we were all brought up, — is that it was manufactured for the English market and has no relation to local conditions.

In the England of the poets spring begins early and lasts a long time. Wilfred Scawen Blunt informs us in a sonnet that on St Valentine's Day, riding horseback on "the Sussex weald, a sea of brown," he heard a thrush sing and knew that spring had come. No such optimism would be possible over here. Our local weald is a sea of white on St Valentine's Day; one rides upon it on a toboggan, hears the slap of tire chains against the mudguards of a passing sedan, and knows that winter isn't over by a long shot. In England, according to Tennyson, whenever a March wind sighs, he sets the jewel-print of Maud's feet in violets blue as her eyes. Hereabouts the boys would have to track Maud by the print of her goloshes in the slush. As for April, in England

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everything is coming out then, — trees, flowers, lyric poetry, chaffinches, April showers, love, and the spirit of merry youth, — until by the first of May your English poet is all ready to throw aside his umbrella, dance round the maypole, and heave a couple of wreaths of posies at the first shepherd lass he sees. Not so in the suburbs of New York. With us, April is the month when you order that extra ton of coal, hope nobody has put away your winter overcoat, and wonder at the temerity of the daffodils that insist on coming out just as if there were no danger of tonsilitis. The trees don't begin to show green before May, and until then the spirit of merry youth will stand without hitching.

Now this situation, as anybody can see, is absurd. For years we have gone on teaching this highly inappropriate seasonal poetry to the young; and the young, reading about the early lark, the daisy, and the marigold, have looked out the window at the bare branches whipped by the east wind, and have come to the private conclusion that these poets were a cock-eyed lot who went into frenzies over nothing. The cumulative loss of prestige to poetry has been terrific. And think, too, of the loss to us New York commuters, compelled to stagger along without any really adequate lyrics to express our feelings about the weather!

One solution of the problem might be to rely more on home manufactures. I suggest that an embargo, or at least a prohibitive tariff on English lyrics dealing with March and April be rushed through Congress, on the ground that the teaching of these lyrics constitutes nothing less than a widespread and pernicious British propaganda against that most cherished of American institutions, the delayed spring; and that simultaneously a determined drive be made (with the slogan, "Patronize Your Naborhood Poet") to induce our home-bred bards to flood the market with hundred-per-cent American lyrics.

I am no poet myself, but even a mere publicist (I feel convinced that taking up this great crusade makes me a publicist) must try to show the way. I therefore take the liberty of suggesting the sort of thing that we who have this matter at heart would like to see adopted:

APRIL

Away, goloshes! Tarry, rubbers!
April winds are blowing.

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April showers bring pneumonia,
Keep the furnace going.
Hey Nonny-no! Cuckoo! Hey nonny!

or

ODE TO APRIL

The slush it has melted
But the mud is still here.
Hail! April, thou messiest
Month of the year.

I'm down with the grippe, and
My love she has flu.
Hail! April, physicians
Sing paeans to you!
(*Chorus of Hey Nonnies to suit.*)

Instead of verses expressing a longing to be at home now that April's there, I suggest something more in accord with the normal sentiments of residents of Westchester County during the early vernal season:

ABROAD THOUGHTS FROM HOME

"Unsettled to-day, with easterly winds;
"To-morrow, probably rain."
O to be basking in
Pinehurst,
White Sulphur,
Mentone,
Miami,
Or Spain!

English poems, where permitted, should always be revised to meet local climatic conditions in some such way as this:

THE MAY QUEEN

Oh I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May;
Please wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
I want to get off to an early start, the florist's so far from here.

Perhaps you at least catch the idea. But suppose our local lyricists fail to rise to the emergency, what then? I propose nothing less than a revision of the calendar to put March and April right with the poets. We already have daylight-saving time; why not a poetry-saving calendar? All that is necessary is to put our watches back one month at 2 A.M. on April first and

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call it March first again, allowing the railroad stations, if they get nasty about the change, to display the standard calendar. That would make the traditional English poetry right for the second March, and right for April, and pretty nearly right for May; and everything would be jake, with perhaps a few revisions here and there to call attention to the change, such as:

> The year's at the spring (poetry-saving calendar)
> And day's at the morn,
> Morning's at seven (daylight-saving time)
> The hillside's dew-pearl'd, etc.

To bring about one or both of these desirable consummations, the Movement must of course be properly organized to arouse public opinion. I think we might even go so far as to mobilize public opinion. First, we must form a National Committee. If anything was ever accomplished in this world without a National Committe, we haven't heard of it in Westchester County. Charles Evans Hughes will be prevailed upon to act as Honorary Chairman, and Nicholas Murray Butler and a lot of people of that sort will be on the Committee. We shall set a goal of five million lyrics and form sub-committees of Bankers, Cloak-and-Suit Men, Professional Athletes, and Schoolchildren. The Campaign will begin on April first (during a seasonable snowstorm) with a monster mass-meeting at Carnegie Hall, at which President Coolidge will affirm his faith in the American people and say that April is a drafty month and that poetry is a good thing.

The Campaign will go over with a bang, and before people know it America will have reasserted her moral leadership, Westchester County will be made safe for springtime lyrics, and I shall be sitting pretty in a permanent job as National Secretary of the Permanent Committee. But that is all in the future. Meanwhile English poetry is still on top, and the forecast for to-morrow is Continued Cold, Probably Showers or Snow.

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ARE TABLOID NEWSPAPERS A MENACE?

YES:

SAYS Mr. Villard. Certain tabloid newspapers degrade American journalism. They pander to vulgarity, sensationalism, and pruriency. His strictures do not, however, refer to the diminutive form of the tabloid newspaper, which he admits may be as good as any other, but primarily to the situation which has recently developed in New York.

NO:

SAYS Mr. Weyrauch. Opposition to the tabloids is due either to the usual conservative dismay at a new idea or, among the older newspapers, to fear of aggressive competition. Tabloids usually present an honest record of life. In fact, many of their pictures are also printed in the picture sections of the more conventional dailies. His article was, however, written before the most recent matrimonial cause célèbre.

I—TABLOID OFFENSES

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE case against the tabloid newspaper as it is now conducted has no relation to its size or format. There is no objection to a small-size newspaper and never has there been any. The criticisms leveled against it relate to good taste and decency, to the subjects upon which it lays the greatest stress, to the obvious fact that its conductors are pandering to a certain popular liking for sensationalism and the prurient and are equally obviously giving no evidence that they consider theirs a public trust, or that they have any civic or social duty to the community which supports them. In large measure these criticisms are precisely the same as those which were directed against William Randolph Hearst and his flamboyant dailies prior to 1910. Since this time, until his tabloid venture, his newspapers have been steadily reacting toward sobriety and responsibility. But no journalist of the 'nineties ever went so far in the portrayal of the nude, or in the faking of pictures, or sank to quite such depths of vulgarity, sensationalism, and frank description of crime and degeneracy, as do the tabloids in New York to-day in such cases

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as the Browning affair, the Kip Rhinelander annulment suit, and the Hall-Mills murder case.

Now it does not mitigate these offenses to say that this is modernism, or to point out that old-size newspapers are often by no means beyond grave criticism, or to declare that this is what the people want. If this be mere modernism then modernism would be something to be shunned, opposed, and dreaded; whereas every one knows it is nothing of the kind. Change is always welcome. Evolution, even in journalism, is normal and natural. But no one can contrast the tabloid press with the newspapers of the world which are recognized to stand for something more than appeals to passion or lust for sensations, and assert that the tabloids, as at present conducted, are anything but a long step downward. It is true that the "New York Times", for example, has made a mockery of its slogan "All the News That's Fit to Print" in its reporting of the Stillman and Hall-Mills and other cases. But these lapses are certainly not to be cited as justifying the "Graphic", for instance, in printing on its first page a picture pretending to represent the stripping of Mrs. Rhinelander in the jury-room in her husband's suit for divorce.

As for the threadbare argument that these tabloid dailies supply what the people want, — why, that has been cited in defense of every stooping to the gutter to win circulation since modern journalism began. Carried to its logical conclusion it would justify complete obscenity and the rotogravure printing of the indecent pictures which are now suppressed by the police when they are sold by degenerates on street corners. Let no one be misled. The indictment of the tabloids has nothing whatever to do with the fact that they print pictures, — about every daily in the English-speaking world now does that. It is the character of those pictures, — the unblushing admission that they are so frequently "reconstructed" after the event or drawn by "our special artists after the description of eyewitnesses", — that they serve no other purpose than to lure the pennies from the pockets of immaturity and pruriency, — which makes them the menace that they are. Nor is that menace lessened when the pictures are captioned by pious phrases pretending to point a moral and adorn the tale, or when, as in the case of the Macfadden publications, the display of nudity is made to fall in with a campaign for athletic

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vigor and public health. Nor is it possible to defend these daily lapses from decency or decent taste by the assertion that it is but right to publish the experiences of "persons who have lived dramatically". It is perfectly true that some of the most beautiful and touching and stimulating narratives we have ever had portray the lives and experience of those who have defied the social conventions of their times. But those experiences, those revelations of certain lives, usually live because of their earnestness, their sincerity, their unstudied art, their definite contributions to literature or history. The "true confessions" and the revelations that the gutter type of journalism prints lack all of these qualities. They are neither art nor literature, — nor earnest, nor sincere, nor true. They are set forth with tongue in cheek for the express purpose of making money; and they would be dropped to-morrow if the taste of those who buy them were to change or those who produce them could find something else that would sell better. The injury the tabloids do, under whatsoever hypocritical mask, lives after them. Every constructive social force will have it to reckon with, if it is not doing so now.

Well, we hear that these journals are praiseworthy because they are "breathing new life into journalism". Very well, let us assume this to be true for the sake of argument. What kind of journalism is it that is thus being brought into being? Here are the results of a study of the three New York City tabloids for the two weeks from October 11 to October 23, 1926, measured in inches.

	GRAPHIC Oct. 11 to Oct. 23 inc.	DAILY MIRROR Oct. 11 to Oct. 23 inc.	DAILY NEWS Oct. 11 to Oct. 23 inc.
1. Crime	879	865	858
2. Sex crime	10	22	43
3. Divorce and annulment	874	252	284
4. General News	679	540	1,016
5. Local News	232	217	295
6. Foreign News	78	74	102
7. Editorials	421	229	282
8. Special Department such as Your Marriage Problems, How to Earn Money at Home, What Have You to Say?	7,734	4,479	4,548
9. Entertainment, fiction, puzzles	1,887	1,818	1,757
10. Advertising	12,288	12,929	16,353

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It will be seen from this table that in the case of the "Daily News" with its circulation of more than one million copies, general, foreign, and local news received only a little more space than was given to crime and divorce. All the non-criminal life of the great American metropolis, its accidents, its fêtes, its meetings, its cultural and commercial achievements, were deemed worthy of just eleven more inches of space than the news of marital infelicities. In the sex-dominated "Graphic", divorce received four times as much attention as the local news, while foreign happenings were given less than one-tenth of the space devoted to divorce or to crime. Under the heading "General News" in the table above, have been placed all the political, social, and economic happenings within the United States. The value put upon them by the "Graphic" is evident; it gave them almost one-third less space than it did to crime and divorce and to the purely entertainment features which it carried. The friends and defenders of this "modernistic" journalism can, therefore, not deny that it has shifted the emphasis heretofore placed upon local and national and political news, and has developed an entirely new ratio of values. The figures are the more striking because the period under study came just before the congressional election and was coincident with part of the stay in this country of Queen Marie of Roumania, to which all newspapers gave considerable space. It can be laid down that almost no news story was over six inches in length and that a large portion of the space measured under this heading was made up of two-, three-, and four-line items.

Now, if it be maintained that this so-called "modern" daily is purely an article of sale in no wise different from a cake of soap or tube of toothpaste, this reassignment of values may be defensible. If it be asserted that the business of journalism to-day is merely to entertain and to amuse; that it is not affected with a public interest; that it has no social duty to perform, — why a case may conceivably be made out for the tabloids. It is, however, a fact that for an intelligent and enlightened electorate the Government must still rely upon the press. If that press deliberately refuses to perform this educational function, or if it conceives that crime is three times as valuable as all the political, social, and economic news of the country, how can the Republic hope for political intelligence and information among the million readers

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of the "Daily News". Obviously it cannot. We must therefore try to solace ourselves with the statement put forth by the tabloid managers, — and emphatically contradicted by them when they are seeking to obtain high-grade advertising, — that the tabloid readers are a new lot of mentally underdeveloped citizens who would otherwise never see a newspaper at all.

Is there real solace in this? Are the scattering threads of general and political news which are casually woven into the warp and woof of entertainment, of crime, of scandal, and divorce, of any real educational value to those who indulge in the tabloids? Is there anything in these papers to make a reader judge correctly those things which make for intelligent citizenship? Of course there is not. Of course the managers and owners are interested in only one thing, to make money at any cost. Stripped of all humbug and hypocrisy, these papers are synonymous with bad taste, vulgarity, a degenerate sensationalism, a devotion to the drab and seamy sides of life which cannot be successfully championed on the ground that they are modern and therefore good and inspiring; but simply on the ground that they sell.

Sell, they do. No one can honestly deny that. The "Daily News" has the largest circulation ever achieved by a daily of the United States, and it has achieved that in only six and one-half years. The growth of the "Graphic" in the evening has been similar, though slower. Between April 1 and October 1, 1926, it added 100,000 new readers, so that its managers were then able to swear to a daily net sale of 242,508 copies. Since then it has doubtless added many thousands more by its printing of the nauseating story of the married life of the elderly Mr. Browning and his fifteen-year-old bride. Stimulated by this growth and the popularity of his sex magazine, its owner, Bernarr Macfadden, has just struck a bargain with the holiest, most sanctimonious, and at times the most hypocritical of landlords, Trinity Church in New York, from which he has leased a plot of land for the wholesale manufacture of "sex stuff" and printed sensationalism. The treasury of Trinity will thus profit by Mr. Macfadden's interesting activities, while its clergymen continue to pray for an America pure and undefiled.

Such rapid tabloid growths must also be studied in connection with the old-line dailies, particularly with reference to the as-

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sertion that the tabloids create new readers where none grew before. Whereas the three tabloids in New York gained between April 1, 1925, and October 1, 1926, a year and a half, no less than 585,792 readers a day, the nine old-line dailies in Manhattan registered a net loss of 28,457 readers, six of them winning 84,483 readers a day, and three losing 112,940. The "Times" gained only 3,531 a day in these eighteen months, and the "Herald Tribune" only 14,983. The figures speak for themselves. If the tabloids have recruited only new newspaper readers, they have certainly kept some of them from going to the old-line journals. The growth of the "Times" and "Herald Tribune" has plainly been stopped, for their gains in no wise represent the normal growth such newspapers ought to have in a metropolis whose population annually goes up by leaps and bounds. And the loss in circulation of the "World" and the "Evening World" cannot wholly be explained by the price of the former, recently lowered.

It is idle to say that the old-line managers are not worried by the tabloids. They are and they must be. There is only one encouragement for them. The tabloids as a group have not yet demonstrated that they can become great money-makers or that they can take advantage of their large circulation. According to ordinary page rate rules, the "Daily News", with its 1,082,976 daily circulation would be justified in charging about four thousand dollars a page for its advertising. You can buy a page for fourteen hundred dollars. None the less it is popularly believed to be making huge profits. But the tabloid form does not lend itself to large advertisements or a large quantity of advertising. Thus the "News" carried in October last, only 865,570 agate lines of advertising as contrasted with the 3,000,000 of the "Times", and the nearly 2,000,000 of the "Herald Tribune". The "Graphic" carried only 388,478, which is entirely out of proportion to its circulation, for the "Evening Post" carried 518,328 lines with a circulation of only 35,501. What we are witnessing is a sudden phenomenon in journalism. Years must elapse before it can be said that it has achieved permanent financial success, or has come to stay in its present form. It is only fair to add that every departure in metropolitan journalism which has shocked the country by its yellowness, has become whiter with the lapse of years.

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But for the present we must contemplate the fact that our leading department stores and many of our foremost national advertisers are helping by their advertisements to establish a type of journalism which assures us every morning and evening of the fullest display of such delightfully uplifting and inspirational stories as the true inwardness of Mr. Browning's love life with Peaches, the fullest details of the Hall-Mills trial, accidents, sensations, sex stories, etc. One may learn from the "Graphic" that "White 'Sweetie' Exposes Secret of Alice Kip's Weird Love Power", as one had the opportunity to buy the fake "composite photograph" carefully prepared from a description given by one of the witnesses to Mrs. Rhinelander's disrobing that the jury might judge the color of her skin. Similarly faked or "reconstructed" photographs in the "Graphic" portrayed the hanging of Gerald Chapman and the wife murder and suicide of a "wealthy Long Island society man", etc., etc., while the "Mirror" drew down upon itself a denunciation by the "World" of its picture "constructed from records of the Somerville, N. J., trial" which represented one of the defendants in the Hall-Mills case placing a card at the feet of the murdered couple, —a performance wholly without warrant in fact and utterly vicious in that it tried and condemned a man in a newspaper while he was on trial in court for his life. If that is responsible and decent journalism, how can it be that the American republic has had to wait one hundred fifty years for it? As a matter of fact it is not journalism. It is the degradation of journalism, unless we abandon entirely the historic definition of journalism: that its purpose is to instruct and inform and print bona fide news of human progress. If this new journalism is needed, if it is ethical, honest, trustworthy, and enlightening, why, let all Americans combine to put the old-line journals out of business. If their day is gone, if they have yielded to something better and superior and more worth while, why should they encumber the earth?

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II—THE WHY OF THE TABLOIDS

MARTIN WEYRAUCH

CRITICISM of the tabloids is just one more symptom of the present powerful conservative undertow. It is a skirmish in the war traditionalism is waging to block liberalization of education, music, art, dress, literature. It is the protest of the static against the movie; the drab expressing distaste at the dramatic; the ghostly dead moaning at the ways of the quick. Tabloids were just as inevitable as jazz. They are as truly expressive of modern America as World Series baseball, skyscrapers, radio, the movies, Trudy Ederle, Billy Sunday, taxicabs, and beauty contests. They are feared because they are jolting the pillars of conservatism.

The first successful members of the tabloid family date back no further than 1903, when Lord Northcliffe evolved them out of his experience with the newspaper readers of England. Frank Munsey had tried out a similar publication on the American public with his "Daily Continent", a fleeting memory of the early 1890's. Col. John A. Cockerill's "Morning Advertiser" of the same decade was equally evanescent. After these two feeble failures the tabloid idea languished here until after the World War, with its profound effects upon old conventions. Then the tabloid, which had budded, blossomed, and brought further fruit in England, was transplanted to American soil.

Modeled in a general way after the London tabloids, the "Daily News" was offered for the approval of New York in 1919 by the Patterson-McCormick interests, publishers of the Chicago "Tribune". The public approved so heartily that five years later William Randolph Hearst felt impelled to start the "Mirror" to stop "News" encroachments upon Hearstian preserves. Bernarr Macfadden established the "Evening Graphic" in the fall of 1924, the third member of the triumvirate of great newspapers representing this new departure in journalism. Since then Mr. Macfadden has taken over the Philadelphia "News" as the second of his projected transcontinental string. Mr. Hearst has another tabloid, too, — the Boston "Advertiser". Other publishers are meeting with varying success in other cities.

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Comparison of the American tabloids with their English contemporaries shows essential differences. Both sides of the Atlantic see pictures used as front page displays and for the feature of the two centre "double-truck" pages. From the news standpoint, in the United States there is less conservatism, a more intensive dramatization, a dare-devil crusading spirit. Any effort to generalize about American tabloids is bound to leave a false impression. The smaller members of our fourth estate differ from each other in policy and in content as sharply as do their bulky brethren. There are tabloids as conservative as blue serge. Others are frankly sensational. However, it is not what the tabloids do but what they are that makes them the objects of attack. A dispatch from Ithaca, N. Y., June 18, 1926, makes the following significant revelation: —

> A resolution against the publication of tabloid newspapers was adopted by the New York Associated Dailies in the closing session of their convention at Cornell University to-day. The organization went on record to the effect that none of its members will participate in the publication of tabloids and that they will attempt to discourage publication of such papers in New York.

Not a word to indicate a desire to differentiate between good tabloids and bad! Opposition was to be, and is, against all tabloids. Now, the only basic distinction between a tabloid and any other newspaper is in the matter of size. The attack of the entrenched publishers is launched against any newspaper smaller than the accepted standard. The reason is that vital property values and good-will built into the newspapers and the dividends dependent thereon are at stake.

Circulation and advertising are the fist-in-glove, the bread and butter, the Damon and Pythias, of business journalism. Advertising pays. Sad to say, advertising has a fickle habit of bestowing its favor upon publications that attract readers. Consideration of those axioms makes understandable ninety-seven per cent by volume of all the hullabaloo against the tabloids.

In New York the seven-year-old "News" sells more than a million copies daily. The "Mirror" and the "Graphic", both less than three years old as this is written, have a daily circulation of more than 300,000 each. And while the circulation of these

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three youngsters keeps mounting, big newspaper circulation clings by its finger-nails to old levels and occasionally has hair-raising backslidings. The icy logic of circulation figures is bringing advertisers to greater use of the tabloids. Smaller use of the big newspapers is the spectre that haunts the trail of their publishers. At present advertisers are still held to the old by tradition, but there is one cold-blooded factor that has heartless unconcern for tradition. That factor is known to the trade as "results". Big newspapers are too big to be effective. A single standard-sized page is approximately eighteen inches by twenty-two inches in dimensions. There is no room in crowded subways or comfortable, embracing armchairs to spread such bedsheets fully. The result is that a vast majority of big newspapers are never opened far enough to give their readers an intelligible vision of advertising display. And the bigger the display, the less effective it is when folded sidewise or under. Yet folding big newspapers is almost a universal habit. Just how general it is may be observed by any one who keeps his eyes on his neighbors' instead of on his own newspaper while traveling to the office to-morrow morning.

Tabloids, on the other hand, are easily opened. Their small size makes it possible for readers to comprehend even full-page advertisements as units. Advertising messages are carried to the eye with telling directness. That this is more efficient than the display on a blanket sheet is primer psychology.

Another example of the undue bigness of the Big Press is the number of pages in each issue. As a random example, the "New York Times" of Sunday, October 10, contained a total of 176 full-sized pages and 64 half-sized pages. (Even the Big Fellows condescend to the tabloid form in sections where it doesn't step on the toes of advertising revenue.) Reducing this grand total of paper into comprehensible figures we find that its area is approximately 600 square feet, which, converted into octavo volumes, would make a library of seven books, each containing more than 300 pages. No person of ordinary capacity could assimilate such a vast quantity of material in a week, even if it were all interesting enough to read. Unwieldy size and staggering columns of type have driven hordes of people to the comforting refuge of the tabloids. While their defection from the old newspapers and its consequent perils are the reason for most of the anti-

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tabloid propaganda, other factors must also be considered. There is considerable opposition from thoughtless persons who parrot criticisms they read in their favorite newspapers or allied magazines. This group just knows that whatever the "Daily Palladium" publishes must be so; and when the "Palladium" raps the tabloids, that's enough to condemn those terrible little sheets. Another block of the public doesn't take kindly to tabloid news presentation because of human disinclination to break long-standing habits, and every one knows what a perfectly fierce habit newspaper reading can be.

But, aside from the propaganda of the Big Press, the bulk of antitabloid talk comes from a small, indefatigable coterie of illiberals. These are they who assert the imbecility of all persons so low in the scale as actually to read tabloids. This characterization would be important, if true. If it is true, there is something seriously wrong with the mental workings of all Americans. For tabloid readers are the self-same persons whom you meet in business and finance and at social functions, and most of whom read large newspapers.

Interesting statistics gathered by the "Graphic" show that of 1000 readers of that publication, 246 confess addiction to the "New York Times" habit. Two hundred fourteen read the morning "World", 97 the "Herald Tribune", 146 local newspapers, and 89 the "American". More than 75 per cent mix tabloids and big papers indiscriminately in their reading. If then, as one writer says, "Only a sharp lowering of the IQ of a newspaper was necessary to make it attractive to a hitherto unexploited portion of the great metropolitan rank and file," a similarly low rating attaches to persons guilty of reading any newspaper at all.

Tabloids are popular because, being brief, they hold the interest of their readers. Interest is not an easy thing to capture. It is harder still to hold. In big newspapers it is often nothing more than a little thread lost in a bewildering fabric of words. In the tabloids it is prominent enough to be recognized. The reason is that restricted space has compelled tabloid writers to be brief. Brevity has brought another quality: intensified drama. This development is something that has shocked many newspaper old-timers beyond coherent expression. Once newspaper men

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were taught to write in the colorless fashion of a lodge secretary posting up his minutes. Exception to this general rule was provided in the occasional "human interest" story. It was distinctly understood, though, that human interest was something apart, never to be taken quite seriously. Those compelled to write it were of a lower caste in newspaperdom, the "sob sisters". Human emotions, in brief, were something too mean and tawdry for serious consideration in the dignified profession of journalism.

The tabloids took that musty tradition by the scruff of the neck and bundled it overboard. They introduced a style of journalism that concerns itself primarily with the drama of life. Big Press journalism is based as of yore upon academics, politics, and polemics. Perfervid reformers have seized upon tabloid news-dramatization as something to be condemned. Pointless criticisms are made at the publication of the news concerning men and women who have had human experiences. On the contrary, there is a growing group of competent observers who see the matter not through eyes jaundiced by prejudice, but clearly. One of these, W. D. Walker, director of sales and publicity of one of New York's big department stores, is quoted in the "Fourth Estate" as saying: —

> These people (ninety-five per cent of the population) are intensely human. To them the primary appeal of the metropolitan tabloids, the presentation in pictorial form of daily divergences from routine, is of compelling interest. They tread their daily grind in the home, the office, the workshop; but they are potential adventurers, — we all are. And the tabloids dish up to them, every day, food which keeps alive an unexpressed part of their nature, makes them feel they belong in the human chorus, though not in the spotlight.

Prof. Robert A. Millikan, lecturing at Yale on "New Truth and Old", recently said:

> The beauty of women, the strength of men, the flavor of strawberries, the aroma of flowers, the love of friends, courtship, marriage and divorce, the racetrack, the wrestling match and the boxing bout, all of these played almost exactly the same rôle in the lives of the people of Rome as they play in the lives of the people of New Haven or New York. And it is around these things, too, that about ninety per cent of the interests of the average man revolve.

There is an admirable summary of the items that constitute human interest! Tabloid policies fit glove-like to the ideas expressed by Dr. Millikan. How about the conservative Big Press?

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At random I pick up a representative publication of that class, — New York "Evening Post", September 11, 1926, — and turn to the editorial page. Here are the topics discussed: — (1) "Do We Face Insurgency?" — a guess at what present day politics might be about, with reference to such archaisms as the Bull Moose, the Grange, free silver, and the like, 500 words. (2) "Loose Generalizations," on the state of democracy in Italy, Spain, Greece, and Poland, 300 words. (3) "The Hunt for Rubber," an encyclopedic dissertation on the guayule bush, 200 words. (4) "Berry on the Budget," a brave effort to plumb New York's civic finances, 400 words. (5) "Not a Political Issue," which adds 400 words to the unnumbered millions already published on international debts. Total, 2000 words or so on topics that are eminently proper and unquestionably dull. Not one word about the beauty of women or the strength of men. No mention of the flavor of strawberries or the aroma of flowers. Nothing about the love of friends or about courtship, marriage, and divorce. Nothing about anything "around which ninety per cent of the interests of the average man revolve". That editorial page is a steely mirror which reflects the news and editorial ideals of its type.

Because their size violates the sacrosanct traditions of the elder journalism, everything the tabloids do is made the subject of high inquisition. Slight divergences from routine are recognized at once as heresy, and great is the outcry thereover.

Practically every critic who has tackled this subject within the past half year has grasped at one tabloid headline out of hundreds of thousands that have been written as a perfect example of something or other. This line read, "VALENTINO DEAD," in big capitals. Alongside, in smaller type, were the words "Is Report". This variety of headline, involving the use of large letters with accompanying smaller (peanut) type was *not* invented by the tabloids. It is, I believe, at least as old as the Spanish-American War. It has been used as long as that continually and consistently by the "New York Journal", and is no stranger to the readers of many other large-sized newspapers. If its use is objectionable in a small newspaper, why isn't it doubly objectionable in a newspaper of double the size?

As for misleading readers, there are cases of such deep blood

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guilt upon the consciences of big newspapers that I marvel at their effrontery in misdemeanor-sniping at the tabloids.

I could go on. It would be useless waste of space. Any one familiar with mankind knows, without a recitation of specific instances, that its works are never on a par with Deity's. Yet that high state of perfection is demanded of tabloids by those who condone or ignore grievous offenses of the Old Press.

Because tabloids are trail blazers, they are the target of attacks. America's journalistic pioneers have had similar experiences from the early days of the Republic. Phillips Russell, in *Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American*, shows how even our eminent First Printer, now revered by the blue noses of pressdom, was put in his proper place by the canters of his day: —

> The New England "Courant" is a success. It is condemned as sensational and worthy folk, who would otherwise ignore it, buy it to see just how sensational it is. . . . Dr. Cotton Mather goes on to denounce the "Courant" as "full-freighted with nonsense, unmanliness, raillery, prophaneness, immorality, arrogance, calumnies, lies, contradictions, and whatnot, all tending to quarrels and divisions, and to debauch and corrupt the minds and manners of New England."

In spite of which Franklin's reputation survived. But from his day to the present, press progress has been attained over the dead bodies of successive platoons of reactionaries. The present middle-aged generation recalls the pitched battles waged by an outraged press at the introduction of colored comic supplements by depraved competitors. Resolutions were adopted, scathing editorials were published, high heaven was invoked to save our fair land from that insidious peril. A quarter of a century later we find the vicious comics in more luxuriant flower than ever. Quondam protestants against this innovation have innovated it into their own publications with bland unconcern for anything higher than circulation figures.

Similarly bitter was the fight against big headlines. When these were introduced, conservatism threw its customary fit, gasped twice, opened a tentative eye, revived, tested the degrading novelty, and finally adopted it into itself. The present fight against tabloids is equally pointless. As usual, conservatism justifies its stupidity by imputing evil with lavish unconcern to

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whatever it dislikes. It launches arrows tipped with "eroticism", "immorality," "sex-saturation," and similar barbs. It overlooks the fact that no psychoanalyst would have great difficulty in classifying personalities that veer so certainly to nasty thoughts. It overlooks, too, the fact that newspaper readers are not misled by the hypocrisy of these self-complacents, but are giving earnest support to the tabloids because they feel this section of the press to be more unafraid of "influences", more straightforward and more representative of public interest than the old-liners.

Contrary to the opinion of uninformed critics, the tabloids are a constructive force. During the year just passed they have done rather well many things that the Big Press had left untouched. The "Graphic" brought about a meeting of coal operatives' and miners' representatives in joint debate in the midst of the strike of 1925–1926. Mine leaders acknowledge that this meeting precipitated the settlement that soon followed. The same publication arranged a mass meeting of protest against the projected formation of a three billion dollar food trust. On the heels of the meeting, and with no publicity except such as was given in this one paper, the promoters voluntarily withdrew their application for this stupendous merger. A tabloid awarded a series of bronze tablets to New York city civic associations for meritorious achievements. A tabloid is experimenting with a plan for fitting discouraged men into their proper jobs by application

SPACE DEVOTED TO TWO HIGHLY SENSATIONAL NEWS STORIES

(Compilation from the Daily Press of New York City, November 4, 1926)

	Hall-Mills Murder Case	Tombs Prison Break
	Words	Words
Times	12,750	8,850
American	13,128	4,650
World	10,000	4,025
Herald Tribune	20,000	4,000
Total	55,878	21,525

Daily News	5,250	2,500
Daily Mirror	14,500*	2,250
Evening Graphic	3,500	3,500
Total	23,250	8,250

Average number of words devoted to two stories:

Big Newspapers	9,700
Tabloids	5,250

* Policy story in the "Mirror", and unusually long for that reason. This is the sole case that has come to my notice in which a tabloid gave such extended space to any article.

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of scientific mental analysis. Almost every tabloid gives freely of various forms of service in matters of health, home, business, and other closely personal matters.

If there is one thing more than their size that distinguishes tabloids from their big brothers I should say it is humanness. They talk in their columns about the things that people talk about on the streets and in their homes. They are not so far above the common herd as to have no concern in the interests of everyday life. Their interest is something that lasts twelve months of the year rather than a passing display dragged out for a spectacular annual flash at the Christmas holidays.

Tabloids have been criticized for their liberal use of pictures. After reading several masterpieces which proved conclusively that all intelligent persons shunned illustrations, I conducted a secret but thorough investigation. As a result, I am in a position to assert positively that there still are pictures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and that people still go to look at them. I have also gathered evidence tending to show that book publishers, magazine publishers, and even publishers of big newspapers are still using illustrations. And I begin to suspect that perhaps pictures are not so bad as they have been painted.

Any unbiased observer can discover that every picture published in tabloids has its prototype in standard size newspapers. Even in the most conservative of conservative rotogravure sections, bathing beauties are not taboo. True, they may be 'way back on page two or page three instead of on page one, but I cannot see that morality or decency can be made dependent upon the page of publication.

While even modest tabloids are anathema, big papers that publish vicious material are unreproved and uncriticized. A truly erotic news account appeared not many aeons ago in one of the primmest of the Perfectly Proper Press. This consisted of the verbatim transcript of the testimony in one of our nation's most scandalous murder trials. Admissions of a highly intimate nature, wrung from the lips of a wronged girl, were reprinted word for word in that dear old "Daily Family Bible". Yet no heated journalistic outburst followed. The paper was regular. It was one of the gang. It threatened to undermine no established business. Nothing greeted its bold, bad feat except the echo of abysmal

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silence. And its circulation failed to go up either then or, to any appreciable extent, since.

The Big Press is constantly trying to adapt what it calls "typical tabloid stuff" to its own uses. It fails, primarily, because it confuses indecency and humanness. It fails because its size is a barrier against intimacy with readers. It fails, too, because it is old and, being old, lacks the youthful crusading spirit of the tabloids. The tabloids prosper because they are of the people instead of trying to be above the people; because they are humanly fallible, but swift to correct mistakes and go ahead; because they are in touch with the present instead of trying to relive the past; because they are not only alive but awake.

Charges that tabloids make a practice of faking news are false. So are attacks upon the integrity, loyalty, and ability of the men and women who run tabloids. An editorial diatribe in the "Nation" said, "In the long run such journalism must be its own reward."

It is.

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MORALE

PRIVATE MICHAEL MALOYNE

Drawings by Carl

DEDICATED TO THE A. E. F. PARIS 1927

THE rain fell steadily. It seeped through the low hanging clouds that crowded down upon the reeking earth and mingled in a misty spray with the vapor rising from the soaking fields; the pale white cloud of steamy vapor formed a funnel of mist around the roadway. It floated slowly forward, eddying in and out amidst the trees. And within the misty vapor a sweating column marched. The rain fell in a thin persistent spray which the packs drank up till they could hold no more. They dragged down upon the aching shoulders with the pull of living things that gather sullen strength at every mile. Their straps shrunk hard and tight upon the body. They rasped like wooden saws. The rifle was a solid bar of lead and the sharp points of a hundred rounds of ammunition, carried in the belt around the waist, gouged their steel noses into the galled flesh. Slowly the hands and arms filled up and swelled with thickened

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blood that could no longer find its way to the laboring heart. A numbness crept up the legs and mounted through the tired body to the brain, which grew sluggish with the poisons of fatigue. At last all sense of feeling left the men in ranks as the everlasting march went on. Where they were going, they did not know. Why they were marching, they did not know. When they would stop, they did not know. Sometimes they wondered dumbly as they marched, and then, — even wonder ceased.

Parked by the roadside was a Cadillac. Perhaps it knew the reasons why and where and when, but if so, it said nothing. It settled down in sedate silence on its broad fat tires and frowned in contempt at the vulgar mud. The rain fell with a mild apology upon its polished body and hastily trickled off the sides. Within sat the pentecost of military knowledge incarnate. At first the identity of the incarnation was not entirely apparent. It wore a colored band upon the sleeve and a starry eagle on the shoulder and then, as the being turned and coldly eyed the marching troops, several rows of ribboned decorations appeared. There could no longer be any doubt, — a Staff Officer! A little leather notebook reposed upon his knee and a little silver pencil poised above the trim white page. He watched the column as it passed and he made many wise notations as to its state of training, discipline, and equipment; but what he really wanted most was observations on morale.

Morale was a new thing in the army. It had been invented by the French General Staff and these gentlemen assured their less enlightened allies that all the best troops had it. Morale was essential to the successful execution of all military enterprises. Without it, defeat was a foregone conclusion. With it, victory could find no other perch than the standards carried by well trained, well fed, thoroughly disciplined troops in superior numbers. The Staff Officer who sat in the Cadillac gazed out through the closed glass windows and felt very doubtful. He knew that he had plenty of morale himself. The driver of his comfortably closed car had a quart of it under the front seat; but the muddy troops in the muddy road had none of it at all. He shook his head ominously and the little silver pencil went to work. Somewhere far ahead in the blanketing wall of mist the head of the column came to a ragged halt. The little silver pencil

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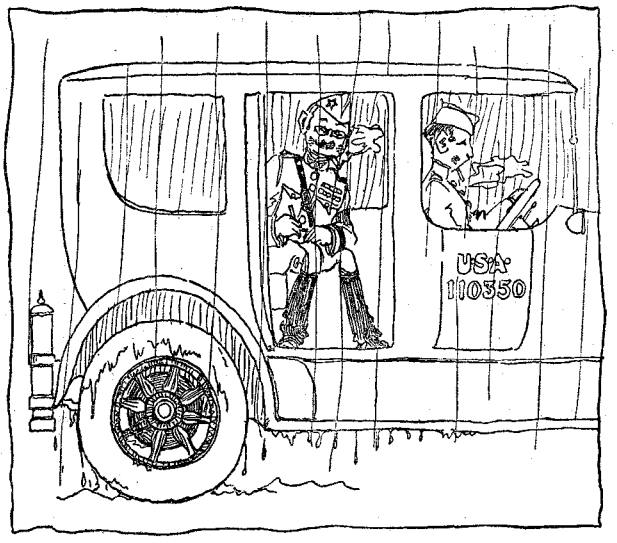

A Staff Officer!

paused. The ranks jammed up upon themselves as the tired men, bowed beneath the weight of rain-soaked equipment, suddenly became aware that there was no longer any space between themselves and the swaying pack in front.

"Ah!" said the Staff Officer, and his little silver pencil set down upon the page many wise comments on the duties of unit commanders.

"Take me to the head of the column, Rawlinson," said he in terse, official tones, and even as the thought framed itself in his mind, the limousine responded. A shower of mud flew from its wheels and drenched the halted column as it passed. Off in the distant fog the faint relay of the colonel's order could be heard coming down the line: "Fall out on the right of the road."

The men stumbled wearily to the roadside and sank upon the rain-soaked earth. Sergeant O'Grady dropped a rifle to ground on the right side and shot out a sustaining foot to catch it and ease its downward course. The other rifle which he carried slung on the left shoulder dropped unimpeded with a liquid flop. A pack, with dangling belt attached, splashed in the puddle at his feet. The second pack came gently down upon the first, and Sergeant O'Grady himself came gently down upon the second. From his improvised throne of field equipment he cast an appraising eye upon the inert forms about him. He stretched his arms wide and yawned prodigously.

"Gawd I'm tired," he sighed. Not a sound from the platoon.

"Wonder when we'll eat," said he, addressing the world at large. There was a slight stir among the men. A few twitched spasmodically, but no one answered.

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"Wonder where we'll billet," said he and prodded the section guide in the ribs with a muddy foot.

"Go t' hell," growled the section guide, and rolled over on his face. Sergeant O'Grady scratched his head. The platoon had gone dead on him. In another mile they would start falling out, and then there would be hell to pay. Had Sergeant O'Grady been an up-to-date soldier he would have recognized the trouble at once: the morale of the troops was rotten. The proper conduct in such a case is to rise and give a short talk on making the world safe for democracy. But Sergeant O'Grady had soldiered in the army during those times when there was plenty of morale chiefly because no one had ever heard of the word. He had, however, a strong conviction that things needed "stirrin' up", and the twinkles around his deep-set eyes grew deeper as his glance came to rest on the one who generally did the "stirrin'". Sergeant O'Grady gathered up a ball of muddy sod and hurled it with unerring accuracy. The mud sailed through the air and struck dead centre on a steel helmet. A hollow plunk came forth. The helmet rose slowly. Beneath its dripping rim a pair of pale blue eyes appeared. After the eyes came a nose with mud on the end of it. Freckles stood out plainly on a somewhat wistful face, which struggled to squint up one corner in a mutely humorous question. Sergeant O'Grady winked like an octopus. His mouth went down deeply into the angle of his blue, stuffy chin, and his eye closed tight in a confidential wrinkle. All his features entered into the spirit of the expression.

"I say Mike," said he, while his paw-like hand made wide stirring motions in an imaginary pot, "voolee-voo prom'nade avek m'wha?"

Michael smiled patiently. He looked first at sprawling figures of the men and then at the muddy road.

"Not me, sargint," said he with a hopeless shake of the head.

Sergeant O'Grady's face unscrewed itself. His hand reached down for another lump of muddy sod.

"But I tell you what," Michael went on quickly. "If they don't cut out hikin' me on the same side of the road all day, I'll be one legged. My right foot is worn up to my knee already."

O'Grady brushed his muddy hands together.

"T'ain't nothin'," he remarked. "Why when I was in the 7th

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Machine Gun Battalion at Chatto Therry — " The section guide groaned and rolled over on his back. O'Grady and Michael exchanged understanding glances. The spark had been lit.

"Huh!" Michael grunted contemptuously. "You seem to think that outfit was the berries. Why, when I was soldierin' with Julius Caesar we used to do hikes that would make this little jaunt look like a ride in the subway."

The first weary platoon, Co. K, 75th Infantry, began to show signs of reviving consciousness. One or two laughed weakly; but the gray pallor of fatigue was still stamped upon the faces of the others, leaving them blank and expressionless.

"I suppose you was one of them cenchurions," Sergeant O'Grady suggested.

"Not me," Michael replied. "I was a first class private in the rear rank of the 10th Legion. Caesar's Own, we used to call 'em. In those days they used to put all the hams in the front rank. That was why we couldn't get any fightin' at all down in the Palestine sector."

Private Tommie Shaw raised his head and looked dumbly at Michael. They had soldiered together before, and he felt quite sure that he was thoroughly familiar with Michael's military record. Prior service in the 10th Legion must have escaped his knowledge.

"What outfit did you say?"

"The tenth eye-talyons," O'Grady replied.

"Some of 'em were wops," Michael added.

A swarthy little man whose vocation in more peaceful times was selling ripe bananas sat bolt upright with a nervous jerk.

"Dam' goodda da fight. What you say? Eh, Mike?"

"Sure was," Michael replied. "We cleaned up on everybody 'cept the Irish and ole Jule knew better'n to try that."

"He had good sense, that guy did," O'Grady remarked. "Wha'd you do after you got through wippin' the Jews."

A plaintive wail curved through the nostrils of Solomon Levy and rebounded from his hollow chest. He rose on a bony elbow and fixed his patient eyes on Michael.

"Oi Maike, ven vas you such a li'-yah? Vas it not Hasdrupal dot teached his son to beat de Romans? Vasn't Hannibal a yiddisher? Be a goot poy, Moike, und tell dem dot he vas."

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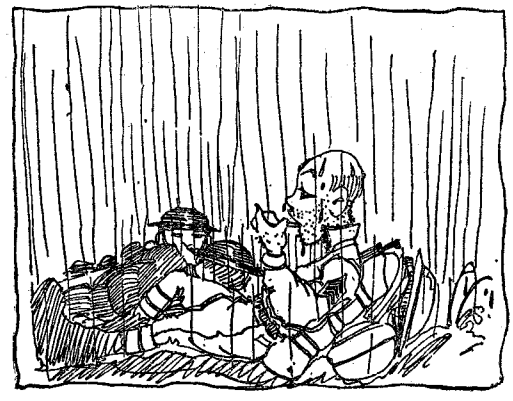

Sergeant O'Grady

Michael nodded in agreement. "Yeah, that's right. That's how I came to get mixed up with the 13th Punic Tank Battalion. It happened this way. Things had quieted down pretty much in Palestine and the troops were gettin' restless. Every time we started an offensive and captured a lot of territory we found that old man Hasdrupal had a mortgage on it. It wasn't worth fifty centimes. Anyway I got pretty well fed up on the whole show, so one night I sort of strolled off by myself, thinking about getting a transfer to another outfit. I must have gone quite a ways, for the first thing I knew I stumbled over the picket line in old man Hasdrupal's camp. There was a helluva commotion. Gruntin' and squealin' and snortin'. Big black hulks with long white prongs on 'em butted and banged into each other. They grabbed at me with snaky arms as long as wagon tongues. It sure was hell all right."

O'Grady grunted. "You ain't never been to Chatto Therry, was yuh?" But Michael only grinned. Tommie Shaw's eyes opened wide and the Italian fruit-vendor crossed himself. One by one the men pulled themselves together till half the platoon was sitting up. Even the Hard-Boiled Dooligan had come to life.

"What was that?" Tommie demanded breathlessly.

"Couldn't tell at first," Michael replied. "I was runnin' this way and that, tryin' to keep from gettin' squashed when all of a sudden I heard some one call out: 'Save me! Oh save me!' — and the first thing I knew she ran right into my arms and she fainted."

"Shouldn't wonder," said O'Grady.

"Wha'd she look like?" was Tommie's eager query.

"Couldn't see much in the dark," said Michael, "but she sure felt beautiful. So I took her down to the watering trough and tried to bring her to. Her breath was fanning my cheek soft and gentle like the wind through the rustling palm-trees and her long

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black eyelashes were fluttering like sleepy butterflies. After a while she sort of woke up and I could see the twinkling starlight reflected in her eyes.

"'Oh, kind sir! How can I thank you?' she murmured.

"'Tell me how I can get out of this,' said I, always thinking of my profession. At first I couldn't make out exactly what she was saying; but after a while she calmed down a bit and I got the straight of it. It seems I'd walked right into Hasdrupal's tank park, which was a mighty unhealthy place to be for anybody in Caesar's outfit."

O'Grady interrupted with a chuckle. "I guess it was unhealthy all right. I seen a marine at Chatto Therry what had strayed over there somehow. One of them tanks caught up with him and squashed him flatter'n a dog tag."

"Yeah," said Michael in an ominous tone of voice, "but if you ever saw anybody squashed by one of Hasdrupal's tanks you'd know what a real squashin' was. Anyway I was mighty anxious to get out of there, but something about that poor, helpless girl made me want to stick around so that I could rescue her again if anything happened. Just the same I was pretty nervous, so I dragged out my bayonet, kind of stealthy like, and held it behind me so she wouldn't see it and get scared while she told me her story. She sat there on the edge of the watering trough with one little pink-toed, sandaled foot swinging back and forth, and now and then her white fingers traced idle ripples in the water. All the time she kept staring up at me with her big brown eyes. She told me that she was a Greek slave girl — "

A first-class private in Caesar's Own

"A Greek!" one of the men exclaimed.

"We gotta restaurant in my home town," another added. "It's run by

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a guy named Poppolous. You ought to see him. 'What kinda pie? Peachpinaplemoncustardap'lkine, — you wan?'"

"Greeks are a greasy bunch," said Tommie in tones of firm conviction.

Michael turned on him indignantly. "This girl wasn't greasy. She was clean as a piece of soap. I never saw a cleaner girl in all my life, but the war had sure passed her out a dirty deal. It was this way. Old man Hasdrupal was a mighty religious sort of a geezer even for his other bad points; but his son Hannibal didn't have any religion at all. He was a regular rounder and used to spend all his time drinking and rioting around in the pool halls at Carthage, when he wasn't fighting. Well, one time he captured a Greek ship and after making all the men walk the plank he found this poor little slave girl in the cabin. At first he was going to throw her overboard, the dirty pup, but seeing how beautiful she was he decided to keep her till she grew up. She sure had a hard life."

"That's right," said O'Grady unsympathetically. "Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothin'."

A burst of laughter came from the platoon, and witty sallies crowded each other for a hearing. The spark had been lit, and the spirits kindled brightly. All eyes turned toward Michael for his rejoinder.

"Don't fool yourself, sergeant," he replied. "The less you tell 'em the more they'll find out, and this little girl had found out a lot. She sure was sore about the way this scamp Hannibal had treated her, and she told me how he was framing it up to pull another one of his dirty tricks on us. Then she told me the secret, and after I learned what it was I beat it quick."

"You beat it!" Tommie Shaw exclaimed incredulously.

"I always thought you was a dumb-bell," said Dooligan in a surly voice.

"Well you see I was A. W. O. L.," Michael explained, "so after I kissed her good-by a few times I cleared out, thinking all the while how beautiful she was amongst all those tanks and things. As soon as I got back, I made up my mind to warn Julius Caesar and get him to pull us out of that sector quick. First I went up to the top sergeant and asked him for permission to speak to the company commander, and then I asked him for

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The Irish Brick Slingers

permission to speak to the major, and so on up the line, till after about a week I came to old Jule himself, sitting on a keg of beer. He was a right agreeable old geezer when you got to know him."

"Did he offer you a drink, Mike?" someone asked.

"He did, you know! He called in the Chief of Staff and had him draw off a couple buckets o' suds and after we knocked 'em off he lent me his shirt to wipe my whiskers on. Then I got down to business.

"'Listen here, Jule,' I said, 'you better pull us out of this sector quick. Young Hannibal is up to another one of his dirty tricks.'

"He looked at me with those green eyes of his that bore right through you like a bullet. After a long silence he spoke.

"'Caesar never pulls out,' says he, in a voice like a frozen wisdom tooth.

"That had me stopped. I knew old Jule would stick around as long as there was a chance of taking another crack at Hasdrupal who wouldn't pay him the forty sesterces that he lost in a crap game in Syracuse and —"

"Syracuse?" said Tommie Shaw suddenly. "Oh! 'Scuze me. Go ahead. What happened after that?"

"Well, I thought I'd better come clean and put Caesar wise, so I drew myself up and got my heels together and I said: 'We about to die salute you, Caesar!' But he didn't seem to take the hint at all, so I tried it again: 'Caesar never pulls out!' I repeated, just like he had said: 'But this no-'count son of Hasdrupal *is* pulling out. He's going to do it on the sly and he figures on slipping into the Roman Treasury through the back door over the Alps!'

"You would have thought that this would have gotten to old

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Library College Library

Jule, but he never even so much as batted an eye. He just sat there and looked out across the sea in the direction of the Roman Treasury.

"'Will he fight?' he finally asked me in that melancholy way of his.

"'Will he fight!' says I. 'Just you wait till you see his army! He hired it on the instalment plan. He's got a bunch of Spic assassins that are sure death with a stiletto. His Senegalese Cavalry are gluttons for punishment, and I'm sorry to add that a horde of misguided Irish brick-slingers have signed up with him. What with a coupla divisions of Moroccan Infantry and a mob of German shock troops, he's just spoiling for a fight. They figure on getting in on the Roman Senate and cutting all the senators' throats.'

"That spoiled it. Caesar smiled like a block of ice, and a chill went up and down my back.

"'Fine!' says he, — and there I was.

"For a long time I didn't know what to do. Then I took a deep swig of beer and a bright thought came to me. Caesar was a great crap-shooter and I knew it. Fortunately I had my little playmates with me. I got 'em out and started rattling them in my hand. 'Do you remember how we crossed the Rubicon?' I asked him, rattling the bones all the time.

"Caesar looked up. His eyes gleamed.

"'Hannibal or Hasdrupal?' I says, kind of dreamy like.

"'Roll 'em!' says Caesar between his teeth.

"'Read 'em and weep!' says I, and rolled out a natural.

"'The die is cast,' says Caesar grimly. 'Orderly! Sound first call!'

"In an instant he was all action. He was all over the place at once and I knew

Right into my arms and she fainted

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right there I'd never be able to make a good emperor. Suddenly he stopped short. 'Is there anything else?' he asks quickly.

"I took a quick look around and saw that nobody could hear me.

"'Hush, hush! Caius,' I whispered in his ear. 'but beware the 13th Punic Tank Battalion!'"

"What outfit?" Tommie Shaw demanded, and the platoon rose up in wrath. "Pipe down! Come off your noise! At ease, you big recruit!"

"The 13th Punic Tank Battalion," Michael answered with a tired smile. "Anyway, as I was saying, old Jule gathered himself together once more.

"'Sound four flourishes and the General's march,' says he to his Chief of Staff, and away we went. Things went along fine. One convoy picked us up about fifty miles out from Jerusalem and kept with us all the way to Italy. Finally we sailed right on up the Tiber river without having seen a single periscope. About ten miles below Rome we landed and started in to hike the rest of the way with a good strong advance guard out in front. Caesar never took a chance on those things and we were sure glad he didn't when all of a sudden we heard firing up in front —"

"What?" said Tommie Shaw with a painfully puzzled look.

"Sure," Michael answered nodding his head. "We heard the advance guard firing with bows and arrows, iron ones you see, and the next thing you know a whole squadron of Senegalese cavalry went scampering over the hill with arrows sticking in them like so many gallopin' pin cushions. Pretty soon the order came down to take up an approach-march formation, and we hadn't gone far before we ran smack into Hannibal's whole outfit. They sure were a hungry looking mob. Hollerin' and yellin' and howlin' like the Forty-Second Division, but that didn't bother us a bit. We polished up our dog tags, cleaned all the dirt out of the screw heads in our spears, deployed as skirmishers, and started after 'em. We were making pretty good progress and had already taken the first objective when 'Zoweeee! Brrr — ump!' Down comes the barrage. Our catapults had gotten into action. They were firing high explosive masonry, four rounds per minute; but they got the date wrong and most of it fell on the back of our

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necks. Some of the mortar got down my shirt and tickled something awful."

"That reminds me," said Sergeant O'Grady, "how I got a shell fragment in me leg at Chatto Therry; but pardonny-mwha, Mike! Deal the cards. I'm all het up."

"Well, you see that sort of slowed us up a bit till ole Jule came up, and seein' what the trouble was, he sent a few of us back to spear all the artillerymen and after that we had things easy. We were just about to start in marching fire on their last set of trenches, and I was taking a careful bead with my javelin on that low down pup, Hannibal, when up rolls a Cadillac in a shower of mud. The driver hopped out to open the door and out steps one of our staff officers.

"'Hold!' says he, 'What organization is this?'

"'10th century B.C., your Holiness,' I replied, bowing low till my toga trailed in the dust.

"'Name in order the ninety-one ways of cookin' beans,' says he.

"'Sir, my general orders are to take charge of this post —'

"'That will do,' says his Holiness. 'I perceive that the morale of this organization is excellent. Have you complied with Special Orders number XMDCIV which requires that hob-nails be driven through all sandals?'

"Well, sir, that last was too much. I took a quick look around and saw that ole Jule had his back turned, so I let drive with my trusty excalibur thirty and knocked his Holiness loose from his final statements."

The platoon applauded wildly. "Yaaay!" they yelled. "Atta boy, Mike!" Suddenly Tommie Shaw broke out with a startled exclamation. "My Gard, Mike! that was mut'ny!"

"What happened after that?" some one shouted.

"After that it was awful," Michael exclaimed in a horrified voice. "All of a sudden the air went black with a shower of some of the hardest bricks ever put out by the Punic Ordnance Department. Here came the Irish brick-slingers, shoutin', yellin', and screamin', — runnin' amuck, every one of them. Suddenly somebody tapped me on the shoulder and when I looked around there stood Julius Caesar with one bony finger pointed at the oncoming Irish. At first I couldn't understand what he expected me to do. He just stood there, pointing straight ahead with that

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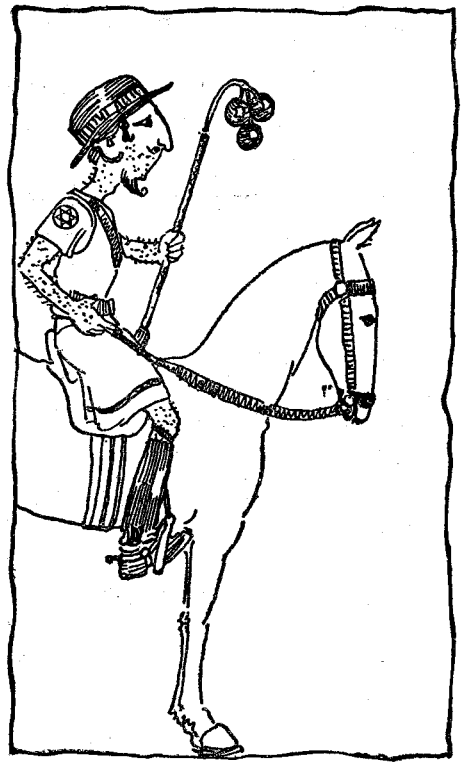

Hannibal

bony finger of his. Finally he says in hollow voice: 'Et tu, Flaherty!' and when Caesar says a thing like that it's time to crawl into the winding sheet. Well, anyway, I gathered up my courage and rushed out there in front.

"'Erin go braugh!' I yells and took a quick look. The Irish sort of slowed down enough to holler 'Erin go braugh!' right back at me, and then came on all the faster.

"'Free beer for Ireland!' I yells, and they let out a wild whoop. The leading ones were right close now and I could see their foaming mouths and gnashing teeth. They were getting kind of curious and had slowed down quite a bit.

"'Vote for Al Smith,' I yells, and they came down to a walk, undecided what to do; but I didn't give them a chance.

"'Hannibal is a Jew,' I hollers in desperation and no more than I said it I wished I hadn't. The most dreadful howl you ever heard this side of hell went hurtlin' through the air. It shook the leaves right off the trees and curdled all the water in the Tiber river. Some of the Irish started one way and some of 'em started another. I was just about to get 'em headed in the right direction when I spotted Hannibal once more. He sat there on his horse, grinnin' like a chimpanzee. He took off his helmet and made me a deep bow. 'Present my compliments to Julius Caesar,' says he, 'and tell him to kiss himself good-by.' With that he made a funny signal that made my hair stand up, it was so treacherous; and a few minutes later the ground began to shake beneath my feet. Presently the whole side of a hill took a great big heave upwards, and then I saw what it was: the 13th Punic Tank

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Battalion. Down the slope they came like runaway steam rollers. Gruntin', squealin', and tootin'. Spittin' death and destruction in every direction. The Irish didn't wait for 'em. They went right through our outfit like it wasn't there and left me right in the middle of the whole show.

"I took one more look at Hannibal's tanks, and right then and there I began to wonder how I ever joined the Army. My whole life went right before my eyes. I saw my dear old mother and my little home with the pigs gruntin' contented-like in the parlor. Then I thought of the little slave girl with the big brown eyes, and I wondered how she would feel to have me brought back all flattened out like a ribbon of tooth-paste. Then all of a sudden I remembered what she told me. The secret! I let out a wild yell and reached into my musette bag. My hand groped around for a minute and then I got it. Peanuts! Beautiful peanuts with crackly hard shells on 'em that I bought off a Roman Y. M. C. A. guy. I swore I'd never say another dirty thing about the Y. M. C. A. as I clutched those peanuts to my bosom. In a minute I was shelling the field with peanuts right across the path of the onrushing tanks. The first one came on at a dead gallop, then it spotted a peanut and slammed on the brakes. The whole tank crew went flying over its head. The rest of 'em started looking around and when they saw what was up they came to a sudden halt and grabbed for all the peanuts in sight.

"You should have seen the tank crews. They were dancing up and down and howling with rage. One of them forgot himself and started hammering with the wrong end of the spear. All I heard was one horrible squeal and the riot started. The 13th Punic Tank Battalion went hog wild. They busted into Hannibal's army and scattered it far and wide. The last I saw of Hannibal he was traveling for home and mother, hell bent for election —"

Tommie Shaw could contain himself no longer. His puzzled face peered at the men about him seeking to find an answer to his perplexities, but none was forthcoming.

"Listen, Mike," said he, apologetically, — "of course I know you're only kidding; but what gets me is how you stopped those tanks with peanuts."

The platoon waited expectantly. The wise ones nudged the dumb ones and the dumb ones winked slyly.

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"Elephants, Tommie. Elephants."

"Elephants?"

"Sure. The 13th Punic Tank Battalion were all elephants."

A howl of laughter rent the air. Peals of hysteric mirth cut through the clammy mist and echoed in the startled rain. The platoon rolled and rocked and laughed and wept, repeating over and over, — "Elephunts! Elephunts!"

One of the men crept up slowly behind the discomfited Tommie Shaw.

"Toot, toot!" he said suddenly, "I'm an elephant!" and he leapt upon the unsuspecting back. The merriment was interrupted by O'Grady, who knew, perhaps, that too much was plenty. "Here come the rolling kitchens! That means we billet pretty quick."

"Hey, you slum-slingers! When do we eat?"

"Up the road a couple of kilometers. Chicken for supper, gang."

"We want elephants for supper," the platoon yelled amidst howls of glee.

Suddenly the whistles shrilled, near at hand and far away. Dim forms of the officers could be seen slowly moving about. Down the road came the dreaded order: "Get into your packs." The column stirred. Sleeping men were wakened by kicks upon the bottom of their feet. Sodden masses of equipment were hoisted to the aching shoulders which squirmed their way into the tight suspender straps. Last of all came the rifles and the column was ready to move. Again the whistles shrilled.

"Fall in-n-n!"

The men stumbled stiffly to their places, the ranks slowly formed in sets of four and the dreary plodding recommenced. Once more the steaming vapor rose. Once more the weary legs spaced off the futile strides down the endless road. On went the column, slithering along through the muck. Far ahead the fog rose for an instant and the interminable rows of poplar trees came to end where the whitewashed walls of a village pushed through the deadening mist. The seductive aroma of slowly bubbling slum and the fragrant breath of steaming coffee lingered appetizingly on the dripping evening air. The pace grew faster. The mud splashed high.

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On went the column, slugging along through the muck; but a different column now. Somehow the mud had lost its heavy clutch, the packs their sodden weight. A little dark-eyed banana vendor, cheerfully unaware that one of his ancestors had been thoroughly squashed beneath the purposeful feet of the 13th Punic Tank Battalion, burst into silvery song: "*O, sole mio!*"

"Listen to that wop canary warble," said the unappreciative O'Grady.

A long rollicking laugh started somewhere in the first platoon of Company K and ran all the way forward to the Colonel, who sat with the Staff Officer in a Cadillac and all the way back to the mule skinners who crouched disconsolately beneath the dripping rims of the canvas wagon covers.

"Fine troops!" said the Colonel. "Fine troops!"

"Excellent morale!" said the Staff Officer. "Excellent!"

"What the hell they laffin' at?" said the mule-skinners.

Slowly the mists closed in. The rain fell steadily. It seeped through the low, hanging clouds that crowded down upon the reeking earth and mingled with the vapor rising from the soaking fields.

How we crossed the Rubicon

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CRIME IN AMERICA

The Psychological Resolution of a Sociological Paradox

WILLIAM McDOUGALL

AMERICA has justified her claim to the title which her loving children proudly give her. America is God's Own Country. Her masses enjoy immense advantages, both material and spiritual, far surpassing those of any other people of this or any other age. Yet in America crime flourishes exceedingly. America is the paradise of the common people: the social conditions that in all other civilized countries are commonly regarded as the main sources of crime are conspicuously absent; yet the crime rate in general and the homicide rate in particular are monstrously high. The conjunction appears as a sociological paradox. Like most sociological problems, it requires a psychological solution. The social conditions to which crime is most commonly attributed are poverty, destitution, unemployment, lack of education, decay of religion, and a servile condition of the masses of a people, depressed and repressed by the savage laws of a cruel autocracy. But in America none of these obtains. The high level and wide diffusion of material prosperity throughout this great country are the wonder and envy of the world.

In this country education of all grades is freely provided on the most lavish scale. The churches are universally respected and well supported, and they join with many highly endowed institutions, staffed by a multitude of highly trained workers, in sustained efforts for the uplifting of the people. Libraries and other magnificent public buildings abound on every hand. The finest treasures of art of every age are flowing in a steady stream from all parts of the earth into the museums of America. Literature and the arts are very actively cultivated: the printed matter placed each month before the American public and eagerly bought by it probably exceeds in quantity the production of all the rest of the world. Geographically, climatically, and politically the position of the American nation is as advantageous as it is in the narrowly economic sense. Against aggression from without

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and against disruption from within, the nation, alone among all the nations of the world, enjoys a security that seems almost absolute; and every American citizen has the proud consciousness that his nation stands unrivaled in respect of the influence it may wield in world history. All this has been achieved, not as in the golden age of Rome, through the agency of a benevolent autocracy, but under a political system more thoroughly democratic than any other.

Is it any wonder that Americans, like the Greeks of old, tend increasingly to regard all other peoples as barbarians and proudly claim the moral leadership of the world?

On this fair scene, a scene of bright hopes realized and of brilliant promise so largely fulfilled, crime appears as the one great blot, a blot that at first seemed but a trivial defect natural to the youth of a great nation, but one which has spread and darkened until, like a vast thunder-cloud, it has overshadowed all the noble prospect. Statistics recently published show that there were during recent years fewer prisoners in the jails of America than there were ten years earlier. But small comfort can be drawn from these figures; for the general complaint is that the ministers of the law are failing more and more to put and to keep in jail large numbers of offenders who should be there.

The great majority of those who have grappled with the problem have concurred in pointing to one social factor as the root of the evil, namely, the lax administration of criminal justice. In face of the many powerful indictments of the administration of criminal law from the mouths of eminent lawyers it is impossible to doubt that that administration is very ineffective. But the facts suggest that such laxity is a symptom, rather than the cause or prime condition thereof, a symptom of some deeper-lying and more general disorder of the body politic.

What is this deep-lying condition of society? I do not ask what are the causes of crime? The causes of crimes are obvious enough. They are the natural impulses of the human heart, common to men of all times and all places: such impulses as greed, anger, lust, jealousy, envy, revenge. In order to get at the root of the matter, we have rather to inquire what are the restraining influences, the influences which in a healthy state of society lead us to control and suppress these impulses towards criminal

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actions? And we have to ask why these influences are relatively weak and ineffective in present-day America? Why are they so weak that, in spite of an immensely high and widely diffused material prosperity and in spite of a highly organized and universal system of public education, they fail in so many cases to restrain these evil impulses?

What, then, are the influences which normally restrain these impulses? The answer to the question I have raised may be stated very concisely. The essential condition of the rising tide of crime in America is the progressive weakening of the influence of tradition and of the community opinion which gives the moral tradition its hold on men. The tradition is weakened and blurred by the rivalry and conflict and attrition among many traditions of diverse origins. The communities which embody the traditions are in perpetual flux, and men and women are increasingly detached from all community-life in any deeper sense of the words.

I find confirmation of this diagnosis in the parallelism in America of crime with neurosis. A rising tide of neurosis has run parallel with the rising tide of crime. No statistical evidence is available, but there is ground for believing that America far exceeds all other countries in this respect also; perhaps not so greatly as in respect of crime, but still very greatly. Neurasthenia was discovered in America and has often been called the American disease. And in the Great War the incidence of neurotic troubles in the American army in proportion to the length of its service in the field seems to have been extremely high. This high frequency of neurotic disorder seems to be another symptom arising from just that social condition which, as I have suggested, is responsible for the rising tide of crime. Neurosis in all its forms is the consequence of moral conflict; it expresses a lack of harmony and integration of the forces of character, the impulses of the human heart. Nothing tends so strongly to promote harmony and integration of character as a clear-cut moral tradition brought to bear on each man with all the force of unanimous community sentiment and unquestioned community sanctions. Under such conditions each man knows what is right and what is wrong (or believes he does) and acts accordingly.

But where traditions are diverse and weakened, where com-

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munities are shifting and shapeless, and where each man's place in his community is undefined and temporary, there men are thrown back on themselves and are perpetually called upon to make moral decisions; and, in the absence of clear guidance and sanction from community opinion, this is too great a task for most of us. The decisions are never made; and, in the moral sense, such men live from hand to mouth. Thus they become the seat of unresolved moral conflicts, which in so many cases result in neurotic disorder. I may perhaps cite in this connection a passage from my recent *Outline of Abnormal Psychology*. Discussing moral conflict and repression, I wrote:

> In this modern age, we no longer grow up under the influence of some one well-defined moral system supported by the authority of unquestioned religion. In all the countries of western civilization, and more so perhaps in America than elsewhere, the child finds himself surrounded by odds and ends of moral and religious systems, Christian piety and pagan hedonism, Fundamentalism and Modernism, Christian Science and Mechanistic Neo-Darwinism, monogamy and polygamy, free-love and birth-control, the popular misrepresentations of Freud's teaching, and the cult of self-expression and of the Overman; winds of doctrine come to him from Emerson and Walt Whitman, Buddha and Confucius, Bernard Shaw and Omar Khayyam. Even such old anchors as patriotism begin to drag, as he is taught that love of country is an irrational prejudice, a pernicious obstacle to universal justice and to the cosmopolitan ideal.
>
> In such a world crime and divorce increase alarmingly, children grow scarce, the family disintegrates, and young men ask Is life worth living? Add to all this that a large proportion of adults are engaged in occupations intrinsically uninteresting and unnatural, occupations which yield little satisfaction other than the pay-envelope, and it is easy to understand that serious moral conflicts are frequent and neurotic disorders a common scourge. For men lack those dominant ideals and purposes which develop strong character and which alone can resolve the conflicts of motives that inevitably arise.

This state of affairs is common in some degree to all the civilized world: but in America it is carried to a much higher degree than elsewhere, in the ways which I have already indicated in relation to crime.

If my diagnosis is correct, crime and neurosis, being two symptoms of the same social disorder, may be expected to run parallel courses: and that is what we find in America. I do not propose to try to say anything about remedies for this social disorder. I do not feel that I have anything positive to contribute.

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I content myself with offering my diagnosis; remarking merely that correct diagnosis is necessary before therapeutic measures can be profitably discussed. I will add one note of warning. The building of the railroads marked a vast increase in human mobility: especially in America. The coming of the automobile made a second great and almost sudden step in this progression of human mobility. We seem to be just about to witness a third such step beside which those other two steps will seem small and of little consequence. I refer to the popularization of the airplane as a means of locomotion. If Mr. Henry Ford should carry out his well meant threat of making air-flivvers as cheap and popular as his famous cars, the immediate result would be a very marked intensification of the social conditions which I have indicated as responsible for the rising tide of crime; and therefore we should have to expect a great and sudden swelling of the tide.

I will venture only one vague suggestion of a therapeutic nature. America is and proudly claims to be the land of ideals. It aspires to live by ideals rather than by traditions. Ideals look towards the future; traditions have their eyes upon the past. In America, whatever precept or maxim or practice or convention or conception can claim to be an ideal is *ipso facto* acclaimed as worthy of acceptance as a guide to conduct; whatever is traditional is *ipso facto* suspect, blown upon, regarded as of doubtful value or even positively pernicious. This is the reversal of the practice of more conservative lands, where traditions are respected by reason of their age and ideals are regarded with suspicion. This reversal in America of the Old World attitude towards ideals and traditions undoubtedly facilitates progress, certainly makes, if not for progress, at least for change. But not all change is progress. Social progress requires a substantial basis of continuity with the past, of conservation. I suggest that the tide of crime and neurosis is the price the American people pay for rapid progress. And the question is, — Is the price greater than the nation can afford to pay? Is not the balance between ideals and traditions tilted too far in favor of ideals?

Let me illustrate this danger by reference to a single ideal which I think is playing a great rôle in American life. I refer to the ideal that every one must have a "good time". The ideal of the "good time" for every one has taken the place of the Old

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World tradition that each man should do his duty in the station in which he finds himself. Among other things, it is largely the source of that extreme tolerance which contributes to the difficulty of restraining crime.

One highly general prescription I will, then, venture to suggest, namely, the endeavor to restore the balance between ideals and traditions. Traditions cannot be made to order, but such as exist can be cultivated, especially in training the young. This prescription follows logically from the diagnosis I offer, that the rising tide of crime is the natural consequence of the weakening of traditions and their influence in the social life of America.

I will end with another note of warning. At the present time there is manifested much impatience with various enlightened efforts to reform the criminal, especially against the parole system, the psychiatric mitigations of responsibility; there is an increasingly loud cry for increased severity of punishment. There is perhaps some justification for this outcry, especially when, as in a recent article by a well known psychiatrist, it is proposed to abolish together, as relics of barbarism, all conception of moral responsibility and the principle of punishment for wrong-doing. But severity of punishment, even when combined with certainty and promptness in its application, will not in itself suffice to cure the evil. What was said above of punishment is here of the first importance. Physical punishment is effective as a deterrent chiefly because and in so far as it is a mark of the disapprobation of the community. But a man when he has once been convicted and jailed for crime, has lost his social standing and his regard for social approbation and disapprobation. Such self-respect as he retains no longer feeds upon the esteem of the community at large; rather it turns to satisfy its cravings by demonstration of skill, wit, and boldness in defying the law. If, then, I as a psychologist could regulate the procedures of the criminal law, I would have it deal very tenderly with first offenders, using in the most careful manner probation, education, and parole, in institutions entirely distinct from the jails. But in all cases of a second conviction for serious crime I would have the offender sentenced for life to some penal institution where he might be humanely cared for but from which there would be no return, save in a few most exceptional cases.

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ENGLAND TURNS TOWARD CATHOLICISM

JAMES OWEN HANNAY

THE Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England is progressing steadily, says Canon Hannay, who is better known to his American readers as the novelist, George A. Birmingham. The Protestantism which fought a losing battle during the nineteenth century has had to capitulate in the twentieth. The new trend is swiftly bringing the Church of England to the place where its name can be literally applied. It is ceasing to be the church of a class and becoming the church of the whole English people.

DURING the last half of the nineteenth century there was in England a steady drive towards Catholicism. This is the one great, the only noteworthy, feature of the religious life of the period. It began as a theological movement in the universities, chiefly in Oxford. But it was not even there mainly theological, that is to say, mainly intellectual. If it had been no more than intellectual it would not have passed out of the universities and affected the nation's life. But it was something more. It was a spiritual hunger for a satisfying form of religion. Therefore, since this desire for religion is common and not peculiar to professors, the movement towards Catholicism passed out of the universities into the cities, — chiefly into the cities, though it slowly affected the country too. The outward character, though not the inward spirit, changed when it passed from the universities into the cities. It became not so largely theological as ritualistic and concerned itself more with ceremonial than with the science of religion, more with clothes than learning. But ritual was no more the true driving force of this second stage than theology was of the first. If it had been, the movement would have withered, like the seed sown on stony ground, before the blasts of persecution which its disciples had to face. It survived and grew because its roots were in deep soil, because it grew out of that longing for spiritual life against which persecution rages in vain, everywhere and always.

This nascent and growing Catholicism in England had two perils to face. On the one side were defections, the passing over to the Church of Rome of leader after leader, sometimes of whole groups of leading men together. These losses were grievous and disheartening. Only the brave and strong could resist the temptation

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to despair. But the brave and strong were there, and the attitude of men like Pusey, Church, and Gore, who remained Anglican, was justified by the event. The conversion to Roman Catholicism of leaders, however eminent, was without effect on English life in general. It was followed by no national movement, no sweep of the mass of the people into the papal fold. On the other hand, the catholicizing of the Anglican Church went on, and the influence of the Catholic party, the Catholics within the church, grew steadily greater in the country.

The other peril came from without the movement, from the violent and bitter opposition of those who hated Catholicism and all its ways and from the dogged conservatism, very characteristic of the English people, which is distrustful of change in any direction. Here the Catholic party won a complete and decisive victory. Laws were invoked, — were even made, — against it in vain. Penalties were enacted. Mob violence raged occasionally. Ridicule and abuse were common. Neglect and the frowns of authority were the certain lot of the catholicizers. Yet they not only secured a position for themselves within the church, they altered the whole manner of English worship even amongst those who disclaimed any love for the party or the movement. The worship, — ritual, ornament, all the outward part of religion, — in an ordinary English church to-day is wholly different from what it was in the same church a century ago. There is probably a wider gap in outward matters between an English church of the year 1800 and one of the year 1900 than there was between the same church of the years 1500 and 1600. In all that concerns the manner of public worship the Anglo-Catholic movement has made a greater change than the Reformation did, before the rise of Puritanism to power.

At the beginning of the twentieth century there seemed to come a pause. The theological effort had to some extent won its victory and spent its force. The great Catholic doctrines had established themselves firmly in the Church of England. Sacramentalism had become part of its life. Ritualism, with all its doctrinal implications, was still increasing; but it was no longer inspired and strengthened by an opposition which had lost heart after signal defeat. It began to be felt that the ritualistic movement had done all that there was for it to do, and was dissipating what remained

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of its energies in frivolities and exotic eccentricities. The movement which began in Oxford in 1837 seemed to have done its work. The church was incomparably stronger than it had been. The Catholics in it had ceased to be a party and become the main body of the Church. Outside the Church the influence of Protestant Nonconformity had waned. When Gladstone led the forces of English Liberalism his moral appeal was to the Nonconformist conscience and the voting strength of his party came from the chapels. The Liberal leaders of the party victory of 1906 had ceased to rely on Nonconformity for solid support. The disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England ceased to be a plank in the platform of any political party.

It was just at this moment of apparent pause, of real accomplishment, that the Catholic movement in the Church of England was entering upon a third, a new phase of its life. It was not until after the war that the full importance of this fresh development became obvious. Then, as before, the movement received and accepted a new name. It had been "Tractarian" in the theological days when bishops charged and university authorities fulminated against the Tracts of Newman and his friends, in which Catholic doctrines were taught. It had been "Ritualistic" when Mackonochie and Neale were being persecuted for putting crosses and candles on their altars. It has now become "Anglo-Catholic" and the new name marks a new advance. From doctrine to ritual, from ritual to devotion, these have been the steps. The third is more important than the second. Except for the few, it is more important than the first, for the religion of the mass of the people depends very little on theology and immensely on devotion.

The central point of the new devotions is of course the Eucharist, and it is noticeable that the word "Mass" is now coming into common use in the Church of England. In itself the word is insignificant and has always been with us in its compounds, Christmas and Michaelmas. But its use now means something, means in fact nothing less than a change of attitude towards this great sacrament. The claim is that the Mass should be the central and chief act of public worship, Matins being put into a subordinate and unimportant place. The communion of the worshipers, the actual participation in the sacrament, is discouraged at High Mass, the idea being that the congregation should take part not

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in a sacramental feast but in a presentation of the Mystery of the Incarnation, culminating in the sacrifice of Calvary. The way for this change was prepared by the teaching of the early Tractarians, for without a belief in an actual and real Presence of the Saviour on the altar the attitude of adoration would be meaningless. The reverential pomp with which the Ritualists labored to surround this particular service also played an important part in rendering the new High Mass possible. Thus the latest advance in the direction of Catholicism is a legitimate development of the earlier stages of the movement.

Almost inevitably this adoration of sacred mysteries in the Eucharist led to the desire for the Reservation of the Host so that this special devotion could be made at any time and not only during the celebration of Mass. With Reservation came the introduction, — introduction rather than revival in England, — of the service of Benediction. It is against these two things, Reservation and Benediction, that a failing Protestantism in the Church of England is making its latest, perhaps its last, stand. If we are to judge by the experience of the last century the struggle will be in vain and defeat awaits the Protestants. For the question of victory and defeat in such contests depends very little on the law, to which both sides appeal, or the attitude of authority, which is now as always cautious and reserved. Still less does it depend on the attitude of the indifferent outsider. It depends, as all struggles in the Church do in the last resort, on which side possesses most enthusiasm, most devotion, and, — this is the real point, — which has most of the religious spirit. There seems very little doubt of the superior spiritual vitality of the Catholic section of the Church.

The new devotions are, besides, something more than a logical development of the principles of the Tractarians and Ritualists. The old Anglicanism made its appeal to men of a certain culture and a certain degree of education. Even in England, where Anglicanism was naturally strongest, the mass of the people, being very little educated and wholly uncultured, were attracted by forms of religion which were less restrained, more frankly emotional, more flamboyant. It was the staid respectability, the decorous old-maidishness of established Anglicanism which gave the later Methodists, the Baptists, and all the various revivalists, their

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chance. Elsewhere in the English-speaking world the Anglican church has always been the natural, almost the inevitable home only of what are called the Upper Classes. The Anglo-Catholic movement is changing all that.

It is stronger in the towns than in the country. Its great successes have been won in industrial centres. Its priests have shown themselves the friends of the poor rather than the rich. They have even allied themselves with that whole range of aspirations which in the political world are vaguely described as "Socialism". It was impossible to commend the dignified, sober Anglicanism of the later nineteenth century cathedral to the swarms of eager men and women who were aflame with the desire for social justice and eager to find a religion which would give inspiration and sanction for their struggles. The spirit of Anglo-Catholicism, new at least on its social side, found itself cramped within the covers of the Prayer Book, fettered beyond endurance by canons and rubrics. Its appeal to the mass of the people, especially in the great cities, required something more spectacular, more emotional, more sensuous even, than the services of the Prayer Book provided. If the new world were to be won for Christ, the Church had to advance with bands and banners, with cheers and shouting, with all the exuberance from which quiet people shrink instinctively.

This is the true value of the new devotions. They offer the spiritual life, — they present Christ, — to the mass of the people in a way which attracts. So long as they do that their position is secure and the cause of those who advocate them is certain of victory. There are, I think, only two things which can prevent the completion of the work of catholicizing the Church of England. One is a failure on the part of the Catholics to be religious. If they become formalists, if they become arrogant, if they become, — this above all, — worldly, their influence will disappear. There lies one possibility of failure. The other is the appearance of religion, genuine, inspired, enthusiastic, in some other form, — a new Methodism for instance. As the wind bloweth where it listeth so no man can prophesy the ways of the Spirit of God. All that can be said is that at present there is no sign in the English world of any other strong religious movement. So far as human eye can see it is Anglo-Catholicism or nothing for the saving of the soul of England.

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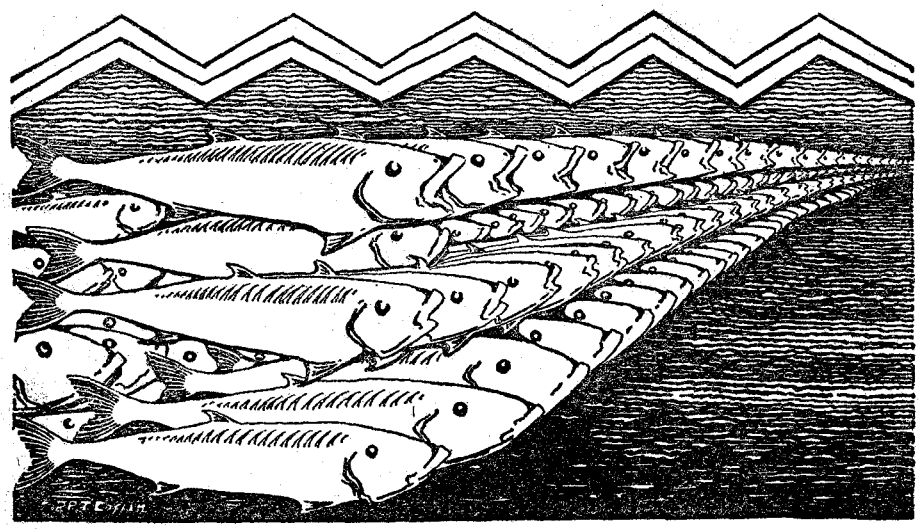

THE EMPIRE OF HERRING

HROLF WISBY

Drawings by Robert B. Tristram Coffin

THEY rose from the caverns of the Polar seas where gleaming mermaids gambol in the dark, cold brine under the Northern Lights.

They rose out of the ancient depths as by a miracle, flashing across the waters of the abyss in a shroud of luminous slime thinning into streamers of jeweled mist.

They rose obedient to a law of nature, nosing into the pleasant surface currents that pulse with the drive of the mighty Gulf, that great river of the oceans.

Forward they plunged with the menace of a vast, spectral shadow fretting a gleaming trail upon the phosphor seas with their huge, undulatory body, — a shadow struggling into view with the challenge of an uncharted reef.

Onward they surged, rolling freeboards of silvery armor through the nocturnal sea as they lashed themselves into a fury of passionate ardor, — the tryst of the species.

There was no wavering. The vast mass of myriad tiny bodies was irresistible. In solid cruising formation the fish mass tore

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away from under the warding mantle of Arctic floes flanked by bergs of ice.

Ever new myriads were rising on all boards out of the depths forming into glittering squadrons, body pressing body amorously, and joining themselves on to the great tryst of the enchanted fish mass.

They dipped and nosed and maneuvered themselves into solid islands of menacing bulk: billions upon billions of myriad arrow-heads arrayed in sleek berserks of splendid scale. Tiny little rebels of the Northern seas sweeping along in never-ending waves of fomentation to their door.

There were no invalids, no stragglers. There was no confusion of any kind. Never dropping a point from the course, the great herring horde of the North, solid as a table-land, steady as a church, set out across the historic sea of the Norsemen with the fatalism of the species.

A festive enough exodus of finny hosts, imposing in bulk and drive but internally broiling with tumultuous amours. A jubilant exodus towing along shrouds of serpentine streamers in a wake of shimmering haze.

As by a mandate of Njordr, the sea god, this ocean courtship of the species, chafing the skerries of Lofoten in the embrace of a monstrous aquatic tryst. A blind force of Nature working out a law of life in the great fish passion of the Norse Sea. The amorous abandon of myriad cohorts whirling through the phosphor brine. Smart, dapper fish, — the dandies of the deep, the hussars of the summer seas, — in myriad formation overpowering myriads of females with the rapture of a passion as old as the sea is deep. An empire of finny horde clasped in a vast, voluptuous embrace, fin to fin, scale to scale, that no monster of the sea can break.

So furious was the pressure of the crowding myriads that entire ship cargoes of fish were erupted out of the water. As the pressure continued, a vast hump of dying fish was slowly rising above the surface, a spectral mass of liquid silver driving through the spume and haunting the night.

Nothing could stop the exodus. Since the first flint tools were made on the coast of Norway some fifty centuries ago the herring horde has sallied forth every season in primeval ecstacy of the

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species unmindful of shark and whale. Every spring the right of herring to feed and tryst in the bracing current of the great Gulf has been upheld by its cohorts at tremendous sacrifice, — the great Gulf that mothers all forms of life into being along the jagged coast line of Norway.

An index fish is the steersman. "Styrfisken" the Norseman says. The dauntless little fellow is hidden in the maze of the great speeding horde. He has no chart or bearings to guide him. Nevertheless, he sails straight on the point like a miniature compass with fins. He never fails to land his empire of herring in its traditional anchorage among the skerries of the Lofoten needles. The "styrfisk" moves as under sealed orders from the god below piloting a whole continent of silvery herring that trail in his wake, their cold little snouts on his tail.

And thus in the calm, sea-going majesty of the species, enshrouding a core of amorous trysting, the empire of herring, outbulking in tonnage the mightiest pyramid ever built, is taken across the savage seas of the North piloted by a single, tiny brisling!

Here was organization such as man never attains. Here was self-discipline beyond human ken. Each particular finny pilgrim adding momentum and dash to a colossal enterprise uniting the ardor of mating with the cruising instinct of the species. The otherwise weak and defenseless herring thus organized wraps its myriads into a monster fish several miles long and formidable.

A marine wonder propelled by billions of fluttering fins that rams down everything in its course. A marine wonder that heals its own tearing wounds, dealt by the bandits of the sea, with fresh cohorts of finny recruits rising smartly to the sacrifice as they close every breach with the prop of their massed bodies.

The cod saws into the glittering horde. His flying squadrons rip open the palpitating flanks. He takes his toll by the cargo. The horde trembles under his fierce onslaught, but the great wounds are healed as by magic and the horde proceeds on its course.

Suddenly, the bandit cod cease the attack and turn tail. A new enemy is prowling in the offing, — an enemy to whom cod and herring look very much alike so long as there are plenty of them.

The torpedoes of the finny race are turned against the horde.

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From stem to stern the great fish mass begins to heave and dip under the blows of the fierce, blue sharks of the Arctic seas. The marauders hurl themselves upon the succulent flanks of the horde, drilling savage holes in the mass, gorging their heads in crimson slime. Here and there bunches of wriggling herring peep from the deadly mouths of sharks too gorged to swallow and too voracious to let go. Nothing could stop the empire of herring. Onward it swept, scarred and bleeding, piloted through a night of horror by its one intrepid "styrfisk" until the crags of the Lofoten skerries rose out of the luminous ocean.

A plume of smoke floated across the crimsoning horizon. At second glance, a plume on a silvery stem opening out into a cloud of golden haze. Presently, another plume broke the line but did not rise so high as the first. It spread a fine cupola of liquid spume, flashing brilliantly for a second, like a garden fountain. After a while several plumes broke together.

The fishermen on the mainland, who had read the "herring flash" in the sky, — that sign of ancient memory which heralds the horde, — nodded their heads knowingly. The breaking of plumes on the horizon showed them that a school of blue whales were speeding to cut off the herring horde from the mainland.

And so it was. The great empire of herring, with more than a thousand leagues to its credit at top speed, was romping home like some marine monster under forced draught. The gleaming freeboards of the great fish mass, battlescarred in places, were still pulsing with the energy of multiple myriad fin power. The herring was pretty well spent and began to slow down when of a sudden the "styrfisk" scented the bracing current of the home-stretch. Forward the little pilot urged his great machine, as he made one last, mad dash for the protecting fangs of the Lofoten skerries.

It was at this turn of the helm that the great whales of the Greenland Sea, drifting southward with the Polar floes, scented the horde of herring in the milt-streaked brine, and onward they came with the drive of a floodtide.

Here and there knots of fascinated fisherfolk were watching the tactics of the whale pack. They saw the hot breath of the monsters transform into fountains of roseate vapor beautiful to behold. They heard the exhaust of the blast as a monster would empty its giant lungs after a mighty dive. Then the quick intake, the big tail

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thunders on the surface, and down goes the monster listing its great hull sideways with jaws at the ready.

It does not take a pack of whales long to chew up a school of herring, but here the big bulls of the Greenland Sea were assaulting the very empire of herring. Though tons of live feed were disposed of in a single gulp, though more herring was scooped into the bulging stomachs of the whale pack than many ships could cargo, the main body of the horde escaped intact.

The empire of herring had won the day. Nosing in under the needles of the skerries the great floe showed a last burst of speed as it turned the sentinel crags. Flashing like a fantastic sea-serpent of silvery scale the spent horde limped up to its anchorage under the fells. The hump in the centre of the floe had become a graveyard churning with dead fish squeezed to scaly pulp and surging along with the spume of the drift.

A blazing cloud of sea birds was boiling and foaming against the sky. The piercing chatter of birds cut through the surf and wove itself into a strange, eerie dirge fiddling savagely into the deep, trusty note of the sea. Bird after bird would drop like a plummet and rise with a fish out of the floating cemetery.

The great annual cruise of the species had closed its log.

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THE FUTURE OF DISEASE PREVENTION

Forum Medical Series — III

HUGH CUMMING

THE disappearance of the supernatural view of the origin of disease led to the hope that man will eventually control the conditions on which health depends. But the complexity of modern industrial life added new and unforeseen difficulties. The Surgeon-General of the United States here discusses the past, present, and future of prevention. He emphasizes the international aspect of infection in a world which is rapidly shrinking in size with the development of radio, steamship, and aeroplane.

THE battle of mankind against disease is already more than half won, but by far the greater part of the fighting remains. It is believed that this paradox succinctly states the situation as it appears to students of public health, and it is hoped that its elucidation may clarify it for the more casual observer. A battle is more than half won when one side obtains a decided moral advantage over the other. For many centuries this advantage rested with the powers of disease, but it now attaches definitely to the human side of the struggle. The powers of disease are nothing more mysterious than the forces of nature, blind but inevitable, — perverted and malignant perhaps from the human standpoint, but susceptible of analysis and direction by human means. As long as they were regarded as supernatural and inscrutable, Disease held the moral ascendency over Man. Now that they are known to respond to the methods of scientific inquiry, they have been shorn of the protective mantle of mystery which for ages rendered them almost impregnable.

It would be difficult to assign a definite date for this shift, or to select a particular episode as the turning point. It has been a gradual process. Traces of the movement are to be found in ancient philosophers, definite victories were won during the intellectual renaissance following the Dark Ages, but the visible crystallization of the change hardly antedated the development of what we call modern science within the last century. The microscope and the test-tube were the weapons which decided the issue, just as surely as gunpowder defeated the bow and arrow. In this sense, then, the battle has been more than half won.

In considering the future program of preventive work, we must

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have as clear an idea as possible of just what it is that we are trying to prevent, then the most complete information as to the causes of the conditions to be combated, and finally we must develop practical methods having a rational basis on our information.

The definition of the public health field, unwritten for the most part, has shifted and may be shifted according to the view-point of the observer and according to the definitions of other human welfare activities. For example, one of the most important causes of illness is to be found in the economic status of people. Poverty is as much a cause of certain forms of disease as are the bacteria or the malnutrition which are the final exciting causes. Should, therefore, the health interest include a study of and efforts to improve economic status, or should it stop short at the exciting causes of disease and leave the rest of the problem to other agencies which deal with public economics? Again, social organization has its influence upon the prevalence of disease. The difference between good government and bad government is measurable by the sickness and death rates, of course with necessary corrections. Should public health agencies be content with tracing disease up to the point where social causes play the most important rôle, and then drop the subject for some one else to attend to?

For the purposes of this paper, I shall venture upon some definitions which may help to set our subject more squarely before us. Health is that condition of mind and body which produces maximum happiness and usefulness. Disease is a condition of mind and body which impairs health. "Public health" is a concerted movement to conserve the health of populations, and by inference to eliminate disease.

It may be profitable at this point to interrupt the argument by a consideration of what has already been accomplished in the prevention and elimination of disease. My estimate is that it has been significantly great, but limited in scope. It is truly a great achievement to have gained the moral advantage over the majority of the major epidemic plagues. To reflect that such scourges as bubonic plague, cholera, smallpox, yellow fever, typhus fever, and more recently typhoid fever and diphtheria can no longer upset our cultural sanity and solvency, is certainly reassuring to those of us who can picture to ourselves what these diseases meant to our forefathers. Some of these are practically extinct,

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most of them so remote that the man on the street knows them only by name, and yet at one time, — and only, as it were, yesterday in human history, — they were as real and as terrible as the wolf and sabre-tooth were to primitive man.

Very great progress has been made also against some of the endemic infections, those which we have had with us more or less all of the time, and consequently, for some curious reason of psychology, have taken only a secondary interest in. Tuberculosis may be cited as an example, without any claim that intentional public health effort has been entirely responsible for the enormous reduction in mortality from this disease.

More recently belated attention has been directed toward diseases of several categories distinct from the infections which naturally, and, on the whole I think fortunately, first occupied our interest almost exclusively. These are the diseases due to faulty nutrition, the intoxications of poison diseases, a miscellaneous group called the degenerations, the diseases of mental origin, and finally the diseases traceable to faulty heredity.

The inclusion of these new categories has enormously broadened the outlook of public health and preventive medicine. The problems of their study and control will be our most interesting subject matter for the immediate future, and then what shall we have left? Always social and economic causes, and always accident.

To consider now briefly each one of the categories of problems which I have somewhat arbitrarily selected, there remains of course much work to be done on the familiar and well-studied infections. Although the major epidemic plagues, with the exception of influenza, have been practically conquered in areas where it has been possible to employ concertedly known methods of control, there remains a host of infections, some of them epidemic and some endemic in their ordinary manifestations. I believe, however, that the success which has thus far been experienced in this group gives us ample reason to look forward to notable progress in the near future. Of course, new infections are discovered from time to time, but their very discovery frequently carries the method of control with it. Witness for example the disease tularaemia, a comparatively recent addition to the known catalog of infections, but one which the knowledge gained in its

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investigation has already assured us against. Again, it has been the experience of the last century that more and more diseases have had to be removed from the classification of non-infectious to that of infectious diseases. That is, it has been shown that a great number of them are essentially due to the invasion of micro-organisms. This sort of expansion of our problem need not dismay us. We have learned the general principles of research as applied to infections. The rest is merely a matter of refinement of method and patient application. As I have said, we have obtained the moral advantage over the infections, — we know that they are vulnerable.

There is one aspect of the infectious epidemic diseases which I believe has not been sufficiently appreciated. This is the extremely narrow margin of safety on which we operate with regard to them. The mere removal of a group of young men from the routine of their home surroundings to a military camp, — where they are well fed, clothed, and housed, — almost invariably results in the outbreak of various infections among them. Their further removal to trench life results in the outbreak of infections almost unknown to the medical profession, or nearly forgotten by it. In some areas, the difference between severe suffering and economic loss from malarial infections, and relative immunity from these, is determined merely by the attention given to house screens. Only a slight deviation from adequate care may result in disaster to a family. This deviation may be occasioned by a temporary financial embarrassment, by preoccupation with additional outside duty, or the substitution of a careless for an alert head of the family. How certainly, too, is neglect of vaccination followed by small-pox!

It is customary to attribute a large part of the decrease in the death-rate to improved habits and living conditions of the people. This is undoubtedly true, and it is a function of public health to encourage these improvements. The margin of safety thus secured is, however, a very narrow one. It requires only a slight financial depression, a little relaxation of police authority, or the influx of a popular fad to remove this protection.

While the formal study of diseases of nutrition may be said to be comparatively recent, we must not forget that the human race has had a somewhat extended experience in the matter of

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living on food. Is it not true that the oldest and most experienced races have learned best how to extract a maximum of nutrition from a minimum of nutrient, while the newest and least experienced are wasteful and inefficient in their food habits? In spite of its experience, however, it may well be doubted whether the human race compares with any of the races of wild animals in the efficiency of its nutrition. Malnutrition, using the term broadly, is extremely widespread. It requires only a walk down a busy street in any large city to convince one of this fact. Not only are large numbers of both under- and over-nourished people seen, but the expert at least is able to detect the stigmata of deficiency diseases in a considerable proportion of the people. The surveys of school children which have been made in increasing numbers during the past few years, have revealed a disconcerting prevalence of nutritional disorders even in our prosperous communities, while it is well known that even a moderate reduction in the abundance of food always results in prompt and serious impairment of nutrition, especially in young children. This is a more serious matter than might at first appear.

The modern development of food preparing, handling, and transportation has brought with it many new problems of nutrition. In some respects it has been advantageous, — for example in bringing to the consumer a greater variety of food stuffs, including the very necessary green vegetables. In other respects it carries a potential menace, — for instance in removing, for purposes of commercial handling, certain valuable but perishable constituents. The problems arising from these new conditions will be an important subject for study in the immediate future.

The remarks on the narrow margin of safety with regard to infectious diseases apply with perhaps even more force to the subject of nutritional disease. Truly, in the matter of food, the human race lives from hand to mouth. The race is never more than a few jumps ahead of starvation of sorts. As long as we must live upon the living products of the land and the sea, and until we devise better methods of storing food against times of famine, this will probably be true. The chemists predict the ultimate production of synthetic food, produced presumably from inorganic materials. Such a culmination is not altogether unthinkable in

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view of the wonderful advances of chemical science. It would doubtless bring some blessings with it, for one, the greater possibility of avoiding famine. It would also undoubtedly bring new health problems.

There is a group of morbid conditions known to pathologists collectively as the intoxications, or in common parlance the poisonings. Primitive man had to learn by experience what substances in nature were poisonous to him. Civilization has eliminated very largely the danger from many of these substances, but has artificially produced a host of toxic materials. By sad acquaintance with the insidious effects of some of these substances, we have learned to scrutinize them more carefully before they become exploited in such a way as to endanger the public or any group of persons. There are some poisonous agents the effects of which are pretty generally known to the public, but in the voluntary abuse of which a significant proportion of the population appears determined to persist, although to their physical and mental detriment. I refer, of course, to alcoholic stimulants and narcotic drugs. The scientific evidence regarding some of these substances is by no means complete or unanimous. More research is clearly indicated, but one aspect of addiction has become increasingly clear. This is that it is only one manifestation of a much more inclusive and important racial menace, — that of neuropathic and psychopathic inferiority. For it is in persons belonging to these unfortunate classes that the majority of addicts are found.

Mental diseases probably cause fully as much suffering and expense as those which we think of as being purely physical in nature. The inferior mind succumbs to trifles and seeks relief in all sorts of evasions. These inferiors constitute a drag upon and a menace to civilized society.

Not all hereditary defects are manifested in purely mental distortions. There are physical conditions, even infections, which are inherited. The result is necessarily some degree of impairment of racial efficiency. The control of these conditions, involving as it does a discriminatory interference with personal liberties, is a matter of great difficulty. In a state of nature, inferiors tend to eliminate themselves because of their inability to compete in the struggle for existence; but in a complex civilization some sheltered place can usually be found in which they can maintain

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life, and even propagate and increase. The eugenic movement is designed to combat this evil. In so far as it is guided by sound principles of science and ethics, it may be looked to with confidence ultimately to develop some more or less effectual means of limiting the increase of those who are hereditarily inferior. The fact that a more widespread interest is being taken in this subject, and that it is being brought out into the open for inspection, is most encouraging. Its bearings upon the public health are sufficiently obvious.

The very remarkable advance which has been made in the control of infectious disease has made its favorable impress chiefly upon that portion of the population which is in the first one-half or two-thirds of life. The middle-aged and the old have not enjoyed as yet a proportionate share in the benefits. It must be emphasized that this is probably due in part to the fact that the amelioration of health conditions in early life has not as yet had time to affect a middle-aged group. It will be very interesting for future observers to estimate the influence of the widespread correction of physical and mental defects in early life upon the health of those same persons when they shall have reached middle or old age. Personally, I predict with considerable confidence a marked improvement.

But under any condition, it must be expected that the human body will eventually wear out and death supervene. The mere prolongation of life is a dubious goal to work for unless the added years are ones of comfort and at least a margin of usefulness. At present these later years are too often characterized by the symptoms so succinctly stated in the Bible. The diseases of this period are typically the so called degenerative diseases. In these conditions the tissues suffer a modification of their original composition and structure, with a corresponding loss of functional efficiency. One hopeful fact has been determined with regard to these conditions; that is, that many of them are merely the end results of early infection, or poisoning.

The new growths, of which cancer is the most dreaded, are more frequent in the later years. Statistical studies indicate that they have been decidedly upon the increase during recent years. While a degree of hereditary predisposition seems almost essential, the exciting cause, if there be one beyond local irritation,

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has not yet been determined. Certainly the situation justifies all of the research which it is receiving, and will call for continued effort until a more satisfactory solution is achieved.

It is unnecessary to more than allude to the impossibility of solving these problems by individual or local effort alone, although these are essential factors. A moment's reflection brings realization of the close interdependence of communities, of states, and even continents.

Communicable diseases, for example, are carried from the slums into the better parts of the city or are transported by motorists or tourists from one state or country to another during their incubation period; vessels may, as has recently happened, become infected in foreign ports and bring pestilence to our shores. Diseases which destroy our food supplies may be transplanted. Nor is this all. There is an indirect but no less important relationship between different parts of the world. Malaria and hookworm by lessening the efficiency of farm labor in our South, Sudan, or India, affect the price of cotton in our own and foreign mills and, ultimately, to the consumer everywhere; while conversely unhygienic insanitary conditions in the working people and their environments in manufacturing centres lessen production and increase costs to rural populations.

Then, too, the solution of these problems lies largely in the fields of laboratory and epidemiological research and not infrequently is found in studies not consciously directed toward that end. It is wasteful and inefficient to carry on studies without an attempt to coordinate and exchange ideas and results.

Recognition of the necessity for the prevention of the spread of epidemic pestilences was early evidenced by the establishment of the practice of "quarantine". At first inflexible, uncompromising, directed by fear rather than by reason, this practice has gradually changed as scientific knowledge has increased until the precautions taken against the introduction of disease have become beneficial to all interests. An example is found in the periodical deratization of vessels which tends to prevent the world spread of plague and incidentally rids the vessel of vermin destructive to cargo.

In our own country where our Constitution left police powers, including those controlling health matters, to the several states,

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there has been a gradual evolution, first in the development of state and city organizations and later of a federal health organization. At the same time there have been developed national non-official bodies which have had a marked influence upon improvement in health conditions, both directly and by arousing the public to the importance of official action.

The principles of federal government with regard to health matters in the United States are fairly stabilized and seem to require no radical changes in the near future. Control functions are restricted to include those conditions which involve foreign relations and the country as a whole, or interstate problems not readily managed otherwise, while voluntary agreements among states regarding such problems as the pollution of interstate streams are promoted, and the research, coordinative and emergency assistance functions are emphasized.

This is in marked contrast with the situation in other countries where the central government dictates procedure and to a great extent controls health personnel. Presumably each system is best adapted to its own political environment.

In considering State and federal relationships in public health we come naturally to the question of international relations.

With the rapid increase in communication there came during the latter decades of the nineteenth century an appreciation of the enormous cost and difficulty of keeping out diseases by quarantine restrictions which, in the absence of reliable information, were directed indiscriminately against wide areas.

This led to the epoch-making quarantine laws of this country, which provided for the collection of information by our consuls, for shifting the emphasis of quarantine precautions to ports of departure, and to two international regional arrangements, — one a Pan-American agreement chiefly directed against yellow fever, and the other a European arrangement for protection against cholera and plague invasion from the Orient. As knowledge increased, these agreements have been revised from time to time, culminating finally in the Pan-American Code of Habana, 1924, and the new International Sanitary Convention of Paris adopted *ad referendum* June 21, 1926, at a conference of sixty-seven governments. Both of these treaties are essentially for two purposes: (1) securing prompt and accurate information as to

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the existence of disease to be communicated to central offices in Washington and Paris respectively, as well as to signatory powers, and (2) insuring logical treatment of infected or suspected persons and vessels. Regional arrangements have lately been made in the Orient and elsewhere under the auspices of the League of Nations.

All of these agreements, however, pertained only to the four or five major pestilential diseases, cholera, yellow fever, plague, smallpox and later, typhus fever.

There had, of course, been "International Congresses" to discuss demography, tuberculosis, leprosy, etc., but it was not until the World War, — with the consequent exaggerated movement of commodities and peoples, the interruption of normal health work, the subsequent changes in boundaries and breaking up of nations, — that concerted action of an international scope was commenced in the wider field of preventive medicine.

Magnificent work against hookworm, later extended against malaria and yellow fever, had been begun by the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, but official semi-governmental action may be said to have been initiated by the organization at Cannes in 1919 of the League of Red Cross Societies, followed by the work in Poland and elsewhere.

Within the past few years there has been organized a Health Section of the League of Nations which, in large part financed by the International Health Board, has been doing excellent work in establishing an epidemiological intelligence service, in organizing interchanges among health officers, sanitary engineers and laboratory workers, as well as in organizing investigations in Russia, Persia, Jugoslavia, and Africa.

What shall be the future course of public health endeavor?

A few words as to method. We are dealing and shall have to deal with masses, not with individuals. Organization is essential for such a purpose. It is, however, possible to overorganize. I think that there have sprung up in this present period of financial prosperity too many independent organizations for the prevention of this or that disease or other evil. Some of these organizations have been wisely directed and have retained their perspective and accomplished much good. Others have been unfortunate in these respects and have found themselves working at cross

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purposes with official health agencies as well as with other associations of their own class, and at the end of several years of activity, have found that much effort had been expended and much money spent, with but little to show in net results of benefit. There has been of late a marked tendency toward the absorption of the smaller, one-idea groups into larger organizations with some reduction of overhead and marked improvement in perspective. Voluntary effort in fostering health and combating disease is so badly needed that it is a pity that any of it should be wasted in ill-chosen activities.

Ultimately, in dealing with masses, we always come to the point where coercive legal measures must be invoked, where, in other words, police powers must be employed. It seems logical that the people who grant these legal powers and who pay the bills for their administration, should wish to see their official health agencies well established, maintained, and supported. And yet this is not at present universally the case. The majority of official health agencies in this country are inadequately supported. Could voluntary agencies perform any greater service than by devoting a part of their energies to the development of adequate, comprehensive, official health agencies, and maintaining them in a condition of maximum effectiveness? I trust that in the future we may be able to observe an increasing adoption of this attitude.

It seems evident that future success in attaining our goal here and abroad is to be achieved by directing effort toward certain definite ends.

a. — Education of the electorate and their representative leaders in official life, Chambers of Commerce, and non-official welfare organizations, to the necessity for well-rounded, properly supported health departments under competent personnel free from the uncertainties of partisan politics and the vagaries of well-meaning cultists in our urban and rural communities, with well organized State departments to coordinate and render assistance to their local bodies.

b. — A federal health service, in which and by which are coordinated and directed federal health activities, and with personnel competent to lend assistance to States as well as carry on research both in the laboratory and in the field while acting

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as a clearing house and coordinating agency for non-official scientific work.

From an international view there may be areas which are under the sovereignty of governments unable or unwilling to improve conditions which are endemic centres of pestilential diseases which threaten the health, well-being, and commerce of other countries to such an extent that international police may well be justified. Backward countries which menace others through neglect of sanitation of their ports may and should be stimulated by restrictions upon their commerce.

Generally, however, permanent improvement will best be attained by exchange of personnel and ideas through voluntary associations such as the Health Section of the League of Nations or the Pan-American Bureau, while assistance from outside is given by non-official agencies working through local governments. Public health work is making fast progress against the inroads of disease, and we have every reason to take courage for the future.

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THE ALCOHOL MOTIVE

GEORGE THOMAS WHITE PATRICK

WHY is it that in all the controversy over prohibition so little attention has been given to the root of the whole matter, namely, the cause of the desire for alcohol. The discussion which goes on in every newspaper, magazine, review, and social group is limited mainly to a few threadbare questions: Has crime increased under prohibition? Is there more or less drinking? Is such a law enforceable? Should the state invade individual rights? In this, as in every perplexing problem, it is well to go back to first causes. Vast libraries have been written on the causes of intemperance and alcoholism, but very little on the cause of the almost universal demand for alcohol in its moderate and temperate use; and yet, if we consider the colossal amounts of alcoholic liquors used at the present time throughout the world, most of it is temperately used. In the present article, let us consider the source of the desire for alcohol itself.

The use of alcoholic drinks seems to be as old as our historic records. At the present time the desire for alcohol, whatever its cause, seems to be increasing. A revolution might be expected in any European country which should wholly deprive its people of liquors. Even in war time this was not ventured. Why this demand for alcohol? Does it represent a need, a habit, a vicious appetite, or just a whim?

In pre-prohibition days we used to persuade ourselves that fine wines, whiskies and brandies, and good beer were what we wanted. The former must be properly aged, providing the approved aroma and the desired rich and mellow taste, and beers and ales must be made from good barley and hops, providing the necessary tonic and nutritive value. But since the War we have been disillusioned about all this. What we want, as it seems, is ethyl alcohol, C_2H_5OH, and there must be enough of it in a glass of liquid to provide the necessary kick. One-half of one per cent does not do this. Three or four per cent is questionable. Ten per cent is very good. Forty per cent does the work quickly, effectively, and satisfactorily. In general, for an increased per cent we are ready to do battle. Congress, indeed, has found it necessary

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to legislate in terms of percentage; and it is conceivable that we shall have in the near future a nation-wide agitation, a concerted communal movement, bringing powerful forces to bear upon our national Congress, not for better schools, or better art and literature, but for a better percentage.

So we have in many homes busy little domestic stills manufacturing ethyl alcohol, perhaps five thousand in Chicago, or maybe ten thousand, as the mayor of that city guesses. The necessary materials have become staple commodities with a brisk demand and ample supply. Estimates of the amount of industrial alcohol that is diverted yearly for use as liquor vary from ten million to sixty million gallons, and the amount paid for it from six hundred million to three and one-half thousand million dollars. This takes no account of foreign goods introduced by smuggling. Evidently men want alcohol and they want it pretty badly, — and they are willing to pay so much for it that the colossal profits offer a temptation which cannot be easily resisted, so that vast armies of men and women are willing to become law-breakers, or, what is less strange, are willing to take risk of arrest or fine or imprisonment.

It is the desire for alcohol which helps us to explain the wave of law-breaking which has perplexed so many of us. General Andrews, in his testimony before the Senate Committee, estimated that nearly one-half of our whole population were involved either in the manufacture, selling, distributing, or consuming of intoxicating liquor in violation of law. Making any allowance for exaggeration which you please, it would be out of the question to explain the amazing figures either as due to the general spirit of lawlessness which is an aftermath of the War, or to a kind of righteous indignation against a law restricting personal freedom. The latter is an excuse for violating the law, — not a motive. We have countless laws restricting individual freedom supposedly in the interest of public welfare, which are well observed, even though the relation of the law to the common good is not well understood, as in the case of laws against the spread of microbic diseases; or even when it is questioned whether the law does contribute to the common good, as in the case of the closed season for certain kinds of game. *But it is the law* and it is respected. We are a well educated, sane, and in general law-abiding

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people, and the present wide-spread violation of the prohibitory law can be explained only on the ground of some powerful motive, — and in the final analysis this motive is the demand for alcohol, which suggests every kind of ingenious device for evading the law and offers irresistible temptation in the form of pecuniary rewards.

Whence, then, this powerful desire? Other forms of human desires are readily explainable. Sex drives people to all sorts of violation of moral and statutory laws and to every subtle and cunning device for realizing their ends. But the reason for this appetite in human economy is apparent. Likewise, there is no difficulty in explaining the desire for food and for wealth, which makes easy the realization of all desired foods, drinks, comforts, luxuries, and honors.

It would seem, therefore, that the desire for alcohol must have some physiological or psychological basis for it. Great numbers of people do not use it and no ill effects of this abstinence are observed. Alcohol is used among most modern races and it has been used for many centuries. But if we remember that the history of the human race extends back some half million years, the discovery of alcohol is really very recent. Alcohol evidently has not been essential to the health of animals or primitive man, and it does not appear to be essential to the perfect functioning of the human organism at the present time. How then shall we explain the modern demand for alcohol? It is certainly not due to its food value. The old dispute about the food value of alcohol is merely academic. Food is plentiful in America now, when the demand for alcohol is the strongest; and if it is food we desire, we can better afford, at the present price of liquor, to pay ten dollars for a loaf of bread.

Neither can we explain the desire on the ground that alcohol is a stimulant and that the human organism needs stimulants. The general action of alcohol is not that of a stimulant but of a depressant, having even in small doses a narcotic effect upon the nervous system. If sometimes it has an apparent stimulating effect, this is due to the fact that it inhibits the higher inhibitory centres, setting free certain lower forms of activity. And if it were a stimulant, the desire for it could not be explained in this way, for in proportion as our western life becomes more and more

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exciting and stimulating the demand for alcohol becomes greater.

But it may be said that, while alcohol is perhaps not a stimulant, nevertheless, it is a bracer, and in our strenuous life of to-day we need a bracer. But alcohol is not a bracer. It lessens efficiency, both physical and mental. Exact scientific research continued over many decades has catalogued to a fraction the depressing effects of ethyl alcohol. I have before me the latest publication on *The Action of Dilute Alcohol on Human Subjects* from the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, an institution not open to the charge of partisanship. It shows that reaction times and reflexes are slowed down, that visual acuity is less keen, that speed in typewriting is lessened, that other forms of manual dexterity are impaired, that coordinations are less adequate, that errors are increased, and that memory is impaired. When the dilution is less all these effects are exaggerated.

Thus we seem to be baffled on every hand in our search for the alcohol motive. Possibly, however, it might be urged that there is no general desire for alcohol at all, its use being due merely to the total depravity of the human mind and the demand for it encouraged by the machinations of unscrupulous men. Some such explanation as this would be inferred from the average temperance lecture or sermon. Alcohol is the instrument of the devil and its evil flows from sin. But of course no thoughtful man who has studied the alcohol problem in its larger aspects would accept this theory.

I recall a visit to a small town in Switzerland surrounded by vineyards. The grapes being ripe, I tried to buy a few. When I expressed wonder at the high price, I was told that all the grapes were wanted for wine; and I learned further that from this town little wine was exported, being all consumed at home. Evidently, if people do not need alcohol, they at any rate desire it. And as for the smuggling, bootlegging, hi-jacking, and home and mountain distilling in this country, the risk is extreme, the work unpleasant and the labor great. It is the love of gain and not the love of vice that is the motive of this business, — and the gain is possible because men will pay richly for what they want badly.

Since then we cannot learn from physiology why men want to drink, perhaps we may learn something from psychology. Certain

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psychological aspects of the question are indeed illuminating. The psychology of relaxation in particular throws light upon our problem. Alcohol provides a certain kind of relaxation, and the stress and strain of modern life make the need of relaxation great. In proportion as the strain upon the nervous system increases, — as in America, — the demand for alcohol becomes greater. During and after the War the tension was very great, and every form of relaxation was in demand. We have had dancing crazes, movie crazes, bridge crazes, automobile crazes, and crazes for all kinds of sports, and often we have heard that the world is amusement mad. The more primitive the sport, the greater the relaxation and the larger the crowds, as in football and prize fighting. The demand for play and sport has grown rapidly in recent times and in general has increased with the growth of civilization. Presently, perhaps, we shall find a reason for this.

There are two ways in which alcohol contributes to relaxation, and a slight knowledge of the human brain is necessary to understand these. One might say that the history of civilization has been a history of growth in the power of self-restraint. In social groups individual impulses must be more and more restrained. The "*Verboten*" sign stares one ever in the face. Without these external restraints and without the inner restraints which have grown up with the evolution of the race, progress and civilization would have been impossible. The progressive renouncement or inhibition of constitutional impulses, as Freud says, seems to be one of the basic principles of human culture. But this everlasting repression of deep and powerful instincts and impulses gets on one's nerves. It is the cause of discord and tension in the inner life, just as it is the cause of social irritation and social unrest in the life of the group. There is an inner rebellion against the acts of the "Censor", which in extreme cases takes the form of various "complexes", but ordinarily is manifested merely by the demand for some kind of relaxation, — laughter, profanity, the movies, golf, one of Hardy's novels, baseball, the dance. And we are, of course, familiar with various forms of outer rebellion against the constant irritating restraints imposed by social custom and legal enactment.

But, now, very long ago as we reckon time but very recently as Nature reckons it, the inventive human mind hit upon an arti-

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ficial means of escape from life's everlasting grind. There are certain drugs which bring about the desired result by their direct action on the brain. Alcohol, — easily prepared wherever the ready yeast cells find the sugar of crushed fruit, — by its narcotic and depressant action inhibits the inhibitory centres and sets the older impulses free. Alcohol is selective for the nervous system, although it is not known that it is selective for any special part of it. But those cerebral centres more recently developed in evolution seem more easily fatigued on the one hand and more sensitive to a rough intruding agency on the other.

So it comes about that, while large doses of alcohol narcotize more or less the whole brain, moderate doses effect mainly the so-called higher centres, and especially the inhibitory centres. Thus the eternal Censor gets a silencer. We experience a momentary respite from the decisions of the umpire. Alcohol is thus an artificial means of escape from the galling interference of the rational mind, which legislates in the interests of society rather than of the individual, and of the larger rather than the temporary good of the individual. In this connection it is apparent why alcohol seems to act as a stimulant. Its action probably is wholly narcotic, but it silences the silencer and sets the older impulses free.

But this is not the whole story of the alcohol motive. Alcohol acts in still another way to bring about a state of mental relaxation, a way closely related to that of play and sport. In the evolution of animal species Nature is constantly contriving one way and another for survival in the struggle for existence. Some animal species have depended upon size, some upon speed, some upon physical strength, some upon concealment. In the case of man, Nature hit upon the increase of intelligence made possible by a highly complex and differentiated brain and nervous system.

Very largely the mental powers upon which our modern civilization depends are the powers of controlled attention, concentration, analysis, abstract thought, and sustained effort, together with the inhibition or checking of antisocial impulses. Nature has provided these by developing certain peculiar forms of functioning in the human brain. The brain patterns thus involved are comparatively new in the evolution of animal species and easily

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subject to fatigue. Particularly in recent times, in the last two hundred years and still more in the last fifty years, our rapid, high-pressure life has brought a tremendous burden upon the upper brain, especially upon those parts which are concerned with the peculiar mental processes upon which our advancing civilization depends. The tension, therefore, is very great and the tired brain cries out for some kind of release, some form of rest. The body requires about eight hours of sleep per day, but it would be disastrous if the remaining sixteen hours, or even a large part of this time, were spent in concentrated mental effort. Nervous collapse would be certain. So it comes about that a considerable portion of our waking hours must be spent in some form of activity involving older and more stable brain patterns. Hence the need of play and sport and relaxation, and hence the increased demand for them after every great war, and indeed in modern life in general.

But now alcohol accomplishes artificially what Nature seems to have intended to effect by play and sport. Normal forms of relaxation, such as play and sport, relieve the brain by calling into exercise only the older and more stable brain patterns, those associated with ancient forms of muscular activity and with relatively simple kinds of mental activity. Alcohol relieves the over-taxed brain by the slug-shot method, putting to sleep to a greater or less extent the overtaxed part.

The desire for alcohol seems thus to be due to a deep, conscious or unconscious, demand of body and mind for some form of relaxation, some form of relief from the tension of the strenuous life, whether it be the high-pressure life of our modern cities or the unrelieved toil of the industrial worker; for the ability to hold one's self down by sheer effort to unremitting labor is quite as much an acquirement of the "modern" brain as the exercise of analysis and abstract thought. Alcohol in small amounts seems merely to restore a kind of harmony to the tired brain, and one has only to experience for a few times the release which it brings to desire a repetition of the effect. In large amounts it sets free the emotions and emotional expression, sentimentality, speech, song, and laughter. In still larger doses it releases still older impulses, those of recklessness, immodesty, quarrelsomeness, and finally of coarseness and crime. Under the progressive action of

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alcohol we can thus witness the whole life history of the race exhibited in reverse order.

This psychological explanation of the desire for alcohol raises, of course, several interesting questions. Is, then, alcohol when used moderately as a means of relaxation a benefit or an injury? And, of course, this question must be asked as it applies both to the individual and to the race. And, further, if it should appear that alcohol is an injury either to the individual or to the race, will a better knowledge of the causes of the desire for it contribute to the solution of the whole alcohol problem?

One question which is immediately raised is a very serious one. What effect, through the ages, has the use of alcohol had upon the development of human intelligence? For some reason which we do not understand, there has been no perceptible increase in human intelligence for many centuries, — almost certainly none since the days of the Pharaohs, some authorities say none for twenty thousand years. Knowledge has accumulated, but mental power has not increased. European man of twenty thousand years ago had a brain no less perfect than our own. Our social and political problems have increased with the complexity of our social order, and recently the fear has often been expressed that our best men lack the intellectual power to deal with the social problems which we have created. Our civilization has become great and wonderful and highly complicated, but the evolution of the human brain has stopped. To what extent this has been due to the constant doping of the brain with narcotics we do not know. It is only a conjecture that we have cause and effect here, but the conjecture is not without suggestiveness. And the force of the conjecture is not weakened by the objection that Nature would not thus checkmate her own devices in evolution. Such checkmating has happened many times. In any case the relation of alcohol to the human brain is by no means so simple as has been inferred by the observation that single individuals may use alcohol moderately for long periods without noticeable injury.

Most of us, however, are more interested in the effects of alcohol upon the individual than upon the race. Can there be any injurious results in using alcohol in small quantities as a means of needed relaxation, as a means of harmonizing the tired brain? Unfortunately, alcohol has a toxic as well as a narcotic effect.

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Even if it had only the latter, I suppose that few would desire to surrender to a drug the temporary use of any part of their brain, — certainly not the "master" part. In other forms of relaxation, such as play and sport, the master brain may be rested but it is at any rate awake and at command when needed. In practice, of course, the doses of alcohol are usually so small that there is no noticeable impairment of personality, only a general feeling of euphoria, or well being, due probably, as has been explained, to a slight resting of the tired part of the brain. But it is of course the toxic action of alcohol that makes questionable its use, — in small doses impairing, as it does, mental and physical efficiency all along the line; in large amount, producing conditions recognized from time immemorial as antisocial. The use of alcohol as a therapeutic agent has steadily declined in medical practice as our scientific knowledge of its action has increased, despite the fact that there is always a great demand for medicines containing it. Unfortunately, too, the use of alcohol as a means of relaxation encounters the objection that the amount is apt to be incorrect, whereupon the toxic effects increase.

And then again, it is not merely the toxic effects of alcohol that complicate the problem of its use as a means of relaxation. We cannot escape the social aspects of the question, for wherever alcohol is available there are those who will use it immoderately. Social workers look with dread upon the havoc wrought by alcohol in its relation to disease, crime, and poverty.

Even in the solution of the social problem, however, our increasing knowledge of the alcohol motive may be helpful. If liquors are sought to relieve the stress and strain of modern life, perhaps other ways may be found for doing this, through play and sport, or through music and art, or possibly through an entire change in our manner of living. Our success in checking the evils of intemperance either through precept or legislation has not been startling. Perhaps we shall have to learn how to live in such a way that alcohol will not be desired. If it is said that there is no hope of bringing about any considerable change in our manner of living, it may be replied that, — if a mere fraction of the resources of applied science now used in the invention of new comforts and luxuries, and in wealth production, transportation, and communication, could be directed to the art of human

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improvement, — many social problems more difficult than our present one could be solved.

Looking, however, to the immediate probable future, there is little doubt that more rather than less legal regulations will be necessary in this as in other matters. Wealth and invention have made our social order a very complicated one. This fact, together with our rapidly increasing population, makes government regulation more and more necessary. What we have to look forward to is a crowded community, a highly complex civilization, and a population not too well selected biologically and not too well schooled in self-restraint. Laws there will be in plenty regulating our food and drink, our speed and our parking places, the construction of our homes, and the ventilation of our shops, and our minimum wage and maximum hours.

There are two conditions that would seem to be necessary in order that a prohibitory law might be enforced. The first of these is a nation-wide understanding of the physiology and psychology of alcohol, the cause of the desire for it, and its good and bad effects upon mind and body. The second is the development of a social consciousness such that we shall be willing to sacrifice our individual desires to the common good. We have developed in our modern world an extreme individualism with a strong emphasis upon personal liberty. When the complexities of our life make it perfectly plain that an extreme individualism will not work, as for instance in the case of our traffic regulations, then we yield readily enough to a reasonable social-mindedness. In the use of our motor cars, law and custom restrain us at every point. This minute regulation of our lights, our number plates, our parking places, our speed, and our manner of turning is not, however, resented, because the necessity is apparent.

In circumstances such as these we speedily develop a social consciousness. But in the presence of laws relating to a more remote public welfare our individualism remains triumphant. This is perfectly illustrated in the case of our prohibitory laws. Few, if any, would maintain that the use of alcohol is necessary for the highest degree of individual health and efficiency; and few would deny that on account of its abuse its social ravages are very great. Hence, if social consciousness were well developed, few would object to a law which has for its object the welfare of society while

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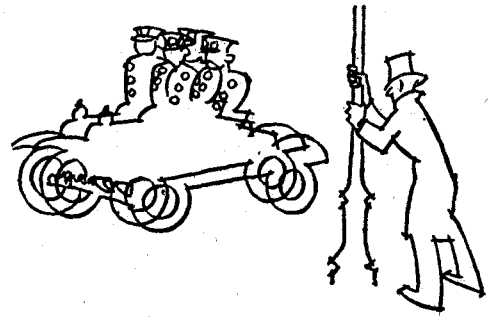
in no way interfering with the health and welfare of the individual. What the law interferes with is the satisfaction of the desires of the individual.

In general, social morale is not very high in America now, and the case of our prohibitory laws furnishes an instance. In time of war the modern man becomes socially minded so long as the war lasts; and in time of peace he is socially minded when the common good is immediately apparent, as in the case of traffic regulations, sanitary laws, factory legislation, and laws against counterfeiting. It is precisely this situation which, just in the last decade, has led numerous writers to ask whether our civilization can survive a long era of peace, if international peace should come. The danger of our civilization in the future will not be from attacks from without, but from decay within the group. If we were a small nation whose very existence were threatened by surrounding hostile nations, social morale could be easily secured and maintained. Individuals would obey the laws of the group without argument and often with fear and trembling. In a great and complex modern nation like ours, when no external danger threatens, the social-mindedness necessary for the enforcement of laws is difficult, except when the gain is immediate or apparent; and this is especially true when the evils against which the laws are leveled are somewhat remote and when personal desire is strong.



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SCENES IN TOULON

FOUR WOODCUTS

BY

CLARE LEIGHTON

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UMBRELLA MENDERS

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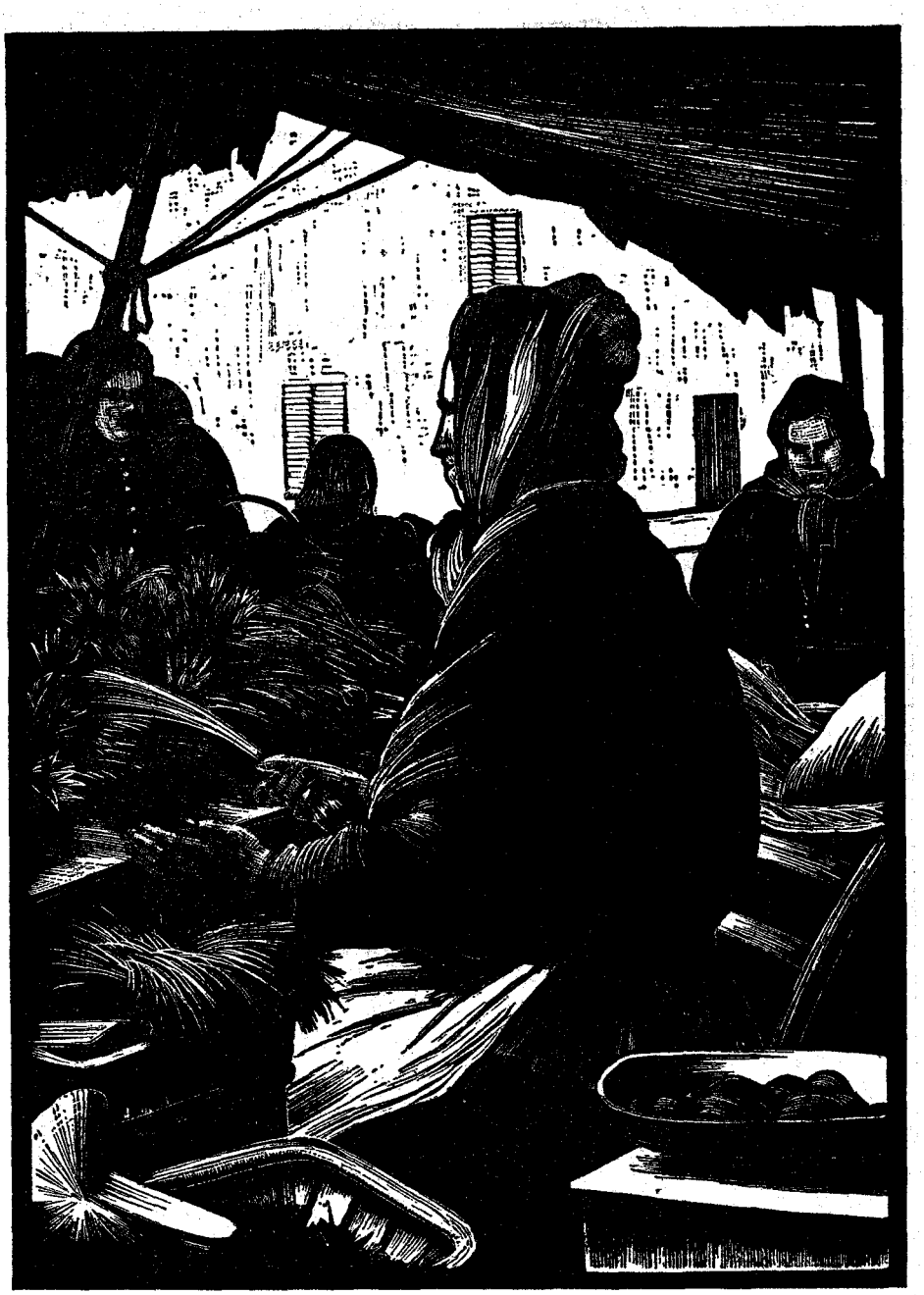

VEGETABLE SELLER

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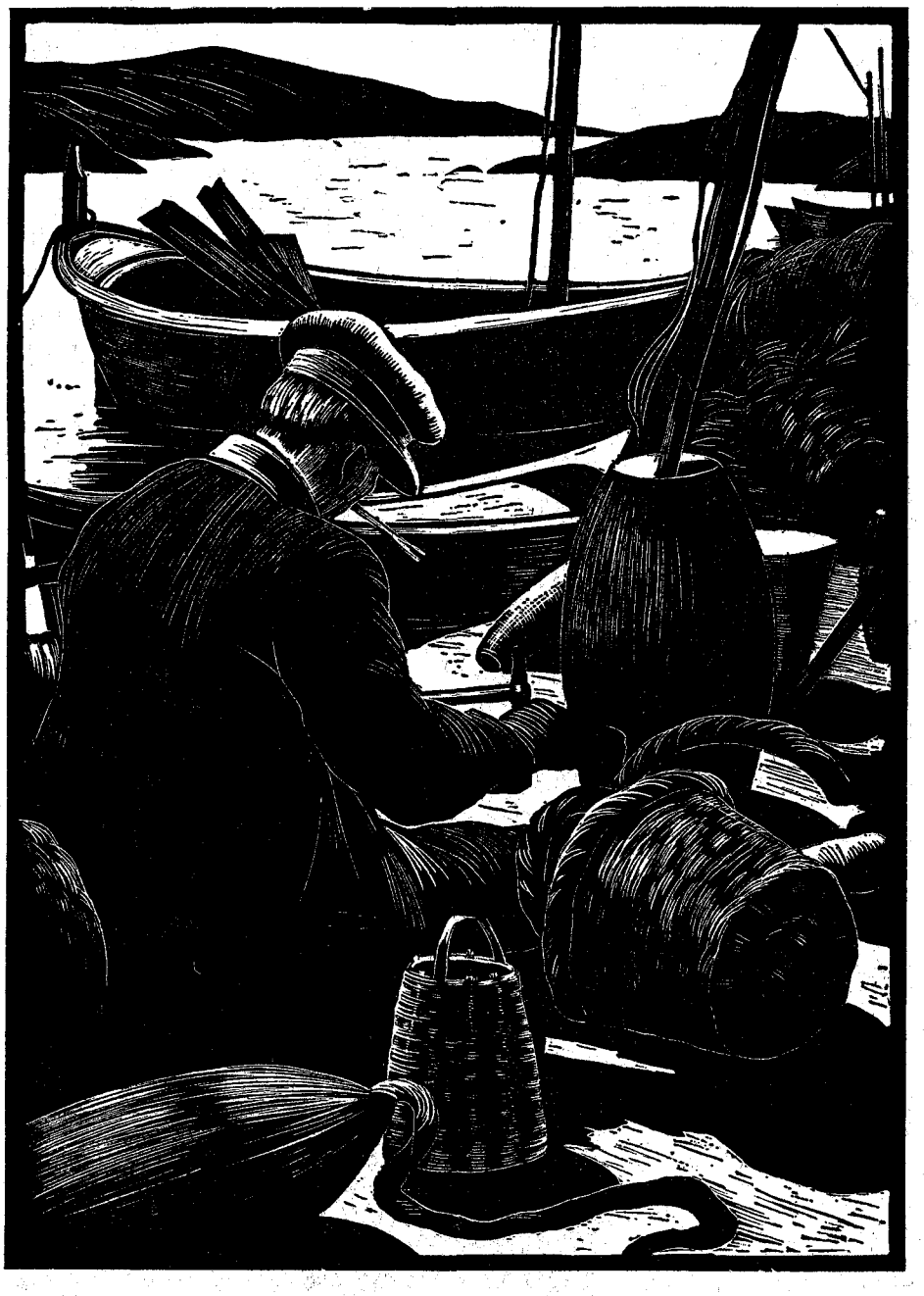

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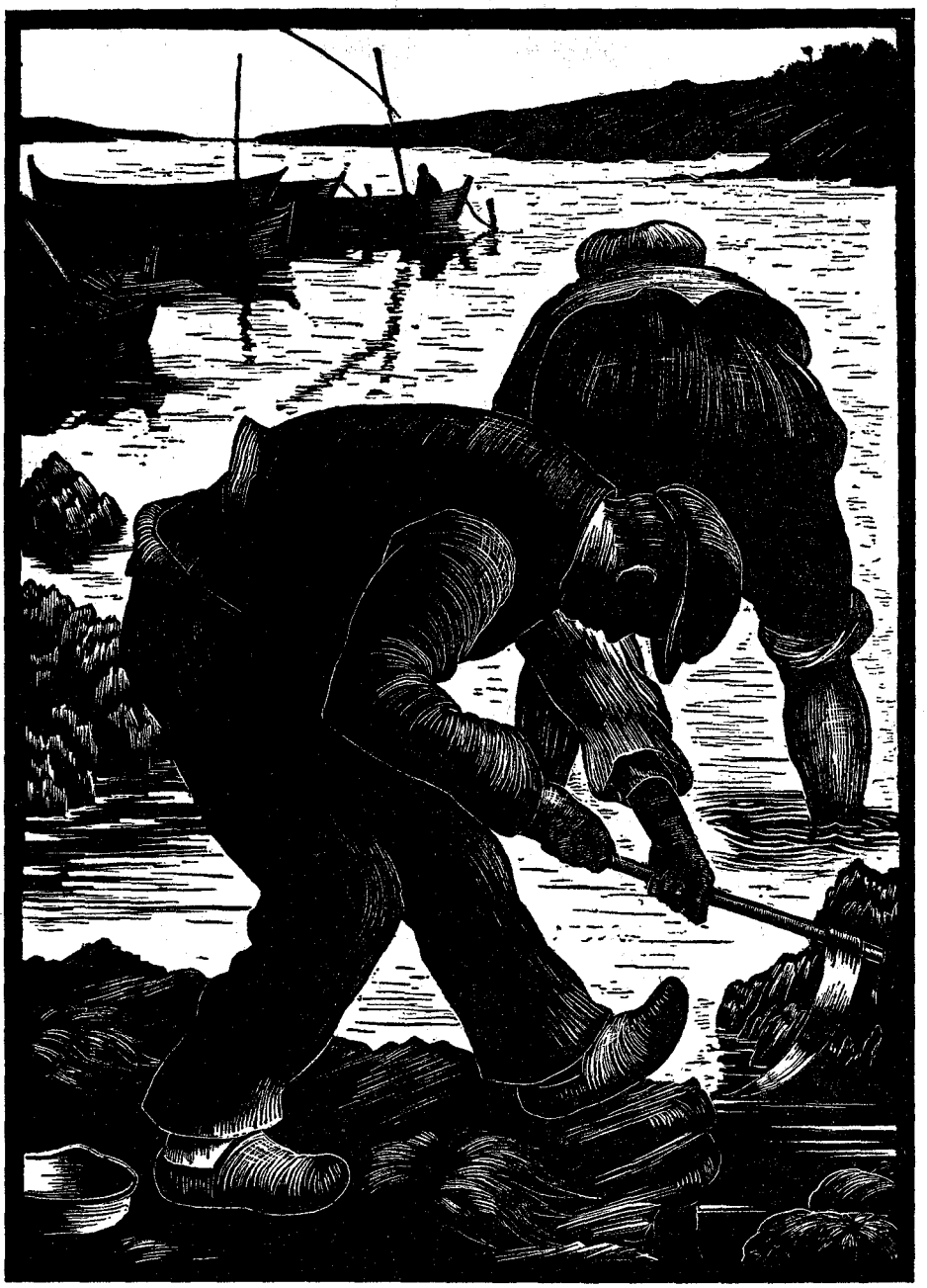

MUSSEL GATHERERS

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ELLIS ISLAND, ENLIGHTENED BY LIBERTY

JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

AFTER his merciless delineation of Ellis Island's shortcomings in last month's FORUM, *Mr. Harrington now turns to more constructive criticism. Ellis Island, he avers, is bad as bad can be. But cheer up, America! We can redeem ourselves by making the radical, — though rational, — changes set forth in the present article. These measures include concentration of responsibility for the control of immigration, active steps to place immigrants in suitable occupations, and a ruthless general slashing of red tape.*

TO assail Ellis Island seems to some tantamount to speaking disrespectfully of the weather. One is an act of the Lord's, the other a fiat of Labor. Displeased as one may be with them, it has long been held useless to seek to reform either. Efforts to humanize that dungeon of dull routine and to lighten its blank faces and stony hearts have failed so far on account of the complicated fabric of laws and regulations. Well-meaning Commissioners, aflame with the desire to serve their fellow men, have been made seneschals of this Castle of Despair, strutted joyously, limped under their cross-garterings of red tape, and finally thrown away their wands of office in disgust.

A bureaucratic tangle cripples and trips every one who takes steps toward its definite and decisive improvement. Underlying pitilessness strangles initiative, just as the brackish sump beneath the surface of the island itself kills any roots which dare to grow too deeply. What would an ordinary person do, if there were brought to him a fellow being, dying from a painful malady and grasping at a last hope for cure? Here is a bureaucratic view. There came to New York a few months since, a well-to-do resident of Bermuda, — a British subject. At a few hours notice, his family had sent him north, at the advice of his physician, to be treated by a specialist. According to arrangements made in advance, an ambulance from St Luke's Hospital met the steamship on which he was a passenger. An inspector of the Immigration Service cast upon him a searching eye and took him to task on two counts for violating the law of the land. Although his passport was regular, the alien had not applied in advance to the Secretary of Labor for leave to enter in such a plight, nor had a bond been provided guaranteeing that surely he would not stay more than six months. The sufferer was then reckoning his hold on life from day to day,

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— borrowing time from Fate. "You are likely," the inspector held, "to become a public charge!"

In vain did the invalid invader explain that he was well able to finance himself and show he had a balance in a New York bank, sufficient to maintain him for years. Delay followed delay. The waiting ambulance was dismissed, — day dragged into dusk. At last the stricken alien was asked if he was willing to go to the hospital, "now." He said he had been willing all the time. On the arm of a steward he was assisted into a taxi. Jouncing over the cobbles and up and down into the ruts of West Street, the vehicle turned due south.

"I don't understand quite," said the sufferer weakly, "but this driver is not going in the right direction. St Luke's is in the northern part of the city."

Arriving at the Battery he was taken aboard a steamboat, landed at Ellis Island, and then carried by stretcher to U. S. Public Health Hospital No. 43. Harassed, bewildered, wondering why he had been taken against his will, he waited for a week. At the end of that time the trains of indecision slowly moved. It became known in the bureaucratic way that the Bureau of Immigration of the United States Department of Labor was asked to see what could be done about this alien, sick unto death, held in the custody of the Public Health Service of the Treasury Department of these United States. The Commissioner of Immigration was duly apprised, — the wheels were slowly turning. Three days later, "said alien" was beyond all that relentless officialdom could do, — for ten days after his admission he was dead. He had been in competent hands at that hospital, — for none can deny that the doctors of the Public Health Service are well trained; but still, considering one thing with another, it does not do any great harm to be less requiring of a stranger seeking treatment in a last hard fight for life. The case is closed officially by the simple entry on the record which reads "that in view of his condition on arrival it was not believed his transfer to the Island had in any way aggravated his condition and that a fatal termination was the logical result to be expected with the malady (cardionephritis) with which he was suffering."

To the case-hardened Ellis Islander, it seems not unusual that another alien suffering divers diseases and registering a pulse half

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of normal, should be permitted to fall on the floor. Some laymen might suggest that a stretcher should have been provided, yet such is not the official view. Hence an entry that such a passenger, a Swede, was not injured by the fall, but just died in the natural course of human events. The X-ray showed no fractured skull!

An ingenuous correspondent writes with pleased surprise that he finds more courtesy at Ellis Island than there used to be. He sees glimmers of human sympathy in the fossilized methods of receiving immigrants, as though he expected to note ears being "nailed to the pump" or to see new comers spread-eagled on sight. The grim barracks, the stifling dormitories, the coarse fare, the unbending austerity which still exists were described in the statement of specific facts in the first instalment of this paper. At best, Ellis Island is a dismal place enough, where every stranger feels he is in or near a pest-house or a prison. It is grim and sordid at every turn, as set forth in the preceding article.

The attitude of the United States to the alien has its preliminaries in a traditional hatred and suspicion of strangers also common to half civilized or savage races. The conditions are less barbarous on the surface, but the trail of the troglodyte lingers. Let us, as Americans, glance for a moment at the pits from which we were dug. All of the early arrivals in the New World were interlopers, beginning with Leif Ericson and his Norsemen, who reached New England probably six centuries before Plymouth Rock. Columbus, Italian retainer of Spain, found this land again. Spanish, French, Swedes, English, Dutch, and French planted their colonies. Portuguese, Germans, and Hebrews set up homes without let or hindrance. High-minded and educated men, gentlemen adventurers, polite blacklegs, ne'er-do-well younger sons, scions of the bar sinister, bond servants, thrifty burghers, gay voyageurs, Puritans and Cavaliers, — the good and the bad, and many "seconds" in quality, — started a population. About 1790 the concept of stranger, or immigrant dawned. By 1820 the consciousness of aliens was felt and the first immigration statistics appeared. "Old Immigration," up to 1883, drew ninety-five per cent of its forces from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Belgium, Germany, Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway, and Sweden. Then came the "New Immigration" which by 1907 tallied eighty one per cent of Austrians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Hungarians,

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Italians, Montenegrins, Russians, Serbs, Spaniards, Smyrniots and Turks.

Both classes were targets for abuse and ridicule. Germans driven here in 1848 by political troubles, and Irish forced hither by potato famines, drew the fires of racial hate and religious bigotry. The Know-Nothing Party, the A.P.A., the latter day Ku Klux Klan fanned the flames. The Irish were "squalid squatters", and the Italians were called "Wops". The New Immigration came in for the same scorching as the "Old".

Despite hoodlum hates, the Old Immigration was semiofficially encouraged. It was needed for building railroads, creating cities, and the winning of the West. The New Immigration was discouraged or retarded. The World War disclosed many foreign groups and stimulated Americanization. After the Armistice, the fear that millions of Europeans would seek a haven in this land of the free, raised more bars. Granted that much of recent immigration has been undesirable, it is indeed a mooted question whether the percentage of paupers, criminals, and imbeciles is any larger than that which obtains among the native stock to which we now send fewer missionaries than we should. The restrictive immigration, which in a limited sense is selective, is based largely on economic grounds and proceeds from the purposeful desire to increase wages behind a monopolistic barrier equivalent to protective tariff.

Sustained opposition to the foreign born was one of the first slogans of organized trade unionism. The Knights of Labor, organized in 1881, raised the cry against toilers from overseas. The first Superintendent of Immigration (now Commissioner-General) was Terence V. Powderly, their organizer. The star of the American Federation of Labor rose in 1883 and gradually crowded out that of the Knights. Lead by Samuel Gompers, journeyman cigar maker of San Francisco, the Federation became a force to which politicians bowed. Its union label, changed little since the days of "Sands Lot" Kearney, was originally employed to distinguish cigars made by white makers, from those which had been rolled by Oriental fingers. Out of that agitation came the Chinese exclusion act, and the Chinese Bureau, older than the Immigration Service itself, of which it is now a part. Unionism also obtained the passing of the contract labor law designed to exclude

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all persons who had agreed to work for a definite sum before embarkation. Deftly and surely the labor interests took over the immigration policy of the United States. The Departments of the Interior, State, and Treasury ostensibly dealt with immigration in turn. Finally, in 1901, it was delivered to a bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor and in 1913 transferred to the then newly created Department of Labor.

Superintendents of Immigration in Washington, now known as Commissioners-General, as well as the Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York or Ellis Island, were labor leaders, or politicians closely affiliated with the trades-unions. When the Bureau of Immigration was surrendered to the Labor Department, affairs at Ellis Island could be as readily controlled, for the officials were bound hand and foot. The true inwardness of the reduction of immigration is naively revealed in a recent public utterance by the Commissioner-General of Immigration, the Honorable Harry E. Hull, who said that as a result of this restrictive policy the wages of American workmen had greatly increased and the arrangement was as beneficent as a high tariff on goods and merchandise from abroad. With due respect to what unionism has done, the coming of the immigrants to the United States is not merely a wage matter. That labor organizations or a Labor Department should have the opportunity to file objections to the admission of aliens is conceded, but to place the administration of the law in charge of a self-interested, if not a prejudiced and hostile agency, is contrary to the spirit of American institutions. At a time when industries are in such need of skilled labor, they should be able to make their wishes known. What could be more farcical than their making such a request to a Secretary of Labor, — committed to a policy of exclusions, as the law now provides?

Who are to be admitted to the United States? The choice of such new comers should rest with a department with such contacts throughout the world that it can most expeditiously make inquiries as to the standing of those who desire to join our composite and generally happy American family. The Department of State is the branch of the Government logically fitted by knowledge and traditions to assure control of immigration. The Secretary of State, under whose jurisdiction immigrant visas are

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issued, may refuse them even to foreigners of high degree whose political opinions he considers subversive of law and order. If objection be made that the Department of State is already top-heavy with multifarious duties, a Department of Immigration might well be created, devoted not to a merely negative policy, — as is the present Bureau, — but to an aggressive and positive activity.

The United States now elects to receive only quota immigrants of superior physical, mental, and moral quality. If she does not invite them, she at least gives them a more or less (generally less) gracious permission to enter. She prefers to believe they will be valuable additions to the body politic, implies that they are fitted to help beget the well-nigh perfect American race which is to be. The present laws are far from ideal, and the so called "National Origins" theory is arbitrary and artificial, yet they nevertheless imply fastidious and meticulous choice. Besides those of the quotas, so grudgingly apportioned, fully twice as many non-quota immigrants are drawn by family ties to enter this country. Diplomats, professional men, travelers, students, including representatives of civilizations of the Orient, — old when vaunted centres of European culture were mud huts filled with half-naked savages, — cannot land here if labor vetoes their entrance. Why should a Secretary of Labor, born in Wales, puddle through questions of international comity, which should have the expert attention of a department dedicated to foreign affairs?

Questions of the reception of persons from abroad, whose codes of morals, politics, and government differ, are constantly coming up for interpretation in the light of international standards. Would-be immigrants, as has been stated, may now be examined in their own environment under the tactful direction of the American consuls responsible to the Department of State, aided by technical advisors. On arriving here they can and do land directly on the steamship piers, unless some untoward circumstance develops. On the piers they can join waiting relatives and friends, or be guided to railroad stations or steamboat terminals by representatives of the transportation company or by agents of welfare organizations. It would be better if these immigrants were greeted and welcomed by an official of the Government, but at least this arrangement has the virtue of reducing the attentions

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from inspectors whose attitude is negative rather than positively helpful. The system of examination abroad is working fairly well within the present limitations, — an earnest of a better day.

Ellis Island as an institution does not square with the requirements of this new order. Suppose that the prison and hospital and storage arrangements were left on Ellis Island, and that under the torch of Liberty there were erected a building of dignity and beauty, a true symbol of nonbarbarous immigration reception!

Here could appear products of the country, models and maps, detailing its vast resources and the progress of its arts and sciences. The silver screen could be invoked to give moving pictures of stirring periods in American history, or of the rise of her patriots and heroes. Many a new comer might be diverted from the gloomy ghetto to a land of sunlight, peace, and plenty. Gardeners would not do subway digging, and the trained scientist go into dish washing on the chance he might find his way from the sink to the college chair. A Commissioner with actual power to sweep away cobwebs of precedent and liberty to exercise his own intelligence could end many a problem.

The first preparation of new citizens for their place in the American body politic might well begin at the nation's threshold. Thousands of applicants are turned down because they have had little opportunity for study, and many aliens would to-day despair of citizenship were it not for the activities of such agencies as the Council on Education for the Foreign Born and the New York City Board of Education, which station instructors at the present Naturalization Bureau to give guidance and encouragement.

What more fitting than that immigrants who have achieved citizenship should no longer mumble through a formula of gibberish, but should in companies go through an impressive ceremony solemnizing their commencement of a new life under the beacon of freedom. Their arrival concerns the nation, and as they pass out from the jurisdiction of the federal authorities, they might be given official manuals and guides, like the unofficial ones now distributed by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Final solution of the immigration problem must proceed on lines somewhat as follows:

Revision and codification of the confusing and often stupid laws and regulations relating to immigration and naturalization.

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Removal of all immigration administration from the jurisdiction of the Department of Labor, which now acts for the four millions of trade unionism rather than for the forty-two million wage earners or the American people as a whole.

Transfer of Immigration and Naturalization Bureaus to the Department of State, which now examines would-be immigrants abroad, and is being qualified to pass on the status of applicants for admission to the United States. As an alternative, an independent Department of Immigration could be created.

Establishment of a new bureau to pass judicially on questions of admission of skilled mechanics to the United States, hearing both representatives of capital and labor.

Active steps, not perfunctory ones, to bring about proper distribution of immigrants in occupations.

Reorganization of Naturalization Bureau under the Department of State, with well sustained efforts to make Americans.

Examination of immigrants before embarkation abroad, so as to cut down to the minimum the uncertainties of admission, and their landing direct at piers, courteously welcomed.

Abolition of the Ellis Island station would be ideal. Inasmuch as certain international complications may interfere with that consummation, for which so many devoutly wish, it is proposed that this desolate American Chateau d'If be made into a first class reception hotel, with accommodations as good as, if not better than, those of third class steamship passage.

Establishment of an information bureau, museum, and other facilities and activities for the guidance of the immigrant.

Investing of the Commissioner of Immigration for the Port of New York with discretionary powers instead of having him, as now, an animated rubber stamp, inked from the pad of labor.

Official and cordial welcome of those who have been admitted, and humane and courteous reception to all.

An Ellis Island darkened by Liberty was the theme of the previous article. Whatever be the fate of that cheerless huddle of buildings known as the United States Immigration Bureau at the Port of New York, all for which it is the symbol, if signs be true, will vanish before that light lifted by our goddess of triple bronze, standing at the gateway of this Land of the Free.

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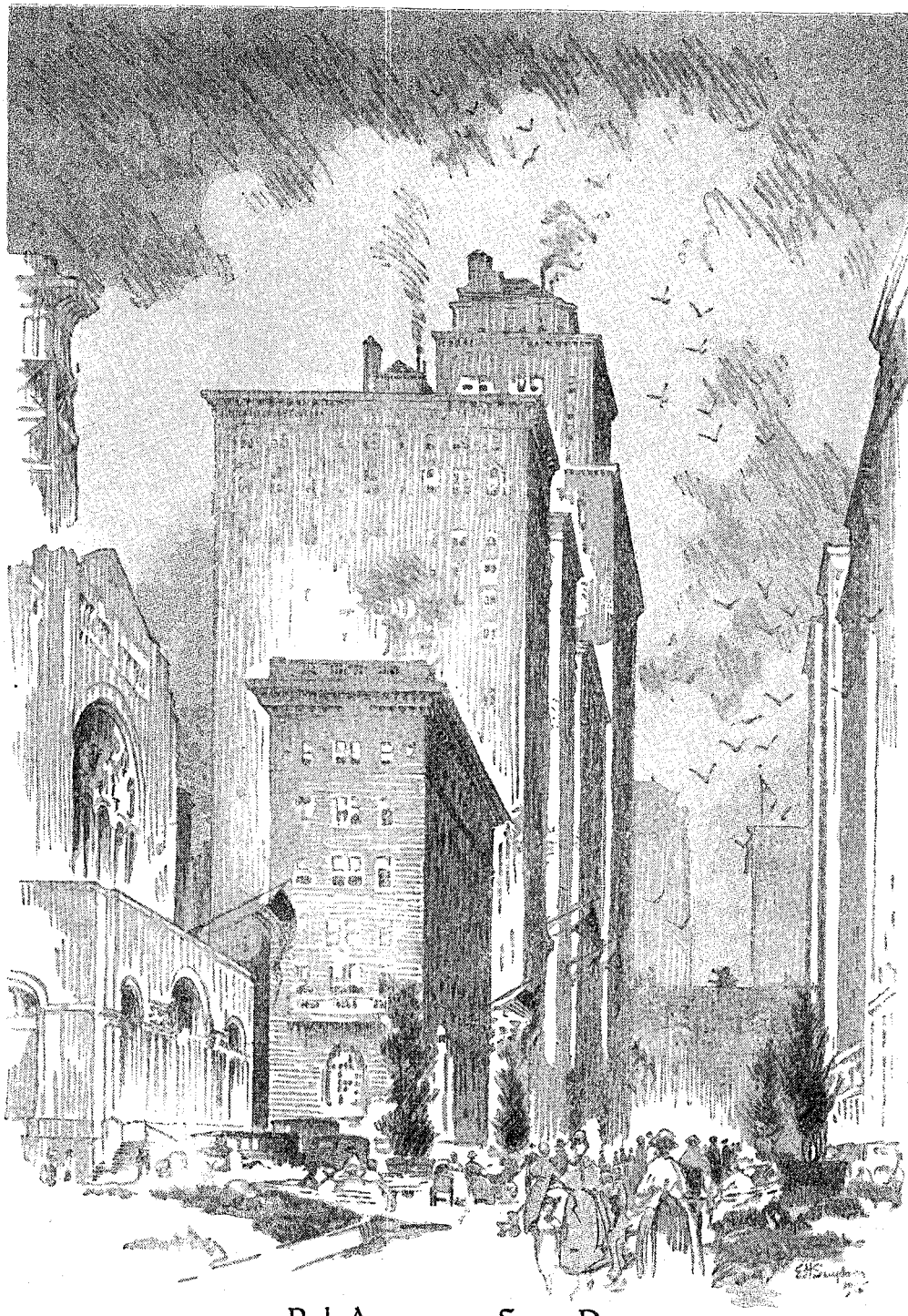

Park Avenue on a Sunny Day
Including a view of the present home of THE FORUM

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ARE SKYSCRAPERS AN ASSET?

DWELLERS in our great American cities are as unimpressed by towering skyscrapers as were the cliff-dwellers by their mountains. Are they as natural, as permanent, as beautiful? Mr. Edison, in an interview published in the December FORUM, *sounded a warning lest too many skyscrapers swamp our cities. The following discussion of America's tendency to build till her structures scrape the sky is noteworthy. The authors are leading authorities in architectural design, — Mr. Hastings in America, Mr. Roosval in Sweden.*

I — THE CITY OF DREADFUL HEIGHT

THOMAS HASTINGS

Drawings by E. H. Suydam

IT is difficult to imagine what the appearance of New York would be to-day, where and how we should be living, and where commercial and shopping interests would be centred, if fifty years ago laws had been enacted limiting the height of buildings, similar to those of London and Paris. It is equally difficult to imagine to-day what is to become of us and what it will all be like fifty years from now if no action is taken or nothing further done to establish reasonable limitations. It has been calculated that out of 97,000 buildings in Manhattan there are only 1,686 over ten stories high, less than two per cent of the total number. Therefore, unless even at this late hour something is done further to limit the height of buildings, we shall experience the greatest calamity that has ever befallen a municipality, — we are now only beginning to feel the effects while only two per cent of our buildings are over ten stories high. Imagine the situation when the remaining 98 per cent are equally high or higher!

I believe that even now the disease might be arrested, though not entirely cured. If my neighbor has been allowed to build twice as high as is within reason, he should be taxed twice, — not on his building, but upon the land on which he has twice builded. This appeal to establish reason is not for the sake of the "City

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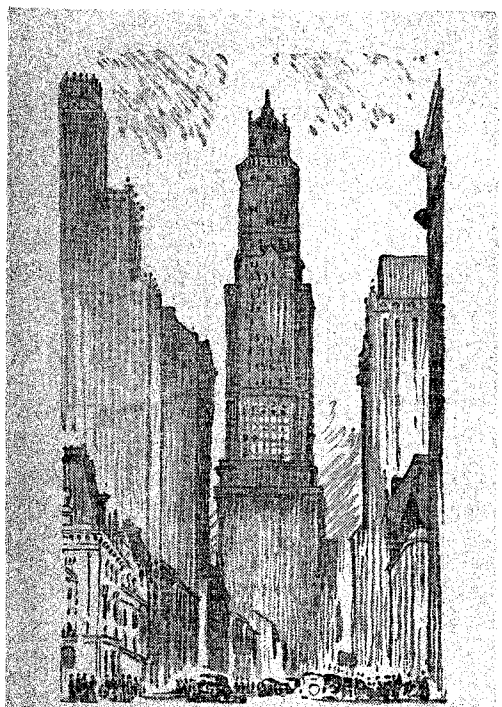

The Ritz Tower

Beautiful". It is not in order to establish uniformity of line or architectural continuity,—results which would obtain under the realm of reason and restraint, as has been amply illustrated in the great cities of Europe, Paris, or London for example. It is rather for the protection of the neighboring property owner, more especially the small property owner, to save him from the encroachment upon his rights, which robs him of light and air and at the same time robs those in other neighborhoods of that increased valuation of their property which would be occasioned by the increased demand in his neighborhood if we were obliged to spread out instead of building up in the air. It is a matter of justice and sanitation and circulation and not a matter of art; and we only weaken our appeal to the legislators and to the public if we base this appeal upon the much desired artistic outcome of building within reason. The fittest will always survive in the solution of a physical problem and will be expressed in beauty if only the conditions imposed are reasonable and practical.

The lack of uniformity in our cities, occasioned because of a want of legal restraint, is much to be deplored, but equally unfortunate is the unimproved and undeveloped character of certain sections in the very centre of Manhattan Island, due to the same cause, where the march of progress, — instead of growing within continually widening circles as is usual in the evolution of a great city,— has flowed over these dismal, forlorn sections in order to

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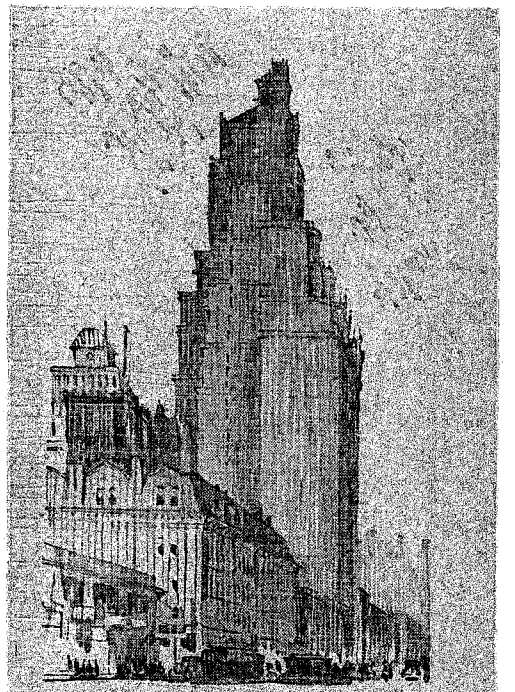
light elsewhere and then soar toward the sky in such favored localities.

Much as any one with the sense of beauty and civic pride properly developed must suffer and deplore the outcome of this situation, esthetic reasoning makes almost no appeal and accomplishes little either here or in European cities. This is natural and to be expected, for this matter of skyscrapers is primarily a practical question, — a question of light, ventilation, and sanitation, a question of justice and reason between property owners. If only these were adequately considered, we should have no need to fear for the esthetic outcome. Of course, it goes without saying that every municipality should protect its historic monuments. New York's lovely little City Hall, one of the best buildings in this country, is completely buried in its surroundings, — its monstrous neighbors make it seem small in scale, almost trivial like a plaything, and yet with a view to protecting its beauty it would have been wrong to restrict its neighbors in the improvement of their property, except for the general good of the city at large.



French Building

The growth of a city is an evolution and should be guided in its growth by architects collaborating with engineers, but it is worse than useless for us to suggest impractical solutions, for the architect defeats his own purpose and will not be consulted if he proposes projects which are too extreme to be considered seriously. It may be questioned whether we can legislate in the several ways that have been suggested as, for example, the distribution of the occu-

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Paramount Theatre

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pational in its relation to the residential sections. This must all take care of itself and continue to surprize us in its constant changing. The one and only cure is to restrict the height of buildings so as to obtain a more equal distribution of the population over a continually widening geographical area.

One thing I do believe, without a shadow of a doubt, — that if even at this late day we were to do less talking and theorizing about city planning, and an effort were made to enact proper laws, we should soon see in the heart of Manhattan Island dead and deserted houses and unimproved properties, — such as are to be found in the lower East Side and other sections of the city, — brought to life and so improved that they would soon be favored in preference to the present ill-lighted and ill-ventilated buildings towering beyond reason. We should also, I believe, find the congestion of both vehicular traffic and rapid transit no worse than to-day and perhaps greatly relieved, even with an increased population; and, finally, we should have a city made architecturally beautiful, because it would be the artistic expression of what is both reasonable and practical in its growth.

II — THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

JOHN ROOSVAL

THE author of this article must make a reservation of the utmost importance to him: He studied America on the spot for so brief a time that many good city planning projects, a mass of finished exterior and interior decorations, may have escaped him. He is imparting only his general impressions.

American skyscraper architecture, even though it has faults that may be criticized when we discuss individual examples, constitutes one of art's most remarkable and noble manifestations. In the best skyscrapers, we still find adherence to traditions, but to traditions of another sort; for a complete break with tradition is impossible, since we are men and descended from men. These traditions may be classified as *Medieval*, — in this spirit the façades' vertical divisions are fashioned; *Oriental*, —

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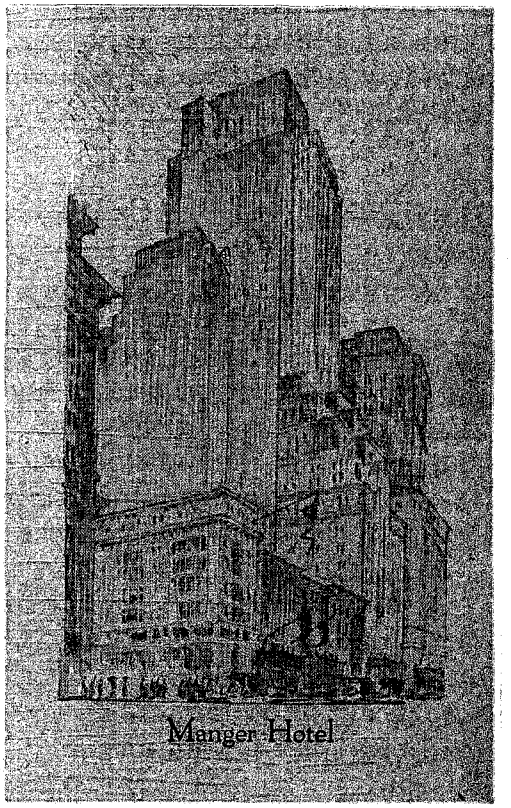
in the Mesopotamian spirit is the modern terraced skyscraper, conceived as a combination of blocks; and perhaps also *American*, — for in pre-Columbian America we find kinsmen of these terraces.

Hazy though these connections with other traditions may seem, I see in them a possibility for art to liberate itself from the long Greco-Roman dominance, to enter once more the great universal association implied in the names Medieval, pre-historic American, Oriental, and Northern European. Not that Athens and Florence were not good, — yes, alluring! Only the blind can escape their enchantment! But their forms must be taken for what they are; and common sense must be permitted the observation that a building for the finance administration has quite another architectonic claim than a Dionysian temple, and that a hotel for two thousand travelers, all equally distinguished, should dress itself with other façades than a single, if ever so mighty, cardinal's palace.

The central nervous system of the older house architecture, — for example the old English country house, — was the hall; in the French private residence it was the staircase. These two pleasant features have little significance in a modern American house designed for thousands of residents. The skyscraper's central nervous system is in the elevator shafts; and the street-wide corridors are its nerve trunks. The Eiffel Tower's noble but dryly theoretical structure constitutes the life-nerves which we sense deep within the bodies of the giant houses. If the brain and the spinal cord are provided by electricity, then the muscles and skeleton may be



Manger Hotel

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found in concrete and steel. All modern skyscraper architecture is dependent on the materials of this new technique.

In its ideas of construction the skyscraper approaches bridge- and ship-building. The unhappy cleavage that came in with the Renaissance between builder and artist, between engineer and architect, is now beginning to be spanned. The architect of the newest forms, — those least trammeled by tradition,— is no longer a fashionable tailor of historic masquerade costumes. Rather, he is a man who builds from an inner urge.

There are two evident deficiencies in skyscrapers. In the first place, there is a lack of good judgment in their location. The latticelike, schematic plan of the great American cities, which in itself has its merits, is not at all designed for skyscrapers. The older skyscrapers, those in New York, in lower Manhattan, stand like wild elephants let loose among downtrodden sheep. The younger, filling a whole block as in Lexington Avenue, are distinguished by an outward order to be sure, but this is purely mechanical. Until streets and squares are developed to the same degree of perfection as means of communication as are corridors and elevators in the buildings themselves, the architectural perfection of the individual skyscraper is sabotaged. The best houses now stand like furniture in a furniture shop. The wonderful view that one had of the Shelton Hotel, when the area in front of it was not yet built upon in 1923–24, is now reported to be lost.

The other fault is in the beautifying details, slavish in their tradition, the antithesis of the free form in building, which distinguishes the skyscraper as a whole. Painting, sculpture, and industrial arts in America seem to have strong emancipated representatives; but where the problems of architecture are concerned, I have seen nothing but failures. It would seem that the leading architects have not been sympathetically receptive towards the really great talents of painting and decorative art.

In spite of all this, I believe in a happy future for America's new, giant architecture. I believe that the power of American initiative will be able to create an artistic city plan, the execution of which will be regarded as a necessity for the happiness of the inhabitants. Likewise I believe that the painters and sculptors of the future, in a manner at once independent and companionable, will share the labors of the architects.

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SHORT SKIRTS AND FRENCH DICTATORS

A Challenge to French Fashion

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

BEFORE allowing oneself to be startled by M. Paul Poiret's prophecy in the January FORUM that women will be wearing trousers within thirty years, it is well to recall that trousers were originally a female garment and without apology were deliberately stolen by men. As late as 1914 there were more women in the world who wore trousers than skirts, and also more men who wore skirts than trousers. If, having exhausted other sources of variety, the French Fashion Trust now decides to put women back into their own trousers for a while, there is nothing shocking about it. Panties peeping beneath short skirts already indicate the trend. And certainly trousers would be far less offensive to the sense of propriety than bare knees, garters, and stray underthings now unintentionally exposed to the public gaze by one's friends.

A more exciting question is: Will the London Trust put men back into their own skirts? There is reason to think it may try. The faster the changes in fashion's whirl, the more money finds its way into banks and the treasuries of nations. The trade has shown signs of resentment at the stability of the dress of men. In December the London Trust, not to be outdone by the French, astonished the world with a tea, complete with speeches and a parade of male mannequins wearing the latest and most correct styles for men. The advertisement of spring styles for men announce "lavishness and colors ranging from horizon blue to *bois de rose*". One advertiser states that "the wisdom of Egypt, the art and culture of Greece, the power and glory of Rome" are combined in the coming styles for men. It may be difficult to get men into skirts, but there is the appeal of art and beauty yet untried, and clearly the big industry is hoping for a profitable fashion stir among men. The toga is exceedingly becoming to marble statesmen, — why not to live ones? Imagine Senator Borah declaiming "Nicaragua for Nicaraguans!" clad in the Roman toga of "poppy colored velvet faced with scallops of

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gold", prescribed by Monsieur Poiret for a fashionable woman of the future; or Mr. Coolidge pleading for fewer cruisers in "canary yellow and blue diaphanous scarf"; or imagine plumbers in tunics of scarlet, green, or yellow. Might not the love of color happily distract their attention from strikes for higher wages which now threaten the continuance of our precious water-taps? Perchance these two trusts, at loggerheads for two centuries, may again conspire together to make the world gayer, even if more absurd.

Time was when the designers of men's and women's clothes worked together to produce harmonious pairs of creations, and they may again. When, for example, in the eighteenth century panniers were ordered for women, and a slender figure which would now resemble a clothes-pin measured six feet in diameter, the doors of houses and carriages had to be enlarged to let the dear creatures in and out. And during the same period men's breeches were stuffed out a foot or more with any material at hand, wool, rags, or bran, and reached inordinate proportions. Instead of sensible statesmen's commanding a legal halt in the absurdity, those of England ordered the seats of Parliament enlarged, while in France a royal edict was issued forbidding the princesses to draw near the queen, as their panniers would disarrange those of royalty. When trains containing nearly a bolt of cloth swept the floor majestically, much to the avaricious delight of the manufacturers, the coat tails of men dragged behind them similarly. Again, when corsets squeezed the waists of women until they resembled hour-glasses, men were also strained into the same whalebone cages. In a world seemingly gone mad, one might suppose governments of "best minds" would have found legal means of stopping so senseless a practice; but instead, several governments fitted out whaling expeditions in order to provide plenty of bones for the encircling horrors.

The hennen "sugar-loaf high head-dress" raged to the restriction of women's comfort and men's freedom for some two hundred years. At the same time the heads of their husbands were covered with huge curled and powdered wigs. Although there was not enough gray matter inside their two heads to make one good brain, the outside was so enormous that a fashionable husband and wife were forced to ride in separate carriages, and even then

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the woman often knelt upon the floor and hung her head out of the window to find room for her three-foot bonnet horn. Meanwhile fashion seized upon the shoe, and men and women hobbled about together on heels six inches high. The elongated shoe was turned up at the toe in order to allow the victim of fashion to walk at all, and in time the points of men's footwear grew until the toe was fastened to the knee with chains of gold. Though these long, pointed shoes, with their changing varieties, always obstructed normal movement, they were worn for four centuries.

There is no mystery about the origin of fashion. It grew as a vanity of courts. The king was the Dictator of Fashion, the Poiret of his day. Of what benefit was it to be divinely appointed, unless the king could look, as well as feel, his "superiority complex"? Since he looked not at all divine, he created an artificial difference by a dress so costly and elegant that it could not be afforded by the common people. His queen and his court must be proportionately splendid. The nobility must keep pace with royalty or be forbidden the Court. Thus, men and women of the upper classes walked through life as though in attendance at a permanent masque ball. Napoleon would not allow a lady to appear in his presence in the same gown more than once, and Josephine spent much of her time and left much of the groaning taxpayer's money with the dressmakers of Paris. Napoleon pronounced her "the goddess of the toilet with whom all fashion originates".

A perpetual inducement was thus given artists, designers, manufacturers, embroiderers, furriers, lace weavers, and jewelers to produce something new, novel, and costly. A fortune awaited the lucky one who succeeded in fashioning something the king approved. The man who invented the hoop-skirt is alleged to have received $35,000 a month for a considerable period. Each court rivaled every other in variety, elegance, and extravagance. A style of shawl, fan, ruffle, pleat, crinoline, corset, or heel devised in one capital became the fashion in all. Merchants and manufacturers grew rich in trade and imitated the gorgeousness of the Court. Kings attempted to prevent this encroachment upon royal prerogative by denying the use of silk to the common people, reserving velvet for royalty, and satins for the nobility, or limiting the number of gowns of the merchant's wife. But no rule

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of this character was long enforced. Fashion spread, handsome dress advertising superiority of purse as it had divine right.

"Once the prevailing style was the reflection of the sovereign will whose ideas and customs had the force of law," wrote Pierre Clerget. "To-day the style is invented by leading modistes and made public by mannequins at the race course, on the street, at the theatre, and on the stage. It is Paris that decrees the sumptuary law of nations, since it is she that sells the models." The demi-monde who live by display, the actress who is promoted on appearance, and the rich woman who finds in extravagant dress a justification for her "superiority complex", follow next and all together. The fashionable shops and modistes pass the style to their patrons as the next step, and soon, among the well dressed, it has become common. Big industry now takes a hand and puts the style into the workshop where, with goods of fine quality and by workers of skill, it is produced in quantities for those who can pay well. In poorer goods and workmanship it is then imitated by the hundreds of thousands for the helpless masses.

The serious woman with a family or a career that employs all her faculties soon discovers herself conspicuous because she is different, and with protest in her soul, belated and unresigned, she too adopts the style and makes it universal. By the time it is worn by cooks and maids and the chauffeur's wife, their mistress has long since passed on to a newer style. Woe to the woman who buys a gown and hangs it in her closet! Thus the machinery is set, and when the Paris Trust pushes the button it operates without friction, until, from the lately upset Turkish harem in the East to Indian reservations in the West, the women on six continents obey the order and pour their own or their husbands' dollars more or less cheerfully into the coffers of the clothes trade.

Fashion has always played mischief with the stability of business, closing factories here and opening others there, turning workers into the ranks of the unemployed and robbing the thrifty investor of dividends. After the Napoleonic world war, very fine cotton goods, muslins, and gauzes were decreed for women's dresses. Against this fashion every protesting influence was organized and set into activity, for the silk industry in France was completely ruined, workers unemployed, and factories closed.

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Between 1700 and 1760 seventy-two legal decrees were issued against the use of "India cloth", but to no avail.

A century later another World War finds the French Fashion Trust securely organized and more patriotic; hence, nothing but silk is permitted the fashionable world. The tables are turned, and the American cotton textile industry is in ruins, cotton growers are planting other crops, and factories are running short time. An inquiry at several New York smart shops elicited the information that no cotton or linen dress had been in stock for more than a year, and examination of cotton stockings and gloves on sale revealed that they were "Made in Germany". In vain do the American textile manufacturers confer, investigate false trails, and resolve. France is using her assets very properly to pay for the War, and inadvertently strikes mildly at the nation that is not in perfect accord with her in the matter of debts. She is permitting Germany a chance to pay her reparations, and thereby aid France in her difficulties. When last March the Department of Commerce reported that $1,500,000 worth of Easter hats had been imported, it was revealed that the felt of which they were chiefly constructed was made in Germany.

Certain fallacies prevail concerning fashion. "Capricious woman insists upon rapidly changing styles," we are told. The indisputable facts are that women never chose to wear corsets, panniers, or hoop-skirts, to dress hair long or short, to display legs in short skirts or cover them up in long ones, to sleep in cotton or silk, to hobble on high heels or walk on low ones, to reveal bosoms in one period and backbones in another. As once these commands issued from the sovereign will of the king, so are they now decreed by the French Fashion Trust. So subtle are its methods, so perfect its publicity, so winning its appeal to vanity, luxury, and extravagance, that it conquers the unthinking. The overpowering struggle for dollars has mobilized within a giant industry every conceivable factor, from the unskilled slum worker to the highly gifted advertising writer whose business it is to create wants where none existed before. Women as a whole are, and ever have been, the dupes of the system.

The Trust itself claims beauty and elegance as its aim. The certain proof of this fallacy may be found in any exhibition of styles out of date. Invariably, derisive laughter is the greeting it

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receives, never admiration. In the old classical dress of Greece and Rome there was beauty and elegance, which have withstood the test of time. But in the centuries of French direction, simplicity has been sacrificed to rapidity of change and multiplicity of variety.

The Trust also claims to bring out styles appropriate to the spirit of the times. "In the wake of the War", says Monsieur Poiret, "came a wave of independence (for women) new to Europe." So Monsieur Poiret, possessing the "antisuffrage type of mind", supposed independence to be synonymous with masculinity. The Trust apparently defines masculinity as a combination of short hair, legs, and trousers; therefore independence, being masculine, must be defined for women in the same terms. Fashion therefore decreed bobbed hair and set women's feet squarely upon the narrow path leading straight to trousers. The skirt grew shorter and shorter, — in fact, as fast as the public mind could stand the strain, — and is destined to disappear at the waist, lost in the fluffy folds of a diaphanous scarf. When women's brains were filled with new hopes, aspirations, and visions, the blundering Trust distracted attention from head to legs. Every woman might as well have carried a sandwich board bearing the advertisement, "See my legs!" as to wear champagne-colored stockings. At a period when the spirit of the times demanded the inconspicuous, the surrender of body to head, M. Poiret and his misunderstanding comrades ordered the most noticeable, — and, at its introduction, the most shocking, — style of a century. It was cruelly unkind that, at the moment when mankind was painfully attempting to recover its stability of mind after the most upsetting of wars, there should have been laid upon it the additional mental shock occasioned by the sudden sight of millions of women's legs. It must be conceded that M. Poiret has missed the spirit of the times by some generations.

Nor are the French fashions French. Items which compose a complete costume are, and always have been, gathered from all ages and nations, copied from ancient pottery, statues, pictures, and records, or picked up from the usages of the present day. Just before the War, a committee of the Trust, having exhausted available resources of art galleries and museums, visited Asia, Africa, and the Isles of the Sea, photographing and recording the

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designs of the dress of both sexes among savage, primitive, and so called backward peoples. Since then women have been wearing the adaptation of these findings. Champagne-colored stockings are the reproduction of the bare legs of the Negro, Malay, and Polynesian. Hats are the piece of cloth thrown over the heads of men in Arabia and elsewhere, held in place by a twisted rope of threads, imitated in felt. The dress is the ancient Greek chiton made somewhat longer. The fancy, folded pleat at the side, hanging slightly below the skirt, is the Indian woman's scheme for holding her skirt in place. The long capes are Turkish. Hand-bags have been revived from those carried by the women of ancient Greece. The bandeau of the tennis girl is stolen from the men of tropical Asia. The vanity case, with its lip-stick and rouge, came from ancient Egypt. Beads and earrings are the universal decoration of savagery. At least half the items of the present woman's dress were once parts of the garb of men. The men of Greece even had their hair curled with hot irons in a barber shop. Plucking of the eyebrows is a male custom among many barbarous tribes. Gathered into an ensemble these items and customs are prescribed by the Trust and called French fashion; but there is nothing French and little European in them except material and the taste and skill with which the items are blended together.

No relief from the silly, slavish custom known as fashion is promised by the Trust. Trousers are not even a way station. They are to be ruffled, embroidered, and chiffoned with a style blown in upon every passing zephyr. The mother, M. Poiret's climax of womanhood in 1957, is garbed in trousers, wears pinching high-heeled shoes which prevent her from utilizing the leg freedom the trousers give, and she is crowned with a top-heavy hat three feet across, formed of spun glass! In this combination, trousers are an unforgivable offense.

Women are just awaking to the inaptness of the styles you provide, M. Poiret, and if you will listen you will hear the far-off rumble of coming rebellion. Where it will break, or when, or who will lead it, none knows. It is bound to be supported by the masses of women who think. The world has other uses for them than that of the mannequin. Doctors, lawyers, legislators, judges, mothers, housewives will swell the gathering army. They will

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plead that the abolition of artificial fashion will bring to the average family, economy and calm; to the average woman, a costume comfortable, healthful, becoming, and adapted to her work; to all women, an emancipation of brain, conscience, arms, legs, and feet; to all the people, a dress of beauty and elegance combined with utility and comfort; to business, a stability heretofore unknown; and to the world at large, the removal of a distracting, artificial, and menacing factor.

This rebellion will come with the force and the fury of all movements long overdue. It will be ruthless and thorough. It may precipitate the world into bankruptcy, close factories, turn millions into unemployment. No one has ever asked the price of liberty, and we shall not then. Meanwhile, M. Poiret, the rebellion is not yet here. By all means put women into trousers and men into skirts if you can. Pray give us one superlative demonstration of absurdity before the age-old folly called fashion goes down in a final crash.

GYPSY BRED

THE wind is a-blow from the south to-day,
The river's a swirling flood,
The wind is tender and warm and gay, —
And my love has gypsy blood.

Restless she was within her sleep,
And waking crept too near.
The sky is brooding and blue and deep,
My heart is sick with fear.

Low in the west is a little witch-moon,
Leaf buds are edged with red;
Our home will be her prison soon, —
My love is gypsy bred.

— *Ida Lowry Sinclair*

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IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

O. N. PISGAH

I HAVE a definite conception of America and Americans, although I have never been to the United States. Indeed, my conception is perhaps the clearer for that very reason. It is evident that the peculiarities of a people become more conspicuous when they are seen in a *milieu* different from their own; and, just as bacteria, in order to be analyzed, must be taken from their culture and put into a dye of a different color, so Americans in Europe are far better objects for study than Americans in America.

The impulse to write down my impressions before a visit to the U. S. A. can blur them, arises from my dissatisfaction with the little even the most distinguished Europeans find to report after having enjoyed American hospitality. There seems to be no justification for those frequent articles in the magazines, in which Europeans praise the beauty of American women and the perfection of the Constitution, while shaking an uncertain finger at Prohibition. I notice that the shorter time a European stays, the less is he bothered with describing the Constitution and the more he observes the real life of the country. It is therefore logical that someone who has never been to America at all should make the keenest observations.

From my earliest childhood I have had a definite picture of America. I now realize that my earliest conception was only fiction built on all that I read, from Fenimore Cooper's stories to Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points. I have since learned that no red savages haunt the forest for the scalps of white men, and no President of the U. S. A. haunts diplomacy to make the world safe for Democracy. Later, I have caught glimpses of reality. How could one escape it? More and more Americans come over to Europe maintaining an attitude not differing very greatly from that of a ruling nation on a visit to its colonies, in the same spirit as once an increasing number of Europeans crossed the Atlantic to become settlers in America.

Americans are quite different from Europeans: the "Homo Americanus" is a distinct variety of the human race. There is no

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such thing as an American traveling incognito in Europe; the smallest newspaper boy in the smallest European city will recognize an American at once, and offer him a copy of the "Herald" or the "Tribune".

What is the typical American exterior?

A heavy tread in men, with the weight of the body rolling from one leg to the other; a quick, provocative step in women, an oversureness beaming from face and body. A kind of impersonal apparel, — clothes which are good and smart, but which are detached from the person who wears them. I see a hard-faced old matron with a big Paris hat, put on correctly and dutifully, and an antique Cashmere shawl turned into a coat, worn with firmness and decorum, horn-rimmed eyeglasses, self-conscious shoes, and more than all that, — the eyes! American eyes are astoundingly outward-looking. They peer out into the world, seeming to run in advance of the brain behind them. They are often very beautiful in their eagerness and vivacity, but for a European they are almost terrifying; we fathom a touch of insanity in them. Their vigilance is so unrelaxing, one feels as if they would never find rest in inward contemplation and never escape the pressure of things by inner seclusion.

But with the eyes we pass from the American exterior to the American interior. This interior is the inevitable result of the particular social conditions in the United States.

I have the conviction that America is a very big country and will usurp the leadership in civilization from Europe. I admire her energy, strength, and power. What America has done is unique. Better than any other country America fulfils the longing of the nineteenth century, — that longing expressed by Faust when he considers how to win territory from Nature and turn it into a settlement for mankind. No country in the world's history has succeeded in keeping such an overwhelming percentage of her population well fed, well dressed, well housed, and well washed. When I see the average American citizen, I cannot help feeling thankful for the elevation of human life over the level of dirt and starvation. I cannot help admiring the enormous business organization spreading over a Continent, the reverberations of which are heard on this side of the ocean. I also believe that the average American is a good human being, kind-hearted, moved by suffering and

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injustice, and ready to help with social needs. But although I know that America is a great country, I feel that America is not a happy country.

The restlessness, the adoration of activity and vivacity for its own sake, the lack of repose, the absence of a goal to human aspiration, are in themselves hostile to contentment and satisfaction. Things seem to move with such ferocious velocity that the sense of certainty and stability must suffer from it, and a nervous tension must strain the population in a country where the fact that a nobody can be somebody has its counterpart in the fact that a somebody can be a nobody. Hence the hectic efforts of the rich class to find other foundations for their distinction than money and the capacity of earning money; their efforts to make alliance with European aristocracy, or get known as courageous adventurers or great connoisseurs. There is a dissatisfaction with economic competition as a regulator of social levels. The fear that its results have no inner stability and the effort to base positions on other accomplishments, work in almost all the Americans whom I have met in Europe, and amount to a condemnation of the great American business principle.

The vastness of the country must give an uncanny feeling to its citizens; human proportions are so essential, even in the size of a state. An Austrian or an Italian may know his country from one end to the other. I have never met an American who knew his country. I have watched Fourth of July celebrations in various European capitals, — similar celebrations of the representatives of any European nation have a warm family air, — but the Americans seemed to me embarrassed, as if a little ashamed and a little afraid of each other. America seems to them an abstraction, a pragmatic hypothesis. They never saw America. And how can they celebrate the legend of the "Mayflower" with the warmth of a Frenchman celebrating the storming of the Bastille, they whose historical continuity dates not with the Pilgrim Fathers, but with the Cunard Line?

The lack of a past is a great disadvantage for feeling secure in the present. The stability of institutions becomes only evident after long centuries of existence. The security a Viennese feels in his city is due to his unconscious knowledge that a settlement existed on the same spot two thousand years ago. He says in his

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popular ditty, "Nothing can happen here." But how about those enormous new cities, built in the wilderness? How do we know that something won't swallow them up just as quickly as they were made? Many of them have been repeatedly destroyed. I hope they will stand, but their newness must be an unconscious concern to the citizens.

A country in the making, — which America essentially is, — necessarily creates citizens nervously overstrained by the pressure of keeping up with its rapid changes. Such surroundings are not calculated to make people contented. Hurry and competition make people irritable; conversations turn into debates on personal grounds; there is a never-getting-away from one's personal world into impersonal truth or beauty.

But what the American eyes express to me is not explained by stirred up energy and lack of security. It is much more the quest for a mentality, — will "going out to meet and capture a mind." Behind that enormous energy and power which the American has developed, there seems to be the weakest and softest mental equipment, — mere indications of a mentality, — and if Russia was called the Giant with the Clay Feet, America could be called the Giant with the Clay Head.

The head was once firmer. The Pilgrim Fathers and the pioneers had a life philosophy, their eyes and faces were different. But more and more people came; conditions changed; "Americanism" had to be diluted to make it possible for the immigrants to get "Americanized" in a few years, till American mentality became a uniform of one or two sizes, something into which everybody could slip with ease, with a few buttons to fasten it: — the Constitution, the Bible, economic competition, and a ceremony of democracy. These few points are guarded with the utmost rigor. You may thunder against the steel fact, — business is sound and will stand it, — but you must not teach Darwinism or criticize the Constitution, — the head is weak.

The American eyes are in quest of a head. They are attached loosely to that mixture of pioneer Puritanism and world-capitalism which stands for American mentality, but they are not satisfied, and with eagerness they run over the various possibilities of an attitude towards life, the search for a form. It is this chaotic state of mind that creates the conviction in Europeans that with

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an American you never know what he will do next. An unsureness concealed by complacency often covers a state of complete bewilderment.

I firmly believe that America will find a mentality worth its strength and power. But at present, while she is looking for it, the European makes the most astonishing discoveries. We sum it up by saying: "Americans are great children," or "Americans are terribly uneducated." Yet undoubtedly a classical education is not what can help them. Greece and Rome are much farther from the U. S. A. than from Europe, and why should they know when Julius Caesar was murdered? To me it seems that Americans are very unhappy. They founded a civilization before they had a culture, they are rich without having acquired a satisfactory soul, and now they are looking for it, bidding the highest price.

The appearance of that soul is the secret of the future.

The American attitude towards intellectuals, artists, and scientists, has a most irritating element of condescension, a lack of reverence and a shoulder-patting patronage. Types, reminding one of the French *bourgeois* caricatured by Monier in the fifties, go around in swarms as resurrected ghosts of what was buried seventy years ago. There is a certain belatedness in American ideology, problems arise which have been vital in Europe seventy years ago, like Darwin's theory of evolution; and Tennessee is only a late counterpart of Huxley's debate with the bishops. Americans treat men of art and letters much as the early samples of the *bourgeoisie* treated them. There is not a touch of humbleness or gratitude for those elect whose values give an increasing sense and justification to existence. There is a certain wistfulness, however, in the thought that one man is as good as another, and economic or social success is just as great as any other success. I am sure that if Mr. Ford should meet William Shakespeare, he would chinkle a few coins in his trouser pockets and get a sense of superiority from comparing the income of his automobile factories with that of the Globe Theatre. No one can escape the valuation which society attaches to the various professions and activities of men. And if business is towering high in social appreciation and the power it gives, then the individual will inevitably range business men higher than anything else. For a European the respect for a member of the professions rests in their higher social

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value; in the impression which the absolute position of artists, scientists, soldiers, peasants, diplomatists, etc., create for themselves. The lack of such a social *milieu* makes it possible that society ladies, charming but *dilettanti* to exasperation, come over to "express their recognition to Professor Freud, and to discuss some points of psychoanalysis with him"; shoe-string manufacturers go to *ateliers* and, kicking in the direction of pictures, ask for the price, and then ask for business cards to "distribute among their friends in Michigan". There is a tendency to force everything, especially things that are strange and disquieting, into business lines. Even intellectuals do an embarrassing amount of self-advertisement in society, they advertise themselves, in very much the same way as canned fruit or dental cream is advertised.

I remember an overfed, very rich business man (I shall never forget his silk shirt, a most expensive one with what seemed to me little gold fishes embroidered on it) sipping tea in the charming house of an artist in Paris. The artist said he would like to go to America, conditions being rather bad in France. The business man at once took an instructive attitude and told the story of a poor boy who started his career as errand boy at a big Art Academy in the United States, and to-day is the President of the Academy, — while drinking tea, too, from the artist's beautiful Sèvres cups! He had no idea that he was absurd, because in his conviction all careers should be made by working up from the bottom to the top; and that fact, in its democratic moral, is more important than the artistic achievement itself.

And here, it seems to me, is the real source of this embarrassing attitude: art and science have no separate place in the composition of American society. They are not a social force; and although Americans go out to meet them, they are not willing to give them an elevation above the standard of every-day life. In one word: in Americans I feel the strongest tendency and will to keep art and letters democratic by treating their creators as equals, and by ignoring everything that surpasses the comprehension of the average citizen.

How art and letters are going to flourish under these circumstances, is a problem which has not yet been solved. Artists and writers sway between the desire to sell and the fear to sell their souls. At present artists and writers appear to be completely

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expatriated, and the more distinguished they are, the more permanently expatriated. But, though socially neglected, the searching eye does not let them go completely and keeps relentlessly riveted on them. They are not accepted, but they are noticed.

Because of this defiant principle that one man is just as good as another, Americans are perhaps the one people who believe, or at least propagate, the creed that everything can be attained by will. They are real will fiends. I have met people who believed that by will they can become great artists, singers, writers, even poets. They believe that "meeting distinguished people" helps them in this ambition. The desire to see distinguished people is amazingly strong. It is only equaled by the need to see castles. And yet they should know that great thoughts come in solitude, in meeting one's destiny alone; and they who read the Bible should not forget that when wanting to rise to the highest level of ethical and poetical self-expression, Jesus did not go to Rome to have lunch with Seneca, but withdrew into seclusion.

But if will is so powerful and omnipotent, if there is no limit to individual possibilities, then there is enough reason why one should never relax. And Americans do not relax. They never seem to enjoy anything with their whole heart. They are afraid of losing opportunities. The enjoyment of life for itself is the imponderable something which America takes away from the newest immigrant, in exchange for her rich gifts. No human being can live without relaxation, and I am convinced that Americans are on the whole more tired than any other people. The wiry exterior, the quickness of motion, the incessant vivacious conversation, is betrayed by the voice. One sometimes looks round in astonishment, not believing that that tired voice can come from such an active person, a voice so worn, praying for a little rest.

I know that America has a bigger leisured class than any country in the world, — almost the entire female sex. Women are the medium for what is known in Europe as culture. From a European standpoint, their function should be to contribute to the beauty and inner meaning of life, to cherish those talents whose life and works add dignity to humanity, and to compensate for the inherent meanness of man's competitive existence. Such a function is the very justification of a leisured class. It is the one true basis of an aristocracy, because the humblest individual feels

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Drury College Library
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somehow elevated by the existence of a group who are living illustrations of what men can attain.

There is no doubt that the leisured class of America aims at an aristocracy, but the adoration of activity and an overstrain appear to make everything they do a little futile. I cannot help feeling that most of the people who sit on boards and sponsor legislation, do it in order to keep busy, and that they do not sufficiently question and digest the meaning of what they are doing. The *tempo* is so quick, an interest has to be taken in so many things, that there is understanding for almost nothing. I am sure that a member of the American leisured class, although with a lot of shrewd common-sense human experience, is almost incapable of discovering a really great genius in the subject which interests her. A future Brahms, or Freud, or Kant, will not find a Maecenas, while the conditions of waifs and strays and the criminals and the mentally deficient are constantly debated and improved at committee meetings. The desire to get to fundamentals wistfully presents itself, but Americans never pierce beneath the surface. There is not enough mental concentration to break through, no training in quick abstract thinking; and frequently the quick bombardment with questions changes into a tired appeal for slower answers. They are rich, they want to do things, but they don't know what to do.

Perhaps the reason is that the most typical American of the present day is the American woman; and women, giving them all justice, cannot be said to be eminently the exponents of concentrated thinking. Men in America are still unclear possibilities, but women have worked out a type and stand out as such. What will happen to the male section of the population, nobody can foretell. Perhaps they will be artificially limited to the biologically necessary number for continuing the race, but with all their adoration for their womenfolk, there seems to be a real warfare going on between men and women in the U. S. A., — not the pleasant arrow-tickling of little Eros, but a hard fight for power and authority. Sex, I am convinced, is a very serious issue in the States. Man seems to resent the sheltered position of women, the slavery of man in marriage and the cult of matrons. Sex as love is a very subtle achievement of humanity. It took some thousand years of poetical illusion-making, social legislation, and education

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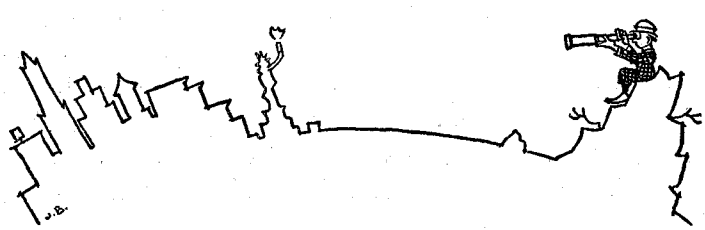
to make woman the most desirable love object for man, and oust boys and monkeys, whom the Phoenician warriors took with them into camp. Those illusions which resist the psychological, chemical, and social analysis of women's charm, must be well protected by women themselves. American women are a little hard on their men. They claim too much dignity and decency and draw too sharp a line between wife and sweetheart. They also try to be too superior and clever, and that in a woman is not a love-exciting quality for men. They frighten their men a little beyond what is necessary. An essay on education, or a book on Christian Science, is nice in a library, but not desirable in the bedroom. American couples exhaust each other by treading without remorse into each other's feelings, wanting to "understand".

That women are not quite satisfied is shown by the cult of psychoanalysis, stronger in America than anywhere else in the world. Whether men are satisfied, I doubt very much.

A little more modesty and mellowness will come. Many things will change in America, and I believe a new American type will arise, with a much higher mental standard, a type which will unite the intellectual and the business man. The simplification of this type will come when, instead of molding immigrants, America will produce citizens. Already the old stock, with higher inner standards, feels discouraged and disinherited by the new American type. There are such high qualities in America, that mankind may be sure of its glorious future.

And before I finish, let me express my real love for America and Americans, among whom I have my very best friends, and ask them to take these impressions as they were made, with a sincere desire to elucidate their problems with real affection and without malice.



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WHO OWNS MEXICO'S OIL?

A Debate in Dialogue

FREDERIC ROGERS KELLOGG AND JOSÉ KELLY

WHAT are the causes of the present dispute between the United States and Mexico? President Coolidge has declared that the Mexican Constitution of 1917 and the subsequent Land and Petroleum Laws are confiscatory of property legally acquired by American citizens; and he maintains that confiscation is not a subject for arbitration. President Calles contends that no confiscation of American property has taken place and that none is intended; and he indicates the willingness of the Mexican Government to submit the dispute to arbitration.

In order to clarify the issues involved, THE FORUM has asked Mr. Frederic Rogers Kellogg, attorney for large American oil interests in Mexico, to state the case for his clients and for the oil interests in general, and has also asked Mr. José Kelly, General Delegate of the Mexican Federation of Labor, to defend the Mexican Government's position. By placing their contentions side by side and comparing them with the legal clauses on which both are based, THE FORUM hopes to enable its readers to reach a clear understanding of the disputed question.

Mr. Kellogg contends that Mexico has changed its property laws in such a way that the ownership of petroleum, which by previous laws was vested in land owners, now reverts to the state; and that this is confiscation of property. Mr. Kelly contends that Mexico, as a sovereign state, has a right to make such laws as are necessary to safeguard its national interests; and moreover, that the new oil laws do not endanger American property rights. A study of the new Constitution and laws reveals that Mexico has asserted the principle that ownership of surface land does not confer title to subsoil deposits; that the latter are of the nature of public utilities; and as such, that the government has the right to direct and regulate their exploitation for the benefit of the nation as a whole. The question at issue between the United States and Mexico, therefore, is whether the methods proposed for putting

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this principle into effect will operate to deprive American citizens of legally acquired property rights without compensation.

Mr. Kellogg opens the case for the oil companies by recalling the conditions under which the American investments were made:

"There was no petroleum industry in Mexico prior to 1900. But sixteen years before that time, in 1884, the Federal Government of the Republic had defined the rights of landowners in its Mining Code, as follows:

> *Article 10.* The following items are of the exclusive ownership of the owner of the land, who may therefore exploit and utilize them without the need of denouncement or of special adjudication:
>
> *Section iv.* All salts, . . . petroleum, gas, etc.

This principle was repeated in the Mining Code of 1892 and again reenacted in the third revision of the Mining Laws in 1909. Relying on these legal provisions, American petroleum companies and also two great English enterprises spent hundreds of millions of dollars in acquiring Mexican land and creating the facilities necessary for the extraction and marketing of oil. These investments having been made, they found themselves in 1917 confronted by the new Constitution, which, in Article 27, without providing for one dollar of compensation to the owners of these extremely valuable rights and properties, stated that all petroleum (which previously had been owned by the owner of the surface) should now belong exclusively to the nation."

The famous Article 27 of the new Mexican Constitution states:

> In the Nation is vested the *Dominio Directo* (legal ownership, or right to control the disposal) of all minerals, . . . fuels, petroleum, and all hydrocarbons. . . . Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization, and Mexican companies, have the right to acquire *Dominio* (outright ownership) in lands, waters, and their appurtenances, or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters, or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to foreigners* provided they agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their Governments in respect of the same.

Mr. Kelly defends these new constitutional provisions:

"The Law of Nations permits Mexico as a sovereign nation, to enact and enforce laws according to its own needs and to prevent

*Mr. Kellogg points out that the Attorney-General of Mexico has construed "foreigner" as used in Article 27 to mean a natural person, not a juridical person or corporation.

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dangers menacing the Republic. The same right which permitted the United States to enact the Immigration Law, permits the Mexican Government to enforce its Constitution. It is a matter of the particular needs of a free country. The whole oil controversy is no more than an episode in a young nation's fight for self-determination and democracy. Those who have raised the cry that Mexico's new laws are confiscatory need to read Section 80 of the public land laws of New York State relating to mines. There is clear confiscation in the law which reads:

> The following mines are the property of the people of this State in their Right of Sovereignty:
> All mines of gold or silver. . . .
> All mines of other metals, and of talc, mica or graphite, discovered or hereafter to be discovered upon any land owned by persons not citizens of the United States.

Still there has been no outcry against this law. It makes all the difference in the world who is doing the 'confiscating'."

Mr. Kellogg. "There is no analogy whatsoever, because no New York law has ever purported to cancel rights previously acquired."

Thus it appears that the Mexican Constitution undertook in 1917 to make a new classification of subsoil deposits by adding petroleum, — theretofore belonging to the surface owner, — to those other subsoil properties, — precious metals, etc., — which had always been the property of the Crown or nation. The Constitution established the precept of nationalization. In accord with Mexican practice, Congress then passed the Organic Law of Petroleum and the Alien Land Law to carry the nationalization into effect. Just as, in America, the Volstead Act states how the Eighteenth Amendment is to be enforced, so, in Mexico, the Petroleum and Land Laws were intended to make effectual Article 27 of the Constitution, and they aimed to do this by converting old property rights so that they would accord with the new system of dual ownership in surface and subsoil prescribed by the Constitution.

Mr. Kellogg. "Among the many provisions of the Petroleum Law it is stated that all of the preexisting rights of the owners of petroleum lands 'should be considered as waived' unless the companies solicited confirmation of their rights 'by concession' on or

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prior to January 1, 1927. This so called 'confirmation' was not a confirmation at all, because in place of absolute and perpetual rights in the subsoil, which the owner of the surface theretofore had, he could only be given a 'concession' for a limited time. It has been stated by the Mexican officials that these concessions would be for an initial fifty years, with an extension of thirty years. Such a statement must have been based upon a misapprehension of the law affecting rights acquired before May 1, 1917. Article 14 of the law expressly states 'the confirmation of those rights may not be granted for more than fifty years', computed, for owned lands, from the time the exploitation works began, and for leased lands, from the date upon which the leases were made. This illustrates how real is the confiscation of rights, even assuming the longest possible concession, and also assuming that no new burdens are ever imposed upon the concessionaire. If Mexico can repudiate rights acquired in 1917, it can continue this process indefinitely and thus cut down or burden at will the terms of any concession which may be issued."

Mr. Kelly. "The Petroleum Law provides that rights arising from the lands in which exploitation works began prior to May 1, 1917, or from contracts made before that date, will be confirmed through Government concessions without any cost whatever. These concessions will have exactly the same duration as the original rights, being either for the entire life of the company or from the time provided in the contracts on which these rights are based. The Government has declared that in cases where the interests of foreigners are involved, the Alien Land Law and its regulations shall be applied preferentially. Concessions for fifty years are granted solely for the purpose of confirming rights acquired by the Mexican companies before May 1, 1917, since the Alien Land Law is not applicable to them, and they are subject only to the Petroleum Law. Rights acquired prior to May 1, 1917, by the foreign companies will be confirmed by the Mexican Government, not only without cost, but without the declaration renouncing diplomatic protection required by the law for future acquisitions. The Government will maintain the owner of such rights in his legal possession in case of controversy, thus not only recognizing rights derived from private agreements, but lending them additional strength."

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Mr. Kellogg. "The 'confirmation' also failed to confirm pre-existing rights, because in the case of lands held absolutely, it only authorized confirmation in respect of such lands 'on which operations of petroleum exploitation may have been commenced prior to May 1, 1917'. Inasmuch as large areas of territory had been bought by the petroleum companies to be held as reserves and upon which lands no such operations had been commenced prior to May 1, 1917, all of these rights were absolutely canceled by this provision of the law in any event, there being no possibility of the issuance of a concession under which those rights could be saved."

Mr. Kelly. "For the extension of certain oil concessions the law demands that 'actual operations shall have been carried out'. And as this seems to have caused uneasiness among foreigners, it is convenient to point out that the Government interprets Article 154 of the Petroleum Regulations in the sense that investments will be considered to fulfill the conditions of 'actual operations', nothing further being required."

The contentions of Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Kelly are so contradictory, it is necessary to examine the clauses of the laws which have given rise to double meaning. Mr. Kelly states that the alien owner of Mexican land purchased before May 1, 1917, will be confirmed in all his rights as long as he lives or his company remains undissolved. Article 5 of the Alien Land Law reads:

> The rights not included in the preceding article (which referred solely to agricultural land), but which are covered by the present law and were legitimately acquired by foreigners prior to its taking effect, may be retained by their possessors until their death.

What, then, are these rights which are guaranteed to foreign owners until death? As used in this land law, what does the term "rights" include? Clearly not what it means in English law. The Mexican Constitution of 1917 has established a sharp division between surface rights and subsoil rights. Since a special law, the Petroleum Law, was passed to define and regulate the latter rights, there is ample ground for believing that the Alien Land Law defines surface rights only. Therefore, Article 5 is taken by Mr. Kellogg to mean that American owners are guaranteed life possession only of the surface, a right of secondary importance to an oil company if it loses the petroleum beneath the surface.

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What is to become of their oil rights? Mr. Kellogg contends that they can be retained by concession for not more than fifty years, computed from 1917 or even much earlier. Mr. Kelly seems to attribute great importance to the fact that the concession will cost nothing. The text of Article 14 of the Petroleum Law states:

> The following rights will be confirmed without any cost whatever and by means of concessions granted in conformity with this law:
>
> *First.* Those arising from the lands in which works of petroleum exploitation were begun prior to May 1, 1917;
>
> *Second.* Those arising from contracts made before May 1, 1917, by the superficiary or his successors in title for the express purpose of exploitation of petroleum.
>
> The confirmation of those rights may not be granted for more than fifty years computed in the case of Section 1, from the time the exploitation works began, and in the case of Section 11, from the date upon which the contracts were made.

Thus the Constitution and laws definitely withdraw ownership of petroleum from private citizens and corporations, and vest it in the nation. According to the American contention, the concessions will guarantee to the former owner of subsoil rights their continued enjoyment for not more than fifty years. At the expiration of that time, it appears that all foreigners who by the present laws are compelled to exchange outright ownership for concessions of limited duration will find themselves in the same position as foreigners seeking new concessions; and they will, therefore, have to comply with the general provisions of the Petroleum Law regulating the granting of new concessions. These conditions are stated as follows:

> *Article 3.* The petroleum industry is a public utility; in consequence it will enjoy a right of preference over any utilization whatever of the surface.
>
> *Article 4.* Those to whom petroleum concessions may be granted are Mexicans by birth and naturalization, as well as foreigners and Mexican societies which fulfill the terms required by the law defining the conditions of application of the Section of Article 27 of the general Constitution of the Republic and its provisions (the oath to renounce diplomatic protection).
>
> *Article 8. Section 9.* The duration of the concession may not exceed thirty years.

And what, one may ask, is the relative importance of the oil holdings involved in the dispute? Mr. Kelly states:

"Before May 1, 1917 oil rights were acquired on 28,540,000

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acres of Mexican land. Of this total, 665 applications have already been made for confirmatory concessions in accordance with the law, and these applications cover 26,880,000 acres, leaving only 1,660,000 acres in dispute."

Mr. Kellogg, however, calls attention to another fact:

"The American, English, and Dutch companies who have resisted the new laws produced 75.06 per cent of the entire Mexican oil production during 1926.

Mr. Kelly concludes his argument by stating:

"Under the most strict legal enforcement of the law, the Mexican legislation on oil and land does not in any way menace or endanger the existence of the big oil interests. It is generally conceded that before fifty years lapse, all the oil in the Tampico district will have been pumped and the field abandoned, which is the usual practice. But the Home Government of the oil interests, which feels so strongly the responsibility of protecting the few powerful corporations, makes it possible for the oil interests to precipitate the ruin of hundreds of American importers and exporters with large commitments in Mexico, who are in no way interested in the outcome of the legal discussion over the supposed menace to the oil interests."

Mr. Kellogg rests his case upon the simple fact, which he thinks he has proved, that Mexico has provided by law for the confiscation of American property rights without compensation. He ends:

"From the standpoint of the American oil interests, the issue is not upon a mere matter of oil, is not even confined to the present dispute with Mexico. It is a question of international law which may be stated as follows: Shall American property be subject to arbitrary confiscation by foreign nations, by a change in constitutions, laws, or otherwise, without compensation?"

In concluding the discussion, it is well for the reader to remember that the Mexican Government has never built up a case on the grounds that confiscation of foreign owned oil rights is justified by considerations of the general welfare. This is assumed, to be sure, but to rest her claims on this point would make compensation unavoidable. Mexico has placed her emphasis on the fact that the new laws are not confiscatory. THE FORUM will not attempt to sit in judgment, but will leave its readers to decide for themselves what ground there is for Mexico's position.

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WHAT IS INTELLIGENCE?

Forum Definitions — Eleventh Series

SIX months ago Professor William McDougall, one of the master minds of Harvard, and Mr. I. A. Richards, one of the acutest intellects of England, were debating the subject of Intelligence in these columns. It might have been feared that a seemly hush would fall on FORUM readers until the echoes of so titanic a conflict had died away, — that many would hesitate to rush in where archangels had trodden with circumspection.

But so strong is the democratic tradition in this country of intelligence tests, that our post-bag proved to be as full as ever. The result is presented herewith, a fitting supplement to our recent debate. It would appear that whatever the tests of which we hear so much are concerned with, it is something highly desirable and often lamentably lacking. Thus Dr. Henry Flury (Washington), the hero of the Fries-Flury episode which attracted so strange a notoriety to our innocent Definition Contests, not unnaturally regards Intelligence as "what we most need in American political, religious, and social life." His comment on Miss M. K. Huntington's (Ansonia, Conn.) suggestion that "intelligence is complemented by education" would no doubt be that at present intelligence can hardly compliment education. According to Mrs. Nan R. Sampson (New York), intelligence is "a constant realization of the omnipotence of God". For Marian Lynne (Monrovia, Calif.), it is "the breath from heaven that infuses temperament with the rhythm of character and tempers the rigidity of the latter". For Mr. Franklin B. Gilmore (Lexington, Va.), it should rather be envisaged as "the ability to use God-granted gifts in a man-made world so as to be recognized as God's chosen people".

"I believe intelligence and 'soul' are synonymous, — one and the same," writes Alice I. Fuller (Loxley, Ala.); and an original suggestion also emanates from Viola G. Rich (Los Angeles, Calif.) for whom it means "that which *tells within*", — with which our conscience permits us to compare Mrs. Myrtle Jo' Doucet's (Alexandria, La.) solution: "it is an inborn sixth sense that makes a real man or woman." Contrast, or compare, with this the contention of Mr. O. F. Page (Fredonia, N. Y.) that "intelligence

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would certainly be increased if we would desist from treating our stomachs so brutally with pastry, pills, and rum."

Theodore Roosevelt, says Dr. Miles A. McGrane (Troy, N. Y.), "was a powerful example of high intelligence, as well as of intellectuality;" while William Letwin (Milwaukee, Wis.) reminds us that "every person is intelligent in his own way". Just what that way is it may often be an exercise for the intelligence of our friends to discover, but that such a discovery is itself an art follows from the definition of Mr. George F. Simons (Cincinnati, Ohio), for whom "intelligence gives us the capacity to understand our friends, to comprehend their designs, and skill of a high order in saying, 'Sorry, old man, I have only five myself.'"

We ourselves have more than five. Indeed, the eight following representative efforts have been deemed worthy of prizes.

1 Intelligence is the capacity of mind to deal directly with whatever is cognized by the various levels of consciousness, intuitive, sensory, sub- or supra-consciousness. Individual intelligence recognizes, explores, contrasts, and compares this material as the basis of ideation or activity. Intelligence is evolutionary in its nature, and susceptible of increase and enlargement from generation to generation, appearing in rudimentary form in animals and at its highest in man, varying greatly in individuals. It proceeds by laws of its own inherence, not yet thoroughly understood, and is seldom developed completely in all directions in any individual. (*Mary Austin, Santa Fé, New Mexico*).

2 Intelligence: of the individual, primarily the power of perceiving distinctly the facts presented to us by the senses and of interpreting these by relating them to one another and by organizing them in classes or categories; secondarily, something transcending this methodical action, some leaping out to seize new relations and even to create them. Of the race, a persistent force that is constantly pushing through the tangle of facts, opinions, prejudices, sensualisms, and erroneous concepts towards the truth. It works by selection, comprehension, and creation. (*Llewellyn M. Buell, Los Angeles, California*).

3 Intelligence: that which, — as a bait, — inveigled Eve and Adam to disobedience. However, they and their seducer had a measure ere the fall; for, to crave intelligence, intelligence must be present. Yielding up the indolence, innocence, ignorance within Eden for the opportunity outside to grow brain was a master-stroke! Eve should be glorified, not execrated. Better fifty years of America to-day than a cycle of Cro-Magnon life or ten cycles within Eden's gates. Better fight and suffer to earn and learn than bask in the impotence of the sunshine of any god's smile. The sending-from-Eden was a godsend truly. (*John M. Crook, Chicago, Illinois*).

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4 Intelligence in man is measurable by the ability of the individual to make a rational adjustment of self to the environment; to understand the relationship between cause and effect; to recognize the difference between "thobbing", "sciosophy" (shadow-wisdom), and *thinking;* to appreciate the distinction between mere speculation and results based upon ascertained facts set in order (science). In its highest phase, intelligence is the power of perceiving relationships between apparently disparate facts, formulating generalizations upon organized but seemingly discrete phenomena, and predicting verifiable but as yet unknown results from stated premises. (*Maynard Shipley, San Francisco, California*).

5 We may define intelligence as a superior sort of awareness by which one is enabled to react fully, freely, and completely to all forms of stimuli. It implies both the will and desire to know and the initiative to find a means to that end. True intelligence goes way beyond the realm of book knowledge. It is even superior to a college education, for, by heuristic methods of original research and inquiry, it gives the world new knowledge. Intelligence represents the greatest single asset in the world's capital, as ignorance is its greatest liability. The world puts a high premium on true intelligence that leads to understanding and wisdom. (*George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*).

6 Intelligence may best be defined in conjunction with intellect; the former as the ability to solve new problems, the latter as the ability to acquire, organize, and use knowledge. Copernicus and Edison might be called predominately intelligent; Bruno and Santayana predominately intellectual. *Novelty* in a situation calls upon the individual's intelligence; intellect is a matter of grasping and employing what is at hand. In disclaiming the slightest originality on my part for any idea contained in the definition I am but expressing in another way the fact that intellect, rather than intelligence, was involved in its framing. (*Francis W. Irwin, Lansdowne, Pennsylvania*).

7 Intelligence is the ability to gather facts or know where to find them; to interpret these facts simply to others; to use in your best way the opportunities which come to you; and to know yourself. (*E. Wilbur Cook, Jr., Danville, Kentucky*).

8 Intelligence is the measure of rapidity with which past experience is applied to adjustments to situations which are unfamiliar. (*Sydney I. Snow, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*).

ART

In June we reach Heaven, by way of Tolerance. We are then free to study Art. Definitions of Art, the word selected for the Fourteenth FORUM Definitions Contest, should therefore reach the Definition Editor (typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words) before May 1.

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POETRY

PICTURE SHOW

WELL, no. I never had religion. . . . Shoot!
There jest warn't time. No time . . . with this big place
To tend." (On hill tops harried pines must root
Against the wind as best they can.) His face
Approved his acres. " — Mebbe parson thought
My farm lay too far out for him. But, dreams, —
It ain't as though I hadn't *them!*"

He sought
Brown-handed, for his cob.

"Religion seems
To me like when my lad first saw a show,
Some movies; no more saw the screen than, say!
He whispered, 'There's the picture!' Well, I know,
And he knows now, the whole blamed picture play
Starts from a little room. Starts small! And light
An' someone workin' round jest magnifies
The picture till it's true! I 'low it might
Be wrong," — he gave me eager, shadowed eyes, —
"But I play picture show with God. Pretend
My heart's that little room; pretend this piece
Of land, the orchards where I prune, the end
Of Winter, is like the screen. And then for these
I start the picture. I don't hardly pray, —
God's busy with a bigger yield than me! —
Jest start the pictures in my heart; the way
I've dreamed 'em, not the way they are. I see
My south field sheaved, the russets in their bins,
That silo full. . . . And, neighbor, workin' long
Each day, — an' somethin', somethin' else begins
To make the picture true! Why, that ain't wrong! —
How can it be when it's so comforting?"

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His lips against the corn-cob bit went white.
"You'll laugh at this: but some nights when I bring
The cows from pasture, brushin' through the slight
Dark bracken, there's a voice, far off, says clear
And solemn, 'John, keep dreamin'!' Then I turn
To look and don't see no one; but the air
Comes sweeter than it could from trampled fern!"

— *Deane Whittier Colton*

FIDDLER'S GREEN

IT'S a long lane, a cold lane,
A lane that's lost to view,
Veiled in rushing waters,
Gray-black or heaven-blue;
Many a mate has trod it, —
But none has e'er been seen
Rolling *back* along the lane
That leads to Fiddler's Green!

It cannot be an ill place
To hold bold seamen there:
Lawns of sea-grass, lush and green,
Flanked by corals rare.
Bright fish dart, like stars of flame,
The waving kelp between, —
Ah, lovely must that haven be
Known as Fiddler's Green! —

And ah, the crew that's met there,
Where storm-winds never blow,
To gam away the livelong day
With shipmates passed below,
Swapping yarns and sipping grog,
— No watch to stand, between! —
With 'baccy pipes and hornpipes,
Time speeds on Fiddler's Green!

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Davy Jones's the landlord there, —
  Friend of every tar
Who ever slipped to leeward, since
  Noah's packet hit the bar;
And Mother Carey keeps the floor
  Shipshape, bright, and clean,
Just to pleasure sailormen
  In port at Fiddler's Green.

So banish care, ye mariners
  On the deep who sail!
Fear no breaker, reef, or rock,
  Waterspout or gale!
Life is but a stormy voyage, —
  — A sudden, sharp careen, —
Then centuries of shore-leave
  With mates on Fiddler's Green!

— *Harold Willard Gleason*

MORNING SONNET

LISTEN to me, listen to me, my dear!
The pool is full of gilded willow trees,
And wears an agate frog with freckled knees,
And holds a birch-wand like a tapered spear
Of whittled ivory. This water clear
Would float the sky if it were not for these
Thick boughs of silk, these frills and filigrees
Young April has embroidered on the year.
Somewhere a bird repeats an obvious thing,
Having the courage of sincerity.
Nobody ever taught him how to sing,
But since sun-up he has not ceased to strike
His sleighbell syllables all tuned alike:
Listen to me . . . to me . . . listen to me . . .

— *Grace Hazard Conkling*

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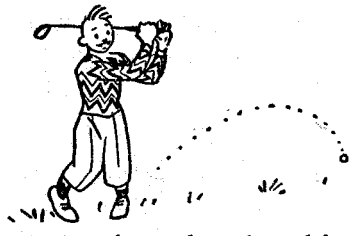
FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

"USE YOUR WRISTES"



CLERGYMEN, even Fundamentalists, are turning more and more to sport for their texts and proverbs. I have heard of one (though I am inclined to disbelieve the libelous yarn) who, meeting with small success in exhorting his congregation not to run after strange gods, made an enormous killing when he shouted, "It only takes one to hit it." A pedestrian, therefore, an evolutionist who believes in the Bible, a man who is at once conservative and liberal, and a near relative of the White Knight, — such a man scarcely needs to explain that his title, like the clergyman's, isn't the song itself; it's "only what it's called, you know."

I have been thinking recently of the sage advice of an old cricket coach. His theme, like that of Chaucer's Pardoner, was "alwey oon", — "USE YOUR WRISTES." It is the advice of the expert, the direct opposite of the popular cry, "Lay into it." Yet any one who has followed sport for a number of years has noticed how the emphasis has shifted in favor of the big hitter. What matters a strike-out or two in a crucial moment if the batsman occasionally "crashes through" with a "circuit clout"? In golf we are forever thinking of "laying into it"; we have a curiously persistent way of forgetting that one putt is just as many as one drive. I recall a bibulous spectator at a big cricket match in London who shouted, "Hi loikes to see 'em 'it 'em blewmin 'igh an' blewmin 'ard an' blewmin often!" Well, so do we all, I suppose, but it is salutary to remember also the wisdom of my pockmarked old friend from Notts: "Cum on, now. Down't try to cart it. *Use your wristes.*"

At any rate, his phrase rebukes me every time I try to "carry" a bunker that was set up for the sole purpose of tempting and punishing middle-aged folk like me. Most of us are trying to be big hitters all along the line.

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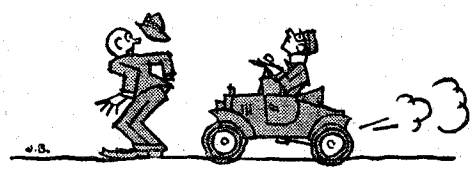
The upstanding, two-fisted booster, soberly defining Americanism in terms of size and noise, is of course our most conspicuous example. But he's not the only one. The public (to be precise, 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ per cent of the public) seem to want shine and speed, at least in automobiles, our chief national product. Recently I have ridden in the automobiles of several friends (just to see what it felt like, of course), and in every one the most distinctive feature was that you couldn't see without a periscope. Low, rakish-looking "speed-boats" they were, no question, but of little value, I should say, except as museum pieces. My friends tell me waggishly that they don't have to see, that it is the pedestrian who must look out. Evidently it isn't a question of where they are going; the prime necessity is to be on the way. To the Gadarene mind, I con-



clude, "stepping on the gas" is just the same as "laying into it."

Of course I am prejudiced, even bitter, on the subject of motor-cars. But I do recognize that "laying into it" is very important at times. In public affairs Lincoln certainly laid into it with a vengeance (recall his early comment about hitting slavery, — and "hard too"); but he appears also to have used his "wristes", like the good axman that he was. It is a fair analogy, this figure of the ax. A friend of mine who takes his exercise chopping wood is a delight to behold. So slender is he that you would say he never could split a big stick of oak, but he hits with such neat accuracy, and the head of the ax moves with such a surprising flick just as it enters the wood, that he is a perfect example of what your "wristes" can do. Roosevelt used to tell a story of how, once when he visited a lumber camp, he spent a day out working with the men. That evening, one of the lumbermen from another group said to Roosevelt's companion. "Well, Bill, how many d'yuh get?" (meaning trees). "Forty-nine," replied Bill. Then, with a jerk of his thumb, "The colonel here, he *gnawed down* seventeen."

Sometimes I indulge the hope that our legislators would

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"use their wristes" a little. Making law, a disinterested observer might imagine, would imply the skilful building up of a better *body of law*, repealing foolish laws, amending others, and adding new ones only with great hesitation, — a matter for scientific study. Apparently I am wrong. Legislators prefer to lay into it. They must go before their constituents with a quantity record.

These law-makers must be in league with the menu-makers. Doubtless there are restaurants and hotels where you can get a good meal without reading the obituary notice, in Pidgin-French, of all the edible flora and fauna known to man. But such *arcana* are artfully concealed, if not actually padlocked. In most places you encounter quantity, unrelieved by anything resembling a culinary caress. And this large gesture we label, with shameless pride, "the American Plan."

The same hard hitting, laborious slugging without finesse, characterizes much of our contemporary literature. I would not be cynical, reader. I have just read an essay on "Poetry and the Secret Impulse", by Chauncey Brewster Tinker, who uses both back and wrists to excellent purpose. And one must rejoice that Agnes Repplier, A. Edward Newton, and Samuel Crothers use their wrists brilliantly, even if they don't often hit through the infield. But what is Professor Tinker laying into? A muck-raking biography of Poe, a perfect type of a book written without wrists. The same characteristic is true of much of our fiction: quantities of material piled up, pages on pages of evidence to support puppets who never emerge into characters; stories which fall to pieces *as stories* just because they are at bottom only studies in sociology or pathology. It is refreshing in contrast to turn to Booth Tarkington, Edna Ferber, and Christopher Morley, who, if they don't hit very hard, certainly use their "wristes". And John Buchan, — but then he is a Scot, the literary heir of Stevenson, a gentleman with a famous pair of wrists.*

Heaven forbid that a mere unmounted layman should admonish the churches. But isn't there some knight on wheels or a clergyman on vacation who might humbly submit that the American Plan in the churches fails to provide for the still small voice, that it makes, — how shall I put it? — well, possibly insufficient allowance for what Stevenson called "the derisive silence of eternity"?

*Some correspondent please write and explain that Morley's father is an Englishman!

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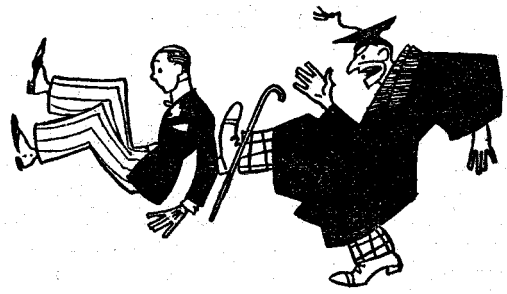
But there is one activity in America, you might suppose, which would not yield to the temptation to lay into it. It is arguable at least, if not altogether obvious, that academic halls have no place in any scheme of things if they do not put quality first, last, and all the time. It isn't a question of having to cheapen your product in order to sell it; any university which flirts with quantity production ceases, when the flirtation begins, to be educational. It becomes a manufacturing plant and an employment bureau. Of course the pressure of Alumni for numbers and victories and the pressure of the public for an *abracadabra* which it calls education seems irresistible. But I wonder how irresistible it would appear if our educators emulated Mark Hopkins on the other end of the log. Most of the young men and women who throng our college halls would then feel an irresistible impulse to seek pastures new. Only the genuine scholars would remain.

Here, to a Pedestrian mind, is the real cause for cynicism. No use to rail at manufacturers and law-makers and menu-makers when our educational institutions are turning out confirmed addicts to the American Plan. If by some odd turn of the wheel of fortune, my old pockmarked friend from Notts should find himself president of an American University, his inaugural address, I feel certain, would consist of eight words: "Down't try to cart it. Use your wristes."

Not such bad advice, either. But he should then hire a dean who could use his toe!



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Death Comes for the Archbishop

A Novel in Six Instalments — IV

WILLA CATHER

FATHER Jean Marie Latour, a young French priest, had been consecrated Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico and Bishop of Agathonica, and with Father Joseph Vaillant, a boyhood friend, had been sent as a missionary into the Southwest, not long after the Mexican War. After his year's journey to Santa Fé, the young bishop had first to overcome the refusal of the local clergy to recognize his authority. The first three instalments have recounted his meeting with Kit Carson and the various strange adventures which came to the two priests in a country sparsely populated by Indians and Mexicans, into which American rule was only beginning to make its way. — *Editorial Note.*

The Night At Pecos

A MONTH after the Bishop's visit to Albuquerque and Ácoma, the genial Father Gallegos was formally suspended, and Father Vaillant was put in charge of the parish. At first there was bitter feeling; the rich *rancheros* and the merry ladies of Albuquerque were very hostile to the French priest.

He began his reforms at once. Everything was changed. The holy days, which had been occasions of revelry under Padre Gallegos, were now days of austere devotion. The fickle Mexican population soon found as much diversion in being devout as they had once found in being scandalous. Father Vaillant wrote to his sister

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Philomène, in France, that the temper of his parish was like that of a boys' school; under one master the lads try to excel one another in mischief and disobedience, under another they vie with each other in acts of loyalty. The Novena preceding Christmas, which had long been celebrated by dancing and hilarious merry-making, was this year a great revival of religious zeal.

Though Father Vaillant had all the duties of a parish priest at Albuquerque, he was still Vicar General, and in February the Bishop dispatched him on urgent business to Las Vegas. He did not return on the day that he was expected, and when several days passed with no word from him, Father Latour began to feel some anxiety.

One morning at daybreak a very sick Indian boy rode into the Bishop's courtyard on Father Joseph's white mule, Contento, bringing bad news. The Padre, he said, had stopped at his village in the Pecos mountains where black measles had broken out, to give the sacrament to the dying, and had fallen ill of the sickness. The boy himself had been well when he started for Santa Fé, but had become sick on the way.

The Bishop had the messenger put into the woodhouse, an isolated building at the end of the garden, where the Sisters of Loretto could attend him. He instructed the Mother Superior to pack a bag with such medicines and comforts for the sick as he could carry, and told Fructosa, his cook, to put up for him the provisions he usually took on horseback journeys. Tranquilino brought a pack-mule and his own mule, Angelica, to the door. Father Latour, in his rough riding-breeches and buckskin jacket, looked at the handsome beast and shook his head.

"No, leave her with Contento. The new army mule is heavier, and will do for this journey."

The Bishop rode out of Santa Fé two hours after the Indian messenger rode in. He was going direct to the pueblo of Pecos, where he would pick up Jacinto. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the pueblo, lying low on its red rock ledges, half surrounded by a crown of fir-clad mountains, and facing a sea of junipers and cedars. The Bishop hoped to get fresh horses at Pecos and push on through the mountains; but Jacinto and the older Indians who gathered about the horseman strongly advised him to spend the night there and start in the early morning. The sun was shining brilliantly in a blue sky, but in the west, behind the mountain, lay a great stationary black cloud, opaque and motionless as a ledge of rock. The old men looked at it and shook their heads.

"Very big wind," said the governor gravely.

Unwillingly the Bishop dismounted and gave his mules to Jacinto; it seemed to him that he was wasting time. There was still an hour before nightfall, and he spent that hour pacing up and down the crust of bare rock between the village and the ruin of the old Mission church. The sun was sinking, a red ball which threw a copper glow over the pine-covered ridge of mountains, and edged that inky, ominous cloud with molten silver. The great red earth walls of the Mission, red as brick dust, yawned gloomily before him, — part of the roof over the nave had fallen in, the rest would soon go.

At this moment Father Joseph was lying dangerously ill in the dirt and discomfort of an Indian village in winter. Why, the Bishop was asking himself, had he ever brought his friend to this life of hardship and danger? Father Vaillant had been frail from childhood, though he had the endurance resulting from exhaustless enthusiasm. The Brothers at Montferrand were not given to coddling boys, but every year they used to send this one away for a rest in the high Volvic mountains, because his vitality ran down under the confinement of college life. Twice, while he and Father Latour were missionaries in Ohio, Joseph had been at death's door, once so ill with cholera that the newspapers had printed his name in the death list. On that occasion their Ohio Bishop had christened him Trompe-la-Mort. Yes, Father Latour told himself, Blanchet had outwitted death so often, there was always the chance he would do it again.

Walking about the walls of the ruin, the Bishop discovered that the sacristy was still under a roof. It was dry and clean, and he decided that he would spend the night there, wrapped in his blankets and lying on one of the earthen benches that

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ran about the inner walls. While he was examining this room, the wind began to howl about the old church, and darkness fell quickly. From the low doorways of the pueblo, ruddy firelight was gleaming, — singularly grateful to the eye. Waiting for him on the rocks he recognized the slight figure of Jacinto, his blanket drawn close about his head, his shoulders bowed to the wind.

The young Indian said that supper was ready, and the Bishop followed him to his particular lair in those rows of little houses, all alike and all built together. There was a ladder before Jacinto's door which led up to a second story, but that was the dwelling of another family the roof of Jacinto's house made a verandah for the family above him. The Bishop bent his head under the low doorway and stepped down, — the floor of the room was a long step below the door sill, — the Indian way of preventing drafts. The room into which he descended was long and narrow, smoothly whitewashed, and clean, to the eye at least, because of its very bareness. There was nothing on the walls but a few fox pelts and strings of gourds and red peppers. The richly colored blankets of which Jacinto was very proud were folded in piles on the earth settle, — it was there he and his wife slept, near the fireplace. The earth of that settle became warm during the day and held its heat until morning, like the Russian peasants' stove-bed. Over the fire a pot of beans and dried meat was simmering. The burning piñon logs filled the room with sweet-smelling smoke.

Clara, Jacinto's wife, smiled at the priest as he entered. She ladled out the stew, and the Bishop and Jacinto sat down on the floor beside the fire, each with his bowl. Between them Clara put a basin full of hot corn bread baked with squash seeds, — an Indian delicacy comparable to raisin bread among the whites. The Bishop said a blessing and broke the bread with his hands.

While the two men ate, the young woman watched them and stirred a tiny cradle of deerskin that hung by thongs from the roof poles. Jacinto, when questioned, said sadly that the baby was ailing. Father Latour did not ask to see it; it would be swathed in layers of wrappings, he knew; even its face and head would be covered against drafts. Indian babies were never bathed in winter, and it was useless to suggest treatment for the sick ones. On that subject the Indian ear was closed to advice.

It was a pity, too, that he could do nothing for Jacinto's baby. Cradles were not many in the pueblo of Pecos. The tribe was dying out; infant mortality was heavy, and the young couples did not reproduce freely, — the life-force seemed low. Smallpox and measles had taken heavy toll here time and again.

Of course there were other explanations, credited by many good people in Santa Fé. Pecos had more than its share of dark legends, — perhaps that was because it had been too tempting to white men, and had had more than its share of history. It was said that this people had from time immemorial kept a ceremonial fire burning in some cave in the mountain, a fire that had never been allowed to go out, and had never been revealed to white men. The story was that the service of this fire sapped the strength of the young men appointed to serve it, — always the best of the tribe. Father Latour thought this hardly probable. Why should it be very arduous, in a mountain full of timber, to feed a fire so small that its whereabouts had been concealed for centuries?

There was also the snake story, reported by the early explorers, both Spanish and American, and believed by the credulous ever since: that this tribe was peculiarly addicted to snake worship; that they kept rattlesnakes concealed in their houses; and somewhere in the mountain guarded an enormous serpent which they brought to the pueblo for certain feasts. It was said that they sacrificed young babies to the great snake, and thus diminished their numbers.

It seemed much more likely that the contagious diseases brought by white men were the real cause of the shrinkage of the tribe. Among the Indians, measles, scarlatina, and whooping-cough were as deadly as typhus or cholera. Certainly, the tribe was decreasing every year. Jacinto's house was at one end of the living pueblo; behind it were long rock ridges of dead pueblo, — empty houses ruined by weather and now scarcely more than piles of earth and

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stone. The population of the living streets was less than one hundred adults.*

This was all that was left of the rich and populous Cicuyè of Coronado's expedition. Then, by his report, there were six thousand souls in the Indian town. They had rich fields, irrigated from the Pecos river. The streams were full of fish, the mountain was full of game. The pueblo, indeed, seemed to lie upon the knees of these verdant mountains, like a favored child. Out yonder, on the juniper-spotted plateau in front of the village, the Spaniards had camped, exacting a heavy tribute of corn and furs and cotton garments from their hapless hosts. It was from here, the story went, that they set forth in the spring on their ill-fated search for the seven golden cities of Quivira, taking with them slaves and concubines ravished from the Pecos people.

As Father Latour sat by the fire listening to the wind sweeping down from the mountains and howling over the plateau, he thought of these things, and he could not help wondering whether Jacinto, sitting silent by the same fire, was thinking of them, too. The wind, he knew, was blowing out of the inky cloud bank that lay behind the mountain at sunset; but it might well be blowing out of a remote, black past. The only human voice raised against it was the feeble wailing of the sick child in the cradle. Clara ate noiselessly in a corner, Jacinto looked into the fire.

The Bishop read his breviary by the firelight for an hour. Then, warmed to the bone and assured that his roll of blankets was warmed through, he rose to go. Jacinto followed with the blankets and one of his own buffalo robes. They went along a line of red doorways and across the bare rock to the gaunt ruin whose lateral walls, with their buttresses, still braved the storm and let in the starlight.

Stone Lips

It was not difficult for the Bishop to waken early. After midnight his body became more and more chilled and cramped. He said his prayers before he rolled out of his blankets, remembering Father Vaillant's maxim that if you said your prayers first, you would find plenty of time for other things afterward.

Going through the silent pueblo to Jacinto's door, the Bishop woke him and asked him to make a fire. While the Indian went to get the mules ready, Father Latour got his coffee-pot and tin cup out of his saddle-bags, and a round loaf of Mexican bread. With bread and black coffee, he could travel day after day. Jacinto was for starting without breakfast, but Father Latour made him sit down and share his loaf. Bread is never too plenty in Indian households. Clara was still lying on the settle with her baby.

At four o'clock they were on the road, Jacinto riding the mule that carried the blankets. He knew the trails through his own mountains well enough to follow them in the dark. Toward noon the Bishop suggested a halt to rest the mules, but his guide looked at the sky and shook his head. The sun was nowhere to be seen, the air was thick and gray and smelled of snow.

Very soon the snow began to fall, — lightly at first, but all the while becoming heavier. The vista of pine trees ahead of them grew shorter and shorter through the vast powdering of descending flakes. A little after midday a burst of wind sent the snow whirling in coils about the two travelers, and a great storm broke. The wind was like a hurricane at sea, and the air became blind with snow. The Bishop could scarcely see his guide, — saw only parts of him, now a head, now a shoulder, now only the black rump of his mule. Pine trees by the way stood out for a moment, then disappeared absolutely in the whirlpool of snow. Trail and landmarks, the mountain itself, were obliterated.

Jacinto sprang from his mule and unstrapped the roll of blankets. Throwing the saddlebags to the Bishop, he shouted, "Come, I know a place. Be quick, Padre."

The Bishop protested they could not leave the mules. Jacinto said the mules must take their chance.

For Father Latour the next hour was a test of endurance. He was blind and breathless, panting through his open mouth. He clambered over half visible rocks, fell over prostrate trees, sank into deep holes, and struggled out, always

*In actual fact, the dying pueblo of Pecos was abandoned some years before the American occupation of New Mexico.

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following the red blankets on the shoulders of the Indian boy, which stuck out when the boy himself was lost to sight.

Suddenly the snow seemed thinner. The guide stopped short. They were standing, the Bishop made out, under an overhanging wall of rock which made a barrier against the storm. Jacinto dropped the blankets from his shoulders and seemed to be preparing to climb the cliff. Looking up, the Bishop saw a peculiar formation in the rocks, two rounded ledges, one directly over the other, with a mouth-like opening between. They suggested two great stone lips, slightly parted and thrust outward. Up to this mouth Jacinto climbed quickly by footholds well known to him. Having mounted, he lay down on the lower lip, and helped the Bishop to clamber up. He told Father Latour to wait for him on this projection while he brought up the baggage.

In a few moments the Bishop slid after Jacinto and the blankets, through the orifice, into the throat of the cave. Within stood a wooden ladder, like that used in kivas, and down this he easily made his way to the floor.

He found himself in a lofty cavern, shaped somewhat like a Gothic chapel, of vague outline. The only light within was that which came through the narrow aperture between the stone lips. Great as was his need of shelter, the Bishop, on his way down the ladder, was struck by a reluctance, an extreme distaste for the place. The air in the cave was glacial, penetrated to the very bones, and he detected at once a fetid odor, not very strong but highly disagreeable. Some twenty feet or so above his head, the open mouth let in gray daylight like a high transom.

While he stood gazing about, trying to reckon the size of the cave, his guide was intensely preoccupied in making a careful examination of the floor and walls. At the foot of the ladder lay a heap of half burned logs. There had been a fire there, and it had been extinguished with fresh earth, — a pile of dust covered what had been the heart of the fire. Against the cavern wall was a heap of piñon faggots, neatly piled. After he had made a minute examination of the floor, the guide began cautiously to move this pile of wood, taking the sticks up one by one, and putting them in another spot. The Bishop supposed he would make a fire at once, but he seemed in no haste to do so. Indeed, when he had moved the wood, he sat down upon the floor and fell into reflection. Father Latour urged him to build a fire without further delay.

"Padre," said the Indian boy, "I do not know if it was right to bring you here. This place is used by my people for ceremonies and is known only to us. When you go out from here, you must forget."

"I will forget, certainly. But unless we can have a fire, we had better go back into the storm. I feel ill here already."

Jacinto unrolled the blankets and threw the driest one about the shivering priest. Then he bent over the pile of ashes and charred wood, but what he did was to select a number of small stones that had been used to fence in the burning embers. These he gathered in his serape and carried to the rear wall of the cavern where, a little above his head, there seemed to be a hole. It was about as large as a very big watermelon, of an irregular oval shape. Holes of that shape are common in the black volcanic cliffs of the Pajarito Plateau, where they occur in great numbers. This one was solitary, dark, and seemed to lead into another cavern.

Though it lay higher than Jacinto's head, it was not beyond easy reach of his arms, and to the Bishop's astonishment he began deftly and noiselessly to place the stones he had collected within the mouth of this orifice, fitting them together until he had entirely closed it. He then cut wedges from the piñon faggots and inserted them into the cracks between the stones. Finally, he took a handful of the earth that had been used to smother the dead fire, and mixed it with the wet snow that had blown in between the stone lips. With this thick mud he plastered over his masonry and smoothed it with his palm. The whole operation did not take a quarter of an hour.

Without comment or explanation, he then proceeded to build a fire. The odor so disagreeable to the Bishop soon vanished before the fragrance of the burning logs. The heat seemed to purify the rank air at the same time that it took away the deathly chill; but the dizzy noise in Father Latour's head persisted. At first he thought it was a vertigo, a roaring in his ears

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brought on by cold and changes in his circulation. But as he grew warm and relaxed he perceived an extraordinary vibration in this cavern; it hummed like a hive of bees, like a heavy roll of distant drums.

After a time he asked Jacinto whether he, too, noticed this. The slim Indian boy smiled for the first time since they had entered the cave. He took up a faggot like a torch, and beckoned the Padre to follow him along a tunnel which ran back into the mountain, where the roof grew much lower, almost within reach of the hand. There Jacinto knelt down over a fissure in the stone floor, like a crack in china, which was plastered up with clay. Digging some of this out with his hunting knife, he put his ear to the opening, listened a few seconds, and motioned the Bishop to do likewise.

Father Latour lay with his ear to this crack for a long while, despite the cold that arose from it. He told himself he was listening to one of the oldest voices of the earth. What he heard was the sound of a great underground river, flowing through a resounding cavern. The water was far, far below, perhaps as deep as the foot of the mountain, a flood moving in utter blackness under ribs of antediluvian rock. It was not a rushing noise, but the sound of a great flood moving with majesty and power.

"It is terrible," he said at last, as he rose.

"*Si*, Padre." Jacinto began spitting on the clay he had gouged out of the seam, and plastered it up again.

When they returned to the fire, the patch of daylight up between the two lips had grown much paler. The Bishop saw it die with regret. He took from his saddlebags his coffee-pot and a loaf of bread and a goat cheese. Jacinto climbed up to the lower edge of the entrance, shook a pine tree, and filled the coffee-pot and one of the blankets with fresh snow. While his guide was thus engaged, the Bishop took a swallow of old Taos whisky from his pocket flask. He never liked to drink spirits in the presence of an Indian.

Jacinto declared that he thought himself lucky to get bread and black coffee. As he handed the Bishop back his tin cup after drinking its contents, he rubbed his hand over his wide sash with a smile of pleasure that showed all his white teeth.

"We had good luck to be near here," he said. "When we leave the mules, I think I can find my way here, but I am not sure. I have not been here very many times. You was scare, Padre?"

The Bishop reflected. "You hardly gave me time to be scared, boy. Were you?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders. "I think not to return to pueblo," he admitted.

Father Latour read his breviary long by the light of the fire. Since early morning his mind had been on other than spiritual things. At last he felt that he could sleep. He made Jacinto repeat a *Pater Noster* with him, as he always did on their night camps, rolled himself in his blankets, and stretched out, feet to the fire. He had it in his mind, however, to waken in the night and study a little the curious hole his guide had so carefully closed. After he put on the mud, Jacinto had never looked in the direction of that hole again, and Father Latour, observing Indian good manners, had tried not to glance toward it.

He did waken, and the fire was still giving off a rich glow of light in that lofty Gothic chamber. But there against the wall was his guide, standing on some invisible foot-hold, his arms outstretched against the rock, his body flattened against it, his ear over that patch of fresh mud, listening; listening with super-sensual ear, it seemed, and he looked to be supported against the rock by the intensity of his solicitude. The Bishop closed his eyes without making a sound and wondered why he had supposed he could catch his guide asleep.

The next morning they crawled out through the stone lips, and dropped into a gleaming white world. The snow-clad mountains were red in the rising sun. The Bishop stood looking down over ridge after ridge of wintry fir trees with the tender morning breaking over them, all their branches laden with soft, rose-colored clouds of virgin snow.

Jacinto said it would not be worth while to look for the mules. When the snow melted, he would recover the saddles and bridles. They floundered on foot some eight miles to a squatter's cabin, rented horses, and completed their journey by

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starlight. When they reached Father Vaillant, he was sitting up in a bed of buffalo skins, his fever broken, already on the way to recovery. Another good friend had reached him before the Bishop. Kit Carson, on a deer hunt in the mountains with two Taos Indians, had heard that this village was stricken and that the Vicario was there. He hurried to the rescue and got into the pueblo with a pack of venison meat just before the storm broke. As soon as Father Vaillant could sit in the saddle, Carson and the Bishop took him back to Santa Fé, breaking the journey into four days because of his enfeebled state.

The Bishop kept his word and never spoke of Jacinto's cave to any one, but he did not cease from wondering about it. It flashed into his mind from time to time, and always with a shudder of repugnance quite unjustified by anything he had experienced there. It had been a hospitable shelter to him in his extremity. Yet afterward he remembered the storm itself, even his exhaustion, with a tingling sense of pleasure. But the cave, which had probably saved his life, he remembered with horror. No tales of wonder, he told himself, would ever tempt him into a cavern hereafter.

At home again, in his own house, he still felt a certain curiosity about this ceremonial cave and Jacinto's puzzling behavior. It seemed almost to lend a color of probability to some of those unpleasant stories about the Pecos religion. He was already convinced that neither the white men nor the Mexicans in Santa Fé understood anything about Indian beliefs or the workings of the Indian mind. Kit Carson had told him that the proprietor of the trading post between Glorieta Pass and the Pecos pueblo had grown up a neighbor to these Indians and knew as much about them as anybody. His parents had kept the trading post before him, and his mother was the first white woman in that neighborhood. The trader's name was Zeb Orchard. He lived alone in the mountains, selling salt and sugar and whisky and tobacco to red men and white. Carson said that he was honest and truthful, a good friend to the Indians, and had at one time wanted to marry a Pecos girl, but his old mother, who was very proud of being "white", would not hear to it, and so he had remained a single man and a recluse.

Father Latour made a point of stopping for the night with this trader on one of his missionary journeys, in order to question him about the Pecos customs and ceremonies.

Orchard said that the legend about the undying fire was unquestionably true; but it was kept burning, not in the mountain, but in their own pueblo. It was a smothered fire in a clay oven, and had been burning in one of the kivas ever since the pueblo was founded, centuries ago. About the snake stories he was not so sure. He had seen rattlesnakes around the pueblo, to be sure, but there were rattlers everywhere. A Pecos boy had been bitten on the ankle some years ago, and had come to him for whisky; he swelled up and was very sick, like any other boy.

The Bishop asked Orchard if he thought it probable that the Indians kept a great serpent in concealment somewhere, as was commonly reported.

"They do keep some sort of varmint out in the mountain, that they bring in for their religious ceremonies," the trader said. "But I don't know if it's a snake or not. No white man knows anything about Indian religion, Padre."

As they talked further, Orchard admitted that when he was a boy he had been very curious about these snake stories himself, and that once, at their festival time, he had spied on the Pecos men, though that was not a very safe thing to do. He had lain in ambush for two nights on the mountain, and he saw a party of Indians bringing in a chest by torchlight. It was about the size of a woman's trunk, and it was heavy enough to bend the young aspen poles on which it was hung.

"If I'd seen white men bringing in a chest after dark," he observed, "I could have made a guess at what was in it; money, or whisky, or firearms. But seeing it was Indians, I can't say. It might have been only queer-shaped rocks their ancestors had taken a notion to. The things they value most are worth nothing to us. They've got their own superstitions, and their minds will go round and round in the same old ruts till Judgment Day."

Father Latour remarked that their veneration for old customs was a quality

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he liked in the Indians, and that it played a great part in his own religion.

The trader told him he might make good Catholics among the Indians, but he would never separate them from their own beliefs. "Their priests have their own kind of mysteries. I don't know how much of it is real and how much is made up. I remember something that happened when I was a little fellow. One night a Pecos girl, with her baby in her arms, ran into the kitchen here and begged my mother to hide her until after the festival, for she'd seen signs between the *caciques* and was sure they were going to feed her baby to the snake. Whether it was true or not, she certainly believed it, poor thing, and Mother let her stay. It made a great impression on me at the time."

Don Antonio

Bishop Latour had one very keen worldly ambition; to build in Santa Fé a Cathedral which would be worthy of a setting naturally beautiful. As he cherished this wish and meditated upon it, he came to feel that such a building might be a continuation of himself and his purpose, a physical body full of his aspirations after he had passed from the scene. Early in his administration he began setting aside something from his meagre resources for a Cathedral fund. In this he was assisted by certain of the rich Mexican *rancheros*, but by no one so much as Don Antonio Olivares.

Antonio Olivares was the most intelligent and prosperous member of a large family of brothers and cousins, and he was for that time and place a man of wide experience, a man of the world. He had spent the greater part of his life in New Orleans and El Paso del Norte; but he returned to live in Santa Fé several years after Bishop Latour took up his duties there. He brought with him his American wife and a wagon train of furniture, and settled down to spend his declining years in the old ranch house just east of the town where he was born and had grown up. He was then a man of sixty. In early manhood he had lost his first wife. After he went to New Orleans he had married a second time, a Kentucky girl who had grown up among her relatives in Louisiana. She was pretty and accomplished, had been educated at a French convent, and had done much to Europeanize her husband. The refinement of his dress and manners, and his lavish style of living, provoked half-contemptuous envy among his brothers and their friends.

Olivares's wife, Doña Isabella, was a devout Catholic, and at their house the French priests were always welcome and were most cordially entertained. The Señora Olivares had made a pleasant place of the rambling adobe building, with its great courtyard and gateway, carved joists and beams, fine herringbone ceilings, and snug fireplaces. She was a gracious hostess, and though no longer very young, she was still attractive to the eye; a slight woman, spirited, quick in movement, with a delicate blond complexion which she had successfully guarded in trying climates, and fair hair, — a little silvered and perhaps worn in too many puffs and ringlets for the sharpening outline of her face. She spoke French well, Spanish lamely, played the harp, and sang agreeably.

Certainly it was a great piece of luck for Father Latour and Father Vaillant, who lived so much among peons and Indians and rough frontiersmen, to be able to converse in their own tongue now and then with a cultivated woman; to sit by that hospitable fireside, in rooms enriched by old mirrors and engravings and upholstered chairs, where the windows had clean curtains, and the sideboard and cupboards were stocked with plate and Belgian glass. It was refreshing to spend an evening with a couple who were interested in what was going on in the outside world, to eat a good dinner and drink good wine and listen to music.

Father Joseph, that man of inconsistencies, had a pleasing tenor voice, true though not strong. Madame Olivares liked to sing old French songs with him. She was a trifle vain, it must be owned, and when she sang at all, insisted upon singing in three languages, never forgetting her husband's favorites, "La Paloma" and "La Golandrina" and "My Nelly was a Lady". The negro melodies of Stephen Foster had already traveled to the frontier, going along the river highways, not in print, but passed on from one humble singer to another.

Don Antonio was a large man, heavy, full at the belt, a trifle bald, and very slow

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of speech. But his eyes were lively, and the yellow spark in them was often most perceptible when he was quite silent. It was interesting to observe him after dinner, settled in one of his big arm chairs from New Orleans, a cigar between his long golden-brown fingers, watching his wife at her harp.

There was gossip about the lady in Santa Fé, of course, since she had retained her beautiful complexion and her husband's devoted regard for so many years. The Americans and the Olivares brothers said she dressed much too youthfully, which was perhaps true, and that she had lovers in New Orleans and El Paso del Norte. Her nephews-in-law went so far as to declare that she was enamoured of the Mexican boy the Olivares had brought up from El Paso to play the banjo for them. They both loved music, and this boy, Pablo, was a magician with his instrument. All sorts of stories went out from the kitchen; that Doña Isabella had a whole chamber full of dresses so grand that she never wore them here at all; that she took gold from her husband's pockets and hid it under the floor of her room; that she gave him love-potions and herb teas to increase his ardor. This gossip did not mean that her servants were disloyal, but rather that they were proud of their mistress.

Olivares, who read the newspapers, though they were weeks old when he got them, who liked cigars better than cigarettes, and French wine better than whisky, had little in common with his younger brothers. Next to his old friend Manuel Chavez, the two French priests were the men in Santa Fé whose company he most enjoyed, and he let them see it. He was a man who cherished his friends. He liked to call at the Bishop's house to advise him about the care of his young orchard, or to leave a bottle of home-made cherry brandy for Father Joseph. It was Olivares who presented Father Latour with the silver hand-basin and pitcher and toilet accessories which gave him so much satisfaction all the rest of his life. There were good silversmiths among the Mexicans of Santa Fé, and Don Antonio had his own toilet set copied in hammered silver for his friend. Doña Isabella once remarked that her husband always gave Father Vaillant something good for the palate, and Father Latour something good for the eye.

This couple had one child, a daughter, the Señorita Inez, born long ago and still unmarried. Indeed, it was generally understood that she would never marry. Though she had not taken the veil, her life was that of a nun. She was very plain and had none of her mother's social graces, but she had a beautiful contralto voice. She sang in the Cathedral choir in New Orleans, and taught singing in a convent there. She came to visit her parents only once after they settled in Santa Fé, and she was a somewhat sombre figure in that convivial household. Doña Isabella seemed devotedly attached to her, but afraid of displeasing her. While Inez was there, her mother dressed very plainly, pinned back the little curls that hung over her right ear, and the two women went to church together all day long.

Antonio Olivares was deeply interested in the Bishop's dream of a Cathedral. For one thing, he saw that Father Latour had set his heart on building one, and Olivares was the sort of man who liked to help a friend accomplish the desire of his heart. Furthermore, he had a deep affection for his native town, he had traveled and seen fine churches, and he wished there might one day be such a one in Santa Fé. Many a night he and Father Latour talked of it by the fire; discussed the site, the design, the building stone, the cost and grave difficulties of raising money. It was the Bishop's hope to begin work upon the building in 1860, ten years after his appointment to the bishopric. One night, at a long-remembered New Year's party in his house, Olivares announced in the presence of his guests that before the new year was gone he meant to give to the Cathedral fund a sum sufficient to enable Father Latour to carry out his purpose.

That supper party at the Olivares' was memorable because of this pledge, and because it marked a parting of old friends. Doña Isabella was entertaining the officers at the Post, two of whom had received orders to leave Santa Fé. The popular Commandant was called back to Washington, the young Lieutenant of Cavalry, an Irish Catholic, lately married and very dear to Father Latour, was to be sent farther west. (Before the next New Year's day came round, he was killed in Indian warfare on the plains of Arizona.)

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But that night the future troubled nobody. The house was full of light and music, the air warm with that simple hospitality of the frontier, where people dwell in exile, far from their kindred, where they lead rough lives and seldom meet together for pleasure. Kit Carson, who greatly admired Madame Olivares, had come the two days' journey from Taos to be present that night, and brought along his gentle half-breed daughter, lately home from a convent school in St Louis. On this occasion he wore a handsome buckskin coat, embroidered in silver, with brown velvet cuffs and collar. The officers from the Fort were in dress uniform, the host as usual wore a broadcloth frock coat. His wife was in a hoopskirt, a French dress from New Orleans, all covered with little garlands of pink satin roses. The military ladies came out to the Olivares place in an army wagon, to keep their satin shoes from the mud. The Bishop had put on his violet vest, which he seldom wore, and Father Vaillant had donned a fresh new cassock, made by the loving hands of his sister Philomène, in Riom.

Father Latour had used to feel a little ashamed that Joseph kept his sister and her nuns so busy making cassocks and vestments for him; but the last time he was in France he came to see all this in another light. When he was visiting Mother Philomène's convent, one of the younger Sisters had confided to him what an inspiration it was to them, living in retirement, to work for the far-away missions. She told him also how precious to them were Father Vaillant's long letters, letters in which he told his sister of the country, the Indians, the pious Mexican women, the Spanish martyrs of old. These letters, she said, Mother Philomène read aloud in the evening. The nun took Father Latour to a window that jutted out and looked up the narrow street to where the wall turned at an angle, cutting off further view.

"Look," she said, "after the Mother has read us one of those letters from her brother, I come and stand in this alcove and look up our little street with its one lamp, and just beyond the turn there, is New Mexico; all that he has written us of those red deserts and blue mountains, the great plains and the herds of bison, and the cañons more profound than our deepest mountain gorges. I can feel that I am there, my heart beats faster, and it seems but a moment until the retiring bell cuts short my dreams."

The Bishop went away believing that it was good for these Sisters to work for Father Joseph. And to-night, when Madame Olivares was complimenting Father Vaillant on the sheen of his poplin and velvet, for some reason Father Latour recalled that moment with the nun in her alcove window, her white face, her burning eyes, and sighed.

After supper was over and the toasts drunk, the boy Pablo was called in to play for the company while the gentlemen smoked. The banjo always remained a foreign instrument to Father Latour; he found it more than a little savage. When this strange yellow boy played it, there was softness and languor in the wire strings, but there was also a kind of madness; the recklessness, the call of wild countries which all these men had felt and followed in one way or another. Through clouds of cigar smoke the scout and the soldiers, the Mexican *rancheros* and the priests, sat silently watching the bent head and crouching shoulders of the banjo player, and his seesawing yellow hand, which sometimes lost all form and became a mere whirl of matter in motion, like a patch of sand-storm.

Observing them thus in repose, in the act of reflection, Father Latour was thinking how each of these men not only had a story, but seemed to have become his story. Those anxious, far-seeing blue eyes of Carson's, to whom could they belong but to a scout and trail-breaker? Don Manuel Chavez, the handsomest man of the company, very elegant in velvet and broadcloth, with delicately cut, disdainful features, — one had only to see him cross the room, or to sit next him at dinner, to feel the electric quality under his cold reserve, the fierceness of some embitterment, the passion for danger.

Chavez boasted his descent from two Castilian knights who freed the city of Chavez from the Moors in 1160. He had estates in the Pecos and in the San Mateo Mountains, and a house in Santa Fé, where he hid himself behind his beautiful trees and gardens. He loved the natural beauties of his country with a passion, and

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he hated the Americans who were blind to them. He was jealous of Carson's fame as an Indian fighter, declaring that he had seen more Indian warfare before he was twenty than Carson would ever see. He was Carson's rival as a pistol shot, but with the bow and arrow he had no rival. He had never been beaten. No Indian had ever been known to shoot an arrow as far as Chavez. Every year parties of Indians came up to the Villa to shoot with him for wagers. His house and stables were full of trophies. He took a cool pleasure in stripping the Indians of their horses or silver or blankets, or whatever they had put up on their man. He was proud of his skill with Indian weapons; he had acquired it in a hard school.

When he was a lad of sixteen, Manuel Chavez had gone out with a party of Mexican youths to hunt Navajos. In those days, before the American occupation, "hunting Navajos" needed no pretext, it was a form of sport. A company of Mexicans would ride west to the Navajo country, raid a few sheep camps, and come home bringing flocks and ponies and a bunch of prisoners, for every one of whom they received a large bounty from the Mexican Government. It was with such a raiding party that the boy Chavez went out for spoil and adventure. Finding no Indians abroad, the young Mexicans pushed on farther than they had intended. They did not know that it was the season when all the roving Navajo bands gather at the Cañon de Chelly for their religious ceremonies, and they rode on impetuously until they came out upon the rim of that mysterious and terrifying cañon itself, then swarming with Indians. They were immediately surrounded, and retreat was impossible. They fought on the naked sandstone ledges that overhung that gulf. Don José Chavez, Manuel's older brother, was captain of the party and was one of the first to fall. The company of fifty were slaughtered to a man. Manuel was the fifty-first, and he survived. With seven arrow wounds and one shaft clear through his body, he was left for dead in a pile of corpses.

That night, while the Navajos were celebrating their victory, he crawled along the rocks until he had high boulders between him and the enemy, and then started eastward on foot. It was summer, and the heat of that red sandstone country was intense. His wounds were on fire. But he had the superb vitality of early youth. He walked for two days and nights without finding a drop of water, covering a distance of sixty-odd miles, across the plain, across the mountain, until he came to the famous spring on the other side, where Fort Defiance was afterward built. He drank and bathed his wounds and slept. He had had no food since the morning before the fight; near the spring he found some large cactus plants and, slicing away the spines with his hunting knife, he filled his stomach with the juicy pulp.

From here, still without meeting a human creature, red or yellow, he stumbled on until he reached the San Mateo mountain, north of Laguna. In a mountain valley he came upon a camp of Mexican shepherds, and fell unconscious. The shepherds made a litter of saplings and their sheepskin coats, and carried him into the village of Cebolleta, where he lay delirious for many days. Years afterward, when Chavez came into his inheritance, he bought that beautiful valley in the San Mateo mountain where he had sunk unconscious under two noble oak trees. He built a house between those twin oaks and made a fine estate there. Never reconciled to American rule, he lived in seclusion when he was in Santa Fé, disappearing at the first rumor of an Indian outbreak far or near, to add a few more scalps to his record. He distrusted the new Bishop because of his friendliness toward Indians and Yankees. He had come here tonight only in compliment to Señora Olivares; he hated to spend an evening among American uniforms.

When the banjo player was exhausted, Father Joseph said that as for him, he would like a little drawing-room music, and he led Madame Olivares to her harp. She was very charming at her instrument; the pose suited her tip-tilted canary head and her little foot and white arms.

This was the last time the Bishop heard her sing "La Paloma" for her admiring husband, whose eyes smiled at her even when his heavy face seemed asleep.

Olivares died on Septuagesima Sunday, — fell over by his own fireplace when he was lighting the candles after supper, and the banjo boy was sent running for the

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Bishop. Before midnight two of the Olivares brothers, half drunk with brandy and excitement, galloped out of Santa Fé, on the road to Albuquerque, to employ an American lawyer.

The Lady

Antonio Olivares's funeral was the most solemn and magnificent ever seen in Santa Fé; but Father Vaillant was not there. He was off on a long missionary journey to the south and did not reach home until Madame Olivares had been a widow for some weeks. He had scarcely got off his riding-boots when he was called into Father Latour's study to see her lawyer. Olivares had entrusted the management of his affairs to a young Irish Catholic, Boyd O'Reilly, who had come out from Boston to practice law in the new Territory.

There were no steel safes in Santa Fé at that time, but O'Reilly had kept Olivares's will in his strong box. The document was brief and clear. Antonio's estate amounted to about two hundred thousand dollars in American money (a considerable fortune in those days). The income therefrom was to be enjoyed by "my wife, Isabella Olivares, and her daughter, Inez Olivares", during their lives, and after their decease the principal was to go to the Church, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The codicil, in favor of the Cathedral fund, had, unfortunately, never been added to the will.

The young lawyer explained to Father Vaillant that the Olivares brothers had retained the leading legal firm of Albuquerque and were contesting the will. Their point of attack was that Señorita Inez was too old to be the daughter of the Señora Olivares. Don Antonio had been a promiscuous lover in his young days, and his brothers held that Inez was the offspring of some temporary attachment and had been adopted by Doña Isabella. O'Reilly had sent to New Orleans for an attested copy of the marriage record of the Olivares couple, and the birth certificate of Señorita Inez.

But in Kentucky, where the Señora was born, no birth records were kept. There was no document to prove the age of Isabella Olivares, and she could not be persuaded to admit her true age. It was generally believed in Santa Fé that she was still in her early forties, in which case she would not have been more than six or eight years old at the date when Inez was born. In reality the lady was past fifty, but when O'Reilly had tried to persuade her to admit this in court, she simply refused to listen to him. He begged the Bishop and the Vicar to use their influence with her to this end.

Father Latour shrank from interfering in so delicate a matter, but Father Vaillant saw at once that it was their plain duty to protect the two women and, at the same time, secure the rights of the Propaganda. Without more ado he threw on his old cloak over his cassock, and the three men set off through the red mud to the Olivares hacienda in the hills east of the town.

Father Joseph had not been to the Olivares house since the night of the New Year's party, and he sighed as he approached the place, already transformed by neglect. The big gate was propped open by a pole because the iron hook was gone, the courtyard was littered with rags and meat bones which the dogs had carried there and no one had taken away. The big parrot cage, hanging in the *portale*, was filthy, and the birds were squalling. When O'Reilly rang the bell at the outer gate, Pablo, the banjo player, came running out with touseled hair and a dirty shirt to admit the visitors. He took them into the long living-room, which was empty and cold, the fireplace dark, the hearth unswept. Chairs and window sills were deep in red dust, the glass panes dirty, and streaked as if by tear drops. On the writing table were empty bottles and sticky glasses and cigar ends. In one corner stood the harp in its green cover.

Pablo asked the Fathers to be seated. His mistress was staying in bed, he said, and the cook had burnt her hand, and the other maids were lazy. He brought wood and laid a fire.

After some time, Doña Isabella entered, dressed in heavy mourning, her face very white against the black, and her eyes red. The curls about her neck and ears were pale, too, — quite ashen.

After Father Vaillant had greeted her and spoken consoling words, the young lawyer began once more gently to explain to her the difficulties that confronted them,

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and what they must do to defeat the action of the Olivares family. She sat submissively, touching her eyes and nose with her little lace handkerchief, and clearly not even trying to understand a word of what he said to her.

Father Joseph soon lost patience and himself approached the widow. "You understand, my child," he began briskly, "that your husband's brothers are determined to disregard his wishes, to defraud you and your daughter, and, eventually, the Church. This is no time for childish vanity. To prevent this outrage to your husband's memory, you must satisfy the court that you are old enough to be the mother of Mademoiselle Inez. You must resolutely declare your true age, — fifty-three, is it not?"

Doña Isabella became blue with fright. She shrank back into one end of the deep sofa, but her blue eyes focussed and gathered light, as she became intensely, rigidly animated in her corner, — her back against the wall, as it were.

"Fifty-three!" she cried in a voice of horrified amazement. "Why, I never heard of anything so outrageous. I was forty-two my last birthday. It was in December, the fourth of December. If Antonio were here, he would tell you! And he wouldn't let you scold me and talk about business to me, either, Father Joseph. He never let anybody talk about business to me!" She hid her face in her little handkerchief and began to cry.

Father Latour checked his impetuous vicar and sat down on the sofa beside Madame Olivares, feeling very sorry for her and speaking gently. "Forty-two to your friends, dear Madame Olivares, and to the world. In heart and face you are younger than that. But to the Law and the Church there must be a literal reckoning. A formal statement in court will not make you any older to your friends; it will not add one line to your face. A woman, you know, is as old as she looks."

"That's very sweet of you to say, Bishop Latour," the lady quavered, looking up at him with tear-bright eyes. "But I never could hold up my head again. Let the Olivares have that old money. I don't want it."

Father Vaillant sprang up and glared down at her as if he could put common sense into her drooping head by the mere intensity of his gaze. "Four hundred thousand pesos, Señora Isabella," he cried. "Ease and comfort for you and your daughter all the rest of your lives. Would you make your daughter a beggar? The Olivares will take everything."

"I can't help it about Inez," she pleaded. "Inez means to go into the convent anyway. And I don't care about the money. *Ah, mon père, je voudrais mieux être jeune et mendiante, que n'être que vieille et riche, certes, oui!*"

Father Joseph caught her icy cold hand. "And have you a right to defraud the Church of what is left to it in your trust? Have you thought of the consequences to yourself of such a betrayal?"

Father Latour glanced sternly at his vicar. "*Assez,*" he said quietly. He took the little hand Father Joseph had released and bent over it, kissing it respectfully. "We must not press this any further. We must leave this to Madame Olivares and her own conscience. I believe, my daughter, you will come to realize that this sacrifice of your vanity would be for your soul's peace. Looking merely at the temporal aspect of the case, you would find poverty hard to bear. You would have to live upon the Olivares charity, would you not? I do not wish to see this come about. I have a selfish interest; I wish you to be always your charming self, and to make a little *poésie* in life for us here. We have not much of that."

Madame Olivares stopped crying. She raised her head and sat drying her eyes. Suddenly she took hold of one of the buttons on the Bishop's cassock and began twisting it with nervous fingers.

"Father," she said timidly, "what is the youngest I could possibly be, to be Inez's mother?"

The Bishop could not pronounce the verdict; he hesitated, flushed, then passed it on to O'Reilly with an open gesture of his fine white hand.

"Fifty-two, Señora Olivares," said the young man respectfully. "If I can get you to admit that, and stick to it, I feel sure we will win our case."

"Very well, Mr. O'Reilly." She bowed her head. As her visitors rose, she sat looking down at the dust-covered rugs. "Before everybody!" she murmured, as if to herself.

When they were tramping home Father

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Joseph said that as for him, he would rather combat the superstitions of a whole Indian pueblo than the vanity of one white woman.

"And I would rather do almost anything than go through such a scene again," said the Bishop with a frown. "I don't think I ever assisted at anything so cruel."

Boyd O'Reilly defeated the Olivares brothers and won his case. The Bishop would not go to the court hearing, but Father Vaillant was there, standing in the malodorous crowd (there were no chairs in the court room), and his knees shook under him when the young lawyer, with the fierceness born of fright, poked his finger at his client and said:

"Señora Olivares, you are fifty-two years of age, are you not?"

Madame Olivares was swathed in mourning, her face a streak of shadowed white between folds of black veil.

"Yes, sir." The crape barely let it through.

The night after the verdict was pronounced, Manuel Chavez, with several of Antonio's old friends, called upon the widow to congratulate her. Word of their intention had gone about the town and put others in the mood to call at a house that had been closed to visitors for so long. A considerable company gathered there that evening, including some of the military people, and several hereditary enemies of the Olivares brothers. The cook, stimulated by the sight of the long *sala* full of people once more, hastily improvised a supper. Pablo put on a white shirt and a velvet jacket, and began to carry up from the cellar his late master's best whisky and sherry, and quarts of champagne. (The Mexicans are very fond of sparkling wines. Only a few years before this, an American trader who had got into serious political trouble with the Mexican military officers in Santa Fé, regained their confidence and friendship by presenting them with a large wagon shipment of champagne, — three thousand, three hundred and ninety-two bottles, indeed!)

This hospitable mood came upon the house suddenly, nothing had been prepared beforehand. The wine glasses were full of dust, but Pablo wiped them out with the shirt he had just taken off, and without instructions from any one he began gliding about with a tray full of glasses, which he afterward refilled many times, taking his station at the sideboard. Even Doña Isabella drank a little champagne; when she had sipped one glass with the young Georgia captain, she could not refuse to take another with their nearest neighbor, Ferdinand Sanchez, always a true friend to her husband. Every one was gay, the servants and the guests, everything sparkled like a garden after a shower.

Father Latour and Father Vaillant, having heard nothing of this spontaneous gathering of friends, set off at eight o'clock to make a call upon the brave widow. When they entered the courtyard they were astonished to hear music within, and to see light streaming from the long row of windows behind the *portale*. Without stopping to knock, they opened the door into the *sala*. Many candles were burning. Señors were standing about in long frock coats buttoned over full figures. O'Reilly and a group of officers from the fort surrounded the sideboard, where Pablo, with a white napkin wrapped showily about his wrist, was filling their glasses. From the other end of the room sounded the high tinkle of the harp and Doña Isabella's voice:

Listen to the mocking-bird,
Listen to the mocking-bird!

The priests waited in the doorway until the song was finished, then went forward to pay their respects to the hostess. She was wearing the unrelieved white that grief permitted, and the yellow curls were bobbing as of old, — three behind her right ear, one over either temple, and a little row across the back of her neck. As she saw the two black figures approaching, she dropped her arms from the harp, took her satin toe from the pedal, and rose, holding out a hand to each. Her eyes were bright, and her face beamed with affection for her spiritual fathers. But her greeting was a playful reproach, uttered loud enough to be heard above the murmur of conversing groups:

"I never shall forgive you, Father Joseph, nor you either, Bishop Latour, for that awful lie you made me tell in court about my age!"

The two churchmen bowed amid laughter and applause.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Why I am a Disciple

Supplementary Confessions II. During 1926 THE FORUM *published a series of twelve Confessions defining the differences of religious beliefs. The public judged these articles so important that they have been published in book form by Duffield and Company, under the title "Twelve Modern Apostles and Their Creeds". From time to time* THE FORUM *will publish supplements to these twelve. In January, an Eastern Orthodox was given a hearing, and this is a statement from a leading divine of an American creed which numbers 1,759,000 adherents. Dr. Garrison is Dean of the Disciples' Divinity House at the University of Chicago.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I became a Disciple by the happy accident of birth, supplemented and confirmed by choice at an age so early that I scarcely knew what else one could be. I continue to be a Disciple by the compulsion of a deep conviction and a great hope. The conviction is that these people hold in trust a certain liberating principle which the whole church needs, and the hope is that they will with increasing clearness discriminate between this treasure and the earthen vessel in which they bear it, — that is to say, between the structural principle and the particular practices and opinions which have grown up around it.

The Disciples seek to reconcile liberty with union, believing that these two are one and inseparable, now and forever. They desire not merely to have liberty for themselves and let the rest of the church go by and not find union in complete agreement on a system of theology, but to see a united church with room in it for the variations of opinion which liberty always invites. This antinomy presents problems, some of them still unsolved, but every element among the Disciples firmly believes that these two principles can and must be combined in the church of the future. Because I also believe that, and because their ranks afford a good place in which to work for the realization of that objective, I am a Disciple.

A conviction of the unchristian nature of the bitter denominational rivalries of the time, and of the inefficiency of a divided church as an instrument for saving the world, furnished the impulse for those religious stirrings, early in the nineteenth century, which issued in the formation of the body known as Disciples of Christ. Thomas Campbell was virtually driven from the Presbyterian ministry, not for heresy but for extending fellowship to those of variant theology. With the cooperation of his son, Alexander, he launched a movement which was motived, first of all, by an ardent evangelical desire to redeem and enrich the lives of men by the gospel of Christ; second, by the conviction that only a united church could accomplish that end; and third, by the thought that the basis of union must be the essential and imperishable religion of Jesus. It was their belief that all human and speculative opinions should be

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eliminated from the test of fellowship, and that Christian men in their thinking and the church in its organization must be free from every sort of overhead tyranny and especially from "clerical domination". Their purpose was, in Alexander Campbell's phrase, "to make the doors of the church as wide as the gates of heaven."

These men and their immediate associates became a separate religious body by compulsion, — and expulsion, — rather than by choice. This body, coming into a separate existence about 1830, inevitably began to develop more definitely those characteristic patterns of thought and modes of procedure which had marked them as a group even before their separation. What they wanted was freedom and unity in Christ. It occurred to them that the most obvious road to these ends lay through the "restoration of the ancient order of things", — that is to say, the establishment of churches which should reproduce as exactly as possible the faith, organization, ordinances, and terms of admission of the apostolic church. It seemed to them a very simple formula: Abandon creeds and traditions and human opinions and return to the simple teaching of the New Testament, and the unity must result.

Anticipating the modern historical method, they discovered that the Bible is a book written by many hands and for many purposes and therefore not all to be taken as equally authoritative for Christian faith and practice. They rationalized, — in a good sense, — the process of conversion, making faith an act of intelligence based on evidence, repentance the sorrow for and turning away from one's personal sins, and baptism the symbolical burial of a believer with Christ and his rising to newness of life in accordance with Christ's command. They organized their churches on a basis of local autonomy and majority rule, which seemed consistent both with the New Testament picture of a church and with the American idea of government. And above all, they continued to urge that the church must be one. It was a program which came like a message of deliverance to thousands who were confused by a muddy mysticism, burdened by a complicated theology, overborne by clerical control, and grieved by sectarian divisions.

I return to the original thesis of the Disciples that "the doors of the church should be as wide as the gates of heaven". I am a Disciple because I accept that principle and share their original passion for fellowship and cooperation among all Christians, and not because of devotion to the "particular ecclesiastical order" which most of them have identified with the procedure of the apostolic churches. By the breadth of their fundamental principle and the absence of any official theology or any machinery for making one, the movement of the Disciples lends itself to freedom and progress. Neither the group as a whole nor any individual in it is tied to the theology or the specific practices of its leaders of the first generation. Disciples of to-day can best be loyal to "the fathers", — if loyalty to them is a desideratum, — by reproducing their passion for unity and their determination to base that unity on those things which the most thorough study shall show to be the essentials of the religion of Jesus.

It is happily true that what I have called the animating motive of the Disciples at the beginning has become, in large measure, the common possession of all open-minded Christians. So much is this a matter of common knowledge that those who have not known the Disciples, and perhaps some who have, may smile at the suggestion that this now popular idea owes anything to their advocacy. This merely shows what a change has come over the spirit of American Protestantism in the last hundred years. Whether the Disciples deserve much or little credit for the diminished emphasis upon conformity to creed, is of slight importance. It would be a pity to hinder the attainment of unity by quarreling over the credit for progress up to date. But it is worth observing that men who love liberty and seek after the unity of all the followers of Jesus, if they find themselves in this fellowship, have reason to feel that its essential history and deepest motives justify their position. I am a Disciple because, more than any other religious body that I know, they are committed by the most fundamental principles of their existence to a constantly renewed declaration of independence, not only from the traditions and opinions of other men, but equally from their own

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opinions and traditions as riper scholarship and wider experience bring fuller knowledge of truth.

WINFRED ERNEST GARRISON

Chicago, Ill.

Saved!

Mr. Curtis is now firmly on "dry" land.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Not every writer is as reasonable and convincing in his conclusions, especially on the subject of Prohibition, as Viscount Astor in the February number. During the past few months I have been almost persuaded that Prohibition was not at all the thing for America; that we might just as well, or probably better, go back to the open saloon. But this article by Viscount Astor is reassuring; I feel now that I am "saved". Let us have more papers with a similar ring of earnestness and sincerity.

A. V. CURTIS

Terre Haute, Ind.

Repartee

The debate "Shall We Revise the Constitution?" between Wayne B. Wheeler and Louis A. Cuvillier appeared last month. The two debaters are at it again! First we'll hear from the negative:

Editor of THE FORUM:

The Federal Government has not "clearly failed to enforce the Volstead Act". It has not used the full authority conferred by the Eighteenth Amendment. It has not obtained full cooperation from the various government departments. Neither has Congress enacted enforcement laws as efficient as those in most states. But that law is observed and enforced so well, in spite of continuous wet assaults, that it has made this the most sober, most healthy, and most prosperous nation in the world. Futile efforts to prevent enforcement are no reason for repeal.

Congress should call a federal constitutional convention when two-thirds of the states request it. Such application has not been made and is not likely to be made. The applications cited by Mr. Cuvillier were limited to slavery, direct election of senators, polygamy, or other issues now settled. No Congress would consider them effective applications for a convention to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment which did not exist when they were made. A state does not withdraw an application whose purpose has been met.

Mr. Cuvillier's suggestion that a convention might "adopt an entirely new Constitution", and that the Constitution is a hindrance to the nation's advance echoes the complaint of all the foes of constitutional government, who find their ambitions, prejudices, greed, or appetite restrained. His idea that a convention might "rid us at a stroke of the Eighteenth Amendment and such other portions of our governmental machine as have proved themselves impractical", is vague concerning the "other portions". Corruptionists would repeal the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Amendments that machine-owned Senators might be elected and women disfranchised. Every part of the Constitution would be attacked by foes of Constitutional and representative government allied with the champions of the brewer and saloon keeper. Fortunately, no Congress for many years will find any considerable portion of the states requesting a federal constitutional convention.

WAYNE B. WHEELER

Washington, D. C.

And Mr. Cuvillier has this to say:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Wayne B. Wheeler states that the probability of a national constitutional convention's being called is remote. I think this statement is hocus-pocus. Any attempt by any one to repeal or modify the Eighteenth Amendment, Mr. Wheeler looks on with suspicion. His feeling on the question of prohibition reminds me of Mark Twain who, as he was riding across the desert alone, felt wicked, so he stole money from one pocket and put it into another.

He states that "desire to have the Eighteenth Amendment repealed is the motive behind Mr. Cuvillier's suggestion that a constitutional convention be called". This is not a fact. The human understanding holds public opinion as the surest arbiter of what is lawful, considers humanity a changing scene in which nothing is, or ought to be, permanent, and admits that what appears good to-day

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may be superseded by something better to-morrow. Entertaining this view, I have come to the conclusion that the present Constitution of the United States has become a sort of senile ineptitude, so far as being progressive in relation to the prevailing manners, customs, and ideas of the American people is concerned.

Mr. Wheeler raised the question of the number of amendments submitted for the consideration of the convention and the extent of the authority to propose amendments of a convention called pursuant to this provision. The answer would seem clearly to be that there are no limits. The Constitution imposes none. On the contrary, it confers the most general authority upon the convention. "The Congress . . . shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or . . . shall call a convention for proposing amendments." It must be borne in mind, however, that all the convention can do is propose amendments; they acquire no validity until ratified by three-fourths of the states.

The trouble with the prohibitionists is that they believe that the Eighteenth Amendment has cured all ills of the American people, both personal and political. And yet parts of almost one-fourth of the population of the United States have voted against the continuance of the prohibition farce. The community as a whole is in silent protest against paying taxes for the support of a cause that produces more mischief than good. The fact remains that the United States has sacrificed billions in revenue and is spending millions every year on prohibition that does not prohibit. The calling of a national constitutional convention to repeal or modify the Eighteenth Amendment will be worth the effort for it will save us from the fanaticism of prohibitionists, who seem to hold a superpower of government in this country.

LOUIS A. CUVILLIER

New York City.

Magna Cum Laude!

A fellow townsman of Mr. Sager has to hand it to him.

Editor of THE FORUM:

As a reader of THE FORUM I beg of you a word of comment on the "prize debate". May I lay aside the natural prejudice of a townsman? In this particular question most of us, in the abstract, align ourselves with the negative side. Regardless of our opinions as to the general question and speaking specifically of the merits of the debaters, I desire to say that in my opinion Mr. Sager presented a masterful essay.

Like a fine artisan he hewed to the line with grace and ease. In fact I believe that his production might be taken as a model of classic debate. In thought and composition I vote him a high mark of credit.

With a facile pen he constructed a logical forensic analysis.

S. C. BEARD

Vincennes, Ind.

Asking Aesculapius Another

Dr. Fishbein is editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association" and of "Hygeia", the Health Magazine.

Editor of THE FORUM:

For some years welfare workers, sociologists, and public health officials have been asserting, no doubt with good evidence, that the poor and the rich in our midst have the advantages of the best medical treatment, but that the large majority of our people must be satisfied with the unorganized kind rendered by general practitioners. President Vincent, of the Rockefeller Foundation, insists that the change of emphasis from cure to prevention has caught the medical profession asleep and criticizes the average physician for his inability to meet the demands of the times. In the past quarter of a century such preventive measures as antityphoid, antidiphtheria, and antiscarlet fever inoculations have come to widespread use, largely through wholesale administration by public health officials and philanthropic organizations to rich and poor alike. The plea has been made that these services are rendered as a part of the protection in general against infectious diseases.

The newest procedure in preventive medicine to catch the public fancy has been the periodic physical examination. The value of such examinations in the early detection of the degenerative dis-

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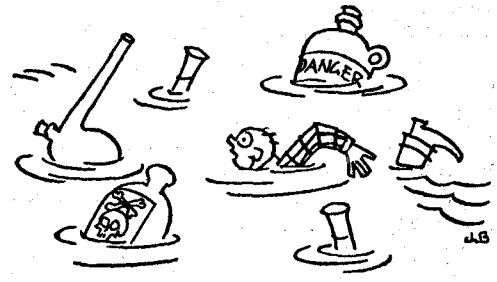
eases of the heart, the kidneys, and the blood-vessels cannot be questioned. These diseases are insidious in their onset. Their control depends on the establishment of a proper régime of life, including modification of the diet, exercise, rest, and other functions of the human body. An eminent statistician has established the fact that universal application of periodic physical examination and proper personal hygiene would inevitably result in a prolongation of life-expectancy from five to seven and a half years.

The public is learning more and more of the advantages of preventive medicine. Physicians are being instructed by medical colleges, by graduate schools of medicine, and through their medical organizations in the routine of periodic physical examination. They are being supplied with outlines and with forms for keeping the records of such examinations.

However, the transition from a state in which the measures of preventive medicine are supplied free by public health officials and philanthropic organizations to a period in which persons will seek these measures at the hands of their general practitioners, whom they have formerly consulted only when sick, must be a gradual one. Apparently the public is unwilling to pay the physician individually to keep it individually well, although it is willing to submit to taxation so that the city, the county, and the state may provide public health officials to take care of these matters as they concern the mass.

Industry and trade have recognized the advantages of preventive medicine and are endeavoring to meet the situation by the employment of full-time physicians in commercial establishments who will be prepared to give such examinations to workers without any fee other than the salary received from the institution. It should be obvious to any one that the practising physician cannot compete with such service when rendered by a corporation, a philanthropic organization, or a public health official, without relationship to the income of the person concerned.

With the opinion of President Vincent that welfare work, public health control, and social control are not to be scrapped because of any dysgenic principle or belief, there can be no argument. More and more scientific investigations of these matters lead to the view that the saving of life is worth while. The classification of the fit and unfit is notoriously doubtful. One need only consult the list of the deaf, the epileptic, the crippled, or any other group who have achieved fame, and he will realize that science has not yet provided data sufficient to warrant the conferring of the power of selection on any man.



The medical man swims a hard course

The majority of physicians who have considered the question of the physician of the future are convinced that he must be a being of much the same type as that now prevailing among us. The modern physician swims a difficult course between the rocks of laboratory technique and the insidious whirlpool of faith healing. The physician of the future will have to deal with man as a human being. The general practitioners will be needed for the care of simple derangements of human function, for the relief of symptoms, and for sifting major disturbances from minor complaints.

He will apply the measures of preventive medicine, and will make regularly those examinations that detect disease in its earliest stages. In that sifting, he will call to his assistance the special aid to be derived from all of the laboratory and technical handmaidens of medical science.

The physician of the future, if he is to be successful in treatment of ailments of mankind, will deal with individuals as such, and he will receive his compensation from them rather than from a paternalistic state.

MORRIS FISHBEIN

Chicago, Ill.

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Tabloids and Tabloids

Mr. Howard is president of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Syndicate.

Editor of THE FORUM:

While heartily endorsing the public outcry against the practices of certain daily publications (sometimes erroneously characterized as newspapers) appearing in tabloid form, we would like to sound a note of protest against the unfairness of sweeping and indiscriminate condemnation. Character in newspapers can no more be judged by their size than can the character of men be judged by their height.

The tendency to damn indiscriminately all tabloid or condensed newspapers because of the conduct of some is not only unfair but unreasonable and without justification. There is as much difference in character between various types of big newspapers as there is between tabloids.

There are two Scripps-Howard tabloids, the "Washington News" and the "Baltimore Post"; and there are twenty-four Scripps-Howard newspapers that are of standard size. Yet all are the same in editorial character. The only difference is in size and in the fact that both editorial content and advertising is condensed in the tabloids. The same features, syndicated pictures and comics appear in all. To illustrate condensation of the same news, the "Baltimore Post," a tabloid, at times publishes twice as many items of news as appear in either of its conventional sized Baltimore contemporaries. Scripps-Howard tabloids have made tremendous circulation gains without any appeal to vulgarity, pruriency or indecency. On the contrary they have made a persistent appeal to the clean and human qualities in the average American home.

Sensational appeals to vulgarity and even vice in conventional sized newspapers have never paid in the long run. Such appeals will not pay in the tabloids in the long run. But the distinction is between clean and unclean journalism. The issue is one of decency not of size. Remedial action will be easier if the issue is kept clear.

ROY W. HOWARD

New York City.

The Hard-Boiled Marines Are on their Way

In view of the state of things in China, Nicaragua and points south, we reprint from the September '24 FORUM *this appropriate ditty. Mr. Graham is Rector of St Mark's Church, in Fall River, Mass. He joined the Marines and saw the war, serving in Verdun.*

I got up this morning from my bunk in Quantico
The Sergeant said "Arise and shine! we must be on the go" —
I said "Where now?" Says he "To Mexico, —
For the Spicks grabbed off our oil wells
And we get in the show!"

Chorus

As we go marching and the band begins to P-L-A-Y
Our loans must be protected,
The hard-boiled Marines are on their way, —
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
The hard-boiled Marines are on their way.

I've done my bit in Haiti for the dear old N. C. B.
And also in the Philippines for sugar, hemp, and tea;
"Grabbed a sock" in China after forty winks,
And pumped some rapid fire
In a lot of dirty Chinks.

In Cuba and Domingo I've had fever in my bones,
When we bumped off lots of Greasers
Who did not respect our loans.
Guatemala and Honduras have seen my smiling face,
And even Nicaragua was no loan-respecting place.

It was "Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous" in Champagne and Belleau,
And "up and at 'em, Jireen" in the little Argonne show.
But I guess when we reach Heaven and walk the shining stones
We'll be doing extra duty to protect somebody's loans!

LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, 3RD

Fall River, Mass.

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Each for Himself

Mr. Yeomans contributed "Why Not Buddhism?" to the February Rostrum.

Editor of THE FORUM:

THE FORUM asks, "Is it right to break unjust laws?" But who is to decide which laws are unjust? The individual always decides for himself, according to his personal opinions and ideals, whether or not a law is just. And his opinions and ideals are generally dictated by his interests and appetites. Having once made up his mind that a law is unjust, he will break it, if he thinks he can do so with a fair degree of safety, or if his interests in the matter are strong enough to justify the risks. Why then argue about the rightness of the thing? Right or not right, men have always broken the law whenever their interests or opinions prompted them strongly to do so. They always will.

It does no good to accuse a man of hypocrisy because his ideals favor his interests. We are all in the same boat. Old John Hancock had a high ideal of liberty. He was also a merchant smuggler. I wonder how much of John Hancock's zeal for liberty was due to the fact that the British government interfered with his trade and reduced his profits?

FLOYD L. YEOMANS

Marne, Mich.

With Apologies

With our debate "Is Lynching Ever Defensible?" in the December FORUM, *we published a table of lynching statistics in this country for the past few years. By an error on the part of the authority from whom our information was derived, we included one case of lynching in the State of Maine in 1926. This letter from Governor Brewster of Maine sets us right:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Citizens of Maine have very much regretted the undesirable publicity that the State of Maine received in the December issue of your most excellent magazine where this State was listed as one of those where a lynching had occurred this past year. Such an occurrence is unknown within our State for generations and we shall appreciate appropriate correction calculated to remedy the injustice.

This error was peculiarly distressing at just this time as it is believed that Maine has established a record in law enforcement without a parallel in the country in recent years. Two years ago we took the situation very firmly in hand and determined that law violation should come more nearly to mean punishment. During 1925 the number of criminal offenses reported within our State showed a decline from the previous year for the first time since the World War. The number of inmates in our State Prison has shown a decline of over twenty per cent. In proportion to our population Maine might expect approximately 100 of the 12,000 murders each year committed within the United States. During 1926 there have been only three murders reported within our State. It is believed that this record is unique in the country in the unsettled social and criminal conditions of our day.

RALPH O. BREWSTER

Augusta, Me.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

Mr. Warren teaches at Friendsville Academy, where, he writes, THE FORUM *is very much appreciated.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

This letter is from an enthusiastic reader and admirer of THE FORUM, a magazine of controversy. It is partly the outcome of reading Leon Whipple's article in this month's "Survey". In it I hope to say some things which are vital to myself and I hope of interest to you. Last year in an English class for ninth and tenth grades, seven pupils out of twenty-one told me that they had never read a magazine article, while nine said they had never read a book "except school books and they are not interesting". Last week twelve people said something about something from THE FORUM. Two boys read it from cover to cover every month and "rave" to me about it till I have to run them out to get any work done. The Southern Highlander will be a man, in spite of Dayton and blah and ignorance, if we give him a chance. Keep on keeping on with THE FORUM.

LUTHER E. WARREN

Friendsville, Tenn.

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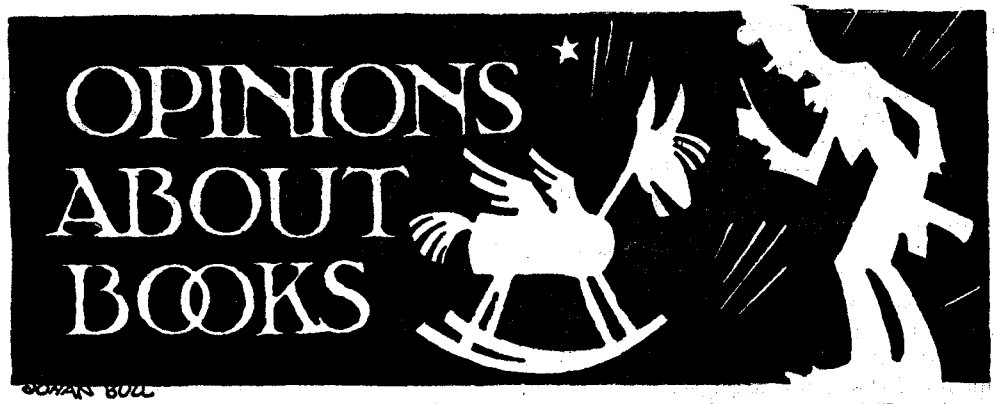

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

Synthetic Genius

"HERE they are, my 1030 men and women," says Havelock Ellis in A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). Out of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which contains the names of all noteworthy Britons from the beginning of history to the close of the nineteenth century and comprises some thirty thousand names, he has bestowed the laurel of genius on one thousand and thirty, — 975 men and 55 women. Foreseeing confusion in the interpretation of so arbitrary a word as "genius", he uses it expressly to signify high intellectual ability. Having compiled his list, Mr. Ellis proceeds to study the chief characteristics, — anthropological, biological, and psychological, — of genius.

All sections of the British Empire have provided places of origin for genius, but London makes a very poor showing. Apparently, it is as difficult to find a true Londoner of parts as it is here to find a native born New Yorker. The alignment of British genius according to territorial foci is extremely interesting, but the tables have a tendency toward generalization which puts too much strain on the data. Nevertheless, the results are certainly indicative. Thus the great class of artisans and laborers have never contributed many geniuses to society, and the latest researches show this small proportion to be actually decreasing. More often than not, persons of eminent ability have come from large families, and in a surprising number of cases were the offspring of parents of very mature age. Precocity has been a frequent manifestation, as has constitutional delicacy.

In the popular mind there has always been a curious subterranean association between genius and insanity; but nothing in this investigation indicates a basic connection. Periods of intellectual productivity are almost never combined with periods of insanity, and the contribution of those men who have at some time during their lives been actually insane has in no case been of supreme significance. Rather, Mr. Ellis points out that genius is more closely related to congenital imbecility than to insanity. The muscular clumsiness and lack of coordination which mark the idiot are frequently observed in men of genius. The *idiot savant*, the wonderful calculators who are baffled by the simple problems of daily living, the "men of one

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idea", — all these seem intermediary forms. It is true that the intense nervous organization of the genius occasionally breaks down under prolonged high pressure and dissolves into insanity. But the same cataclysm may lie in wait for the intensely nervous man who has no claims to genius.

Here is a curious group of facts gathered from various parts of the book. Male geniuses tend to be the offspring of predominantly boy-producing parents. A great number of them are constitutionally delicate. The families to which they belong are generally large, and the interval between the birth of the eminent individual and that of the preceding child has been found less than normal. The age of either the father or mother is frequently unusually advanced. Celibacy and gout are frequent concomitants of genius. Guided by such sign posts, who knows but that science may some day develop a reliable formula for synthetic genius!

The book is entertainingly written, but after all is a discussion of statistics; and to most readers the general conclusions will be more interesting than the method and plan of study. The material was prepared in 1904, but like all the work of Havelock Ellis, the foundations are so well laid, the facts so carefully accumulated and presented, that no important modifications have been necessary. Several new chapters have been added, reluctantly, by the author, and have little real connection with the problem of the book. They are concerned with "The Celtic Spirit in Literature", "The Evolution of Painting in England," "Genius and Stature," and "The Comparative Abilities of the Fair and the Dark"; delightful reading, instructive essays, and, though only remotely germane to the issue, at least welcome addenda, — as what writing of Havelock Ellis is not?

LIN SEGAL

Sandburg's Best

THIS reviewer of SELECTED POEMS OF CARL SANDBURG, with an introduction by Rebecca West (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), wonders whether to stack the words upon the poems, or upon the interesting, sometimes strange, always provocative, introductory essay. After all, these poems of Sandburg are known, and one might dismiss them by saying that Miss West has done her selecting brilliantly and that one is grateful to have Sandburg's best in one volume. Though Miss West's idea of Chicago is a strong temptation to the critic, the book *is* Sandburg's, and one can't help wanting to talk about him.

In these selected poems, one feels anew his tremendous vigor and vitality, his power of vivid imagery, his poignant precipitation of ideas, and especially his sense of kinship to all forms of life, — persons, animal life, vegetable life, even inorganic matter, which seems to him to possess consciousness. To "a wagon load of radishes on a summer morning"; to a fish crier "terribly glad to be selling fish"; to the girders of a skyscraper, which "hour by hour reach down to the rock of the earth and hold the building to the turning planet"; to the "sun and the rain and the air and the rust and the press of time running into centuries" which "play on the building inside and out and use it", — thus run his fantasies. He pities the clock that got tired ticking and telling the wrong time. His poem, "Fog", cries for quotation:

> The fog comes
> on little cat feet.
>
> It sits looking
> over harbor and city
> on silent haunches,
> and then moves on.

I don't mean that one has no reservations about Sandburg. One objects, with Miss West, to the frequent spoiling intrusion of propaganda. One goes further and wishes that some of the later poems especially were a little more comprehensible. Too often, as in "Slabs of the Sunburnt West", it seems that the author set down words just as they happened to tumble into his consciousness, without straining them through the fine mesh of his intelligence. Failure to work and knead and mold poetic thought into poetic form is the evidence of a disintegrating sense of poetry.

VIOLA PARADISE

Old Romans in Top Hat

SLOWLY and steadily the popularization of the classics is taking place, following the program of James Harvey

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Robinson, who declared a few years ago that we needed distribution and regulation of our knowledge more than pioneering and acquisition. As in the world of politics, the historical principles now in our possession need to be coordinated, and the average reader consulted and enlightened. Sandys, Whibley, and Livingstone's *Anthropology and the Classics*, the Loeb and Budé series, the publications of the American Classical League, — all these are bringing us to a general and wide-spread understanding of the Latin element in our Anglo-Saxon civilization.

In THE MIND OF ROME (Oxford University Press, American Branch, $3.50), eight scholars, headed by Mr. Cyril Bailey, have very successfully collaborated to produce a companion volume to *The Pageant of Greece*. In their translated selections from Latin literature they have used a wide variety of English renderings, from the rich and Montaignesque versions of Livy by Philemon Holland, the Elizabethan, and John Dryden's sprightly rendering of Persius, which (if one dare say so) improves on the obscure original, to certain excellent experiments of their own. For example, Mr. Bryan-Brown's lines from Valerius Flaccus describing night on the Black Sea are quite Miltonic in their power.

> Horror of darkness wrapped them all about.
> The very quiet of all things, the silence
> Of the whole universe affrights them —.

Mr. Bailey's rendering of Scipio's remarks on modern dancing schools in the second century B.C. reads like recent strictures against the Plastic Age. The fragment of Gracchus's *Before the Censors* resembles the patriotic harangues of lawyers defending recent adventurers in high office.

The parallel with modern thought is further carried out when the contributors to this volume compare Nicander with the "Just So Stories"; or say that "Ovid was built for speed"; or correlate the Daphne myth with Hardy's *Voices from Things Growing;* or write a short essay on the ancient conception of the universe in terms of Einstein. Thus the reader is helped to a truer understanding of the traditions of Rome.

The workmanship of the book, especially the introductory essays, is convincing and interestingly presented. This reviewer wonders, however, whether Fronto (p. 269) can be said strictly to have "led a revolt against Classicism similar in many ways to the 'Romantic Movements' of modern Europe". I have always believed that Fronto, the adviser of Marcus Aurelius, was intentionally archaizing, or harking back to the ancient simplicity of the language; and that his preciosity resulted from this habit as much as from the *elocutio novella* which is described in Pater's *Marius the Epicurean.*

I still think that Mr. Bridges's English hexameters from Vergil are too stiff and laureate-like; and I should like to bring forward, in place of an inadequate version of the beautiful ninety-sixth poem of Catullus, an undergraduate translation made twenty-five years ago by C. W. Stork, till recently editor of "Contemporary Verse":

> Calvus, if there is aught our grief can do
> To please the silent ashes of the dead,
> Whereby our former loves we may renew
> And weep the friendships that long since have fled,
> Quintilia's pain in death can never be
> As great as, living, was her joy in thee.

Moreover, I admit a desire for a bit of Vitruvius's *On Architecture*, and some of Frontinus's engineering problems, inasmuch as a piece from Celsus, the physician, is included. But we must assume that the editors could not go too far afield in Roman technical affairs without overloading their volume.

RICHARD M. GUMMERE

Black Futility

THE race problem in America seems incapable of solution. The white man will not tolerate amalgamation, neither does he show the foresight and statesmanship to provide a separate home for his black brother. Biological and economic factors may eventually eliminate the negro from American life, but he will certainly be here for centuries. And since the negro and Caucasian have never yet lived side by side without friction, it is futile to hope that they will do so in the future. Yet this friction may be, and must be, greatly lessened by the education of the negro and the adoption of a less prejudiced attitude by the whites.

Such are the major conclusions of Professor Jerome Dowd, who after twenty-five years of study has written THE

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NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE (Century, $5.00), the ablest book on the negro question yet published. Seldom has a sociological treatise been written in an easier style, never one less prejudiced in tone. Professor Dowd studies the negro from the first days of the slave trade down to the present, discusses his character, analyzes various proposals for the solution of the race problem, and finds no panacea; but he sees some hope for better things in the future if the negro is educated, and the whites reach a sympathetic understanding of his problems.

Professor Dowd finds the negro highly emotional and endowed with marked musical and esthetic gifts. Ample evidence of these facts is presented in NEGRO WORKADAY SONGS, by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson (University of Carolina Press, $3.00), and in THE SECOND BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS, edited by James Weldon Johnson with musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson (Viking Press, $3.50). The first of these books considers the songs rather as ballads and gives them without music. Though both are rich mines of folk-lore, many of the songs in *The Second Book of Negro Spirituals* are, in their own way, simply masterpieces.

CHARLES LEE SNIDER

Father of the Man

WHEN Sherwood Anderson was tempted to write the story of his childhood, he had not taken into account the facts that a "scribbler" has to reckon with, — an untamed imagination and his living relatives. It is an awkward thing at best: so many of the responsibilities of childhood devolve upon near relatives; and a confirmed writer's imagination cannot be induced with coaxing to eat from the hand of truth.

TAR, A Mid-West Childhood (Boni & Liveright, $3.00), is a substitute; Mr. Anderson confesses all in the foreword. We do not find a spectacular boyhood, but an inside view of an ordinary one. It is muddled in spots, — past, present, and future intermingling without due notice. But so is a boy's life muddled sometimes, and he can't make anything clear out of the relations we call time. *Tar* is not exciting, — growth is not; it is not made of incidents, growth being gradual. It begins with Tar Moorehead's first conscious thinking. Thinking, when it has outgrown the space that is housed by a single room, spreads beyond a house, a yard, a town, till it encompasses some sort of measure of the world. Joy and pain take turns to spur the growing, and the body keeps pace with them all.

Then through the keen ears and eyes of the boy, Tar, we come, little by little, to a close understanding of the father, Dick Moorehead, "liked but not respected," whose conduct is ordered only by convenience. He is not indigenous to the Middle West alone. Tar accepts him as he is. Fern, the sister who dies in earliest infancy, lives to grow up in the mind of Tar. She becomes a pure emotion, the angel of his emotional life. The mother, tired, rules the house with silence, mildly. "She said she wouldn't die, but she did," and Tar's childhood comes to a close. The mother becomes an ideal.

It is an everyday affair, a boy's life; but Mr. Anderson makes of it, after all, an important thing.

ANNE CLEELAND

Critical America

IT is part of the duty of a self-conscious nation to be self-conscious about its literature and its literati, as well as about its high-powered commercialism and its Babbitts. Seldom has a people taken itself so to task as we Americans have. Two collections of recent magazine articles, READ AMERICA FIRST by Robert Littell (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00) and AMERICAN CRITICISM: 1926 edited by William A. Drake (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), show this tendency in concentrated form.

Both books deal with literary first causes. Should an American artist root himself in American soil? Is contemporary American literature as vital as that of other nations, or as it was seventy-five years ago? Can an American wear his nationality with ease like a tailor-made suit, or is Europe bound to force him into a take-us-as-you-find-us-or-go-to-the-devil attitude? Is the present outburst of art and literature the last flare of Western culture (as the gospel according to Spengler predicts), or is it the beginning of something new and wholly American?

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Mr. Littell implies forceful answers to these questions. Commercial standardization, whether of office furniture or human souls, he finds vastly amusing and far from pernicious. His satire loses none of its bite by its heartiness and good nature. He is essentially tolerant. He has a good word to say even for *Abie's Irish Rose;* and a critic who can sympathize with the spirit of that play enters the critical battle with an infinite advantage over those who rise to critical power through divine right of the cudgel.

Mr. Littell has no patience with the bow-wow school of critics. Thus of America's "eternal sophomore" he writes: "In general, Mr. Mencken's prose sounds like large stones being thrown into a dump cart. He has more gusto than humor, more appetite than taste, and a great deal more ink than intellect." Mr. Littell's style is brilliantly epigrammatic, and his epigrams have the singular virtue that they frequently contain more than the traditional fifty per cent of truth.

Mr. Drake's book is a more general treatise of modern criticism, both social and literary. It gives us Mr. Mencken and Mr. Sinclair Lewis in their dominant moods of damnation. There is an excellent study of Dreiser; Agnes Repplier is charming on poetry; Edgar Lee Masters pictures for us the cultural background of his youth; and altogether, the book is an illuminating symposium of critical thought in 1926.

Of these two books, Mr. Littell's is the more amusing, Mr. Drake's, — the first of a projected yearly series, — the more representative of contemporary thought. Both show certain new trends of feeling in the country. They indicate that blind, slashing, bludgeoning abuse is not what Americans need, and that critical kindliness, "sweetness and light", may prove the more efficacious literary tonic of the future.

B. Teats

A Scientist's England

THE great biological prophet of the nineteenth century, unlike the prophet Elijah, left not one mantle but many, and they have fallen upon the several shoulders best fitted to receive them. Charles Darwin's suggestions in *The Descent of Man* regarding the development and improvement of the human race through selection were taken up partly by his distinguished cousin, Francis Galton, and partly by one of his younger sons, Leonard Darwin. The latter, now expecting to retire after thirteen years as President of the Eugenics Education Society, has summed up the accumulated wisdom and experience of his life work in a recent volume on The Need for Eugenic Reform (Appleton, $4.00).

He sets forth in extremely temperate and moderate language the inevitable laws of heredity as he sees them working in contemporary England, — the sins of the fathers passed on to many generations, the cumulative influence of racial poisons, the multiplication and spread of the inferior and the unfit, and the consequent deterioration of one of the most powerful and vigorous races the earth has ever produced. This deterioration is hastened by other influences. Economic strain is diminishing the fertility of superior classes, but is not checking the multiplication of the inferior. Centuries of emigration have drained off the strongest and most virile elements of British stock. Meanwhile general knowledge of eugenics is woefully inadequate to meet the situation, and the public and press remain apathetic.

"In short," Darwin concludes, "as far as we can judge from the facts at our disposal, the nation as a whole is slowly and steadily deteriorating as regards its average, inborn qualities." Thus he finds himself in general agreement with the gloomy Dean of St Paul's, and like him urges that no country stands in greater need of eugenic reform than England.

Especially indicative of the philosophic spirit of our day is the concluding chapter entitled "Eugenics and the Riddle of the Universe". Here Darwin deals with the great question of religion and science, and points out that, while religion is in a sense dependent upon science, science in turn must seek the aid of religion to accomplish its highest ends, — the improvement of humanity. "Until the riddle of the universe is solved," says Darwin, "we must be content to follow religion in the domain of religion and science in the domain of science, even though it may seem that we shall be in some respects in-

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consistent in so doing. . . . Eugenics demands self-sacrifice, and religion is indeed the only power which it can call to its aid in this respect. . . . If eugenics is thus guided by religion as far as its ultimate purposes are concerned, any success which eugenics might attain would be a triumph for idealism. . . . We eugenists put moral qualities first in order of importance, intellectual second, and physical third. . . . The moralist must, in fact, study both science and religion; for both are involved in almost every practical question of right and wrong."

These words embody not only the author's personal opinions, but appear to reflect the general attitude of British scientists at the present time. Darwin's concluding words emphasize the need of both religion and science if the future is to bring real improvement and progress to the human race. "Let religion recognize that it is only in the realm of ultimate ideas that she is all-powerful. Let science see that her realm only includes the discovery and the formulation of the laws concerning the sequence of events. Let religion and science openly join hands in the endeavor to benefit, not only our neighbours, but also the countless millions of the as-yet-unborn. Let all this be done, and then eugenics, which aims at the future welfare of mankind, and which is founded on both religion and science, will come to hold its proper place in our thoughts and will prosper accordingly."

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Prurient Vagabondage

MR. HARRY KEMP undoubtedly finds in his latest book, MORE MILES (Boni & Liveright, $3.00), that distance lends enchantment to his chosen mode of travel. As he tramps past the mile-stones of his life, he enters upon scene after scene the describing of which can only be called inexcusable. An eye fixed far ahead on the star of poetry may lead its owner into curious places where emotional crises and artistic cataclysms abound. True art, however, instinctively sets a limit to the describing of these happenings, and the succession of indecent exposures which comprises a great part of this book lies beyond that limit.

If a man wishes to tell the world that he has on occasion stolen money from the table of a friend and books from outside second-hand bookstores, to show with a wealth of evidence that the meaning of integrity is unknown to him, — let him do so. If he wants to lay bare the intimacies of his amorous adventures, there is none to stop him, provided he respects the rights of his former intimates with a more discreet attitude towards these affairs. But there is a disgusting blatancy about the way Mr. Kemp has laid open for inspection leaves long turned in the lives of others which far exceeds the bad taste of his earlier volume. Anybody at all acquainted with Greenwich Village in the days of which he writes cannot fail to penetrate the shabby and threadbare disguises which have been foisted upon many well known persons.

It is really a lack of sophistication, an absence of the true Rabelaisian attitude, which accounts for this unpardonable performance. His abortive search for the ideal, frequently in the form of a red-headed girl, is to him all important. That the women he has possessed in passing and the men whose bread he has eaten may not feel disposed to pose for an artistic background apparently does not occur to him. If his treatment of friends condemns the book as an autobiography from one point of view (the detailed truth of his exposures is a matter of indifference), the complete lack of construction in the narrative and the preposterously generous use of dots and dashes renders it impossible to commend it as a literary production. A man who writes "I would lay floating", has little cause to sneer at incorrectness in the speech of a friend.

There is much that is pathetic about this man who seems so anxious to cry his confession from the housetops. But it is hard to condone childish simplicity when united with an obsession for venery.

L. H. TITTERTON

A Teacher of Men

BARRETT WENDELL brought to the teaching of literary history, not the mind of a meticulous and scientific scholar, but the mind of an interpreter and an artist. Therein lay the secret of his remarkable influence. His career fell in a period when German scholarship had

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afflicted the American academic world with the delusion that a professor of literature must behave as much as possible like a scientist: that his success must be measured by his "productiveness" in research; that his research must consist in discovering new facts and performing new marvels of precise literary analysis; and that he must seek accuracy and erudition even at the cost of dullness and of blindness to the essential spirit of the literature under consideration.

Wendell admitted that the laborious spade work of the pedant might prove valuable, but his real interest rose quite above it. He preferred interpretation to dissection, truth to facts; he knew that the teacher who makes literature a living thing in the minds of his students is productive in the realest sense of the word. Despite all his mannerisms and eccentricities, Wendell was a great teacher because he fixed his attention upon two essentials: the significance of the literature he discussed, and the men with whom he discussed it.

That eighteen of his former assistants in his course at Harvard should join in writing ESSAYS IN MEMORY OF BARRETT WENDELL (Harvard University Press, $4.00) is in itself a tribute to the vitality of his personality. Those essays which deal affectionately and discriminatingly with Wendell himself reinforce the tribute. And if some of them, with unconscious irony, embody the very sort of pedantry for which Wendell had so little use, let us not be surprized. The leaven of his influence could not lighten immediately the heavy lump of American literary scholarship. Let us only remember that all these eighteen men, pedants and interpreters alike, honored Wendell after their fashion.

FREDERICK L. ALLEN

Ivory Towers in Russia

MORRIS GORDIN says in the dedication of UTOPIA IN CHAINS (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) that the book is "written with the blood of a disappointed heart". And, allowing for the magniloquence of the phrase, it is. Beginning in the Spring of 1917 when the news of the Russian Revolution reached him in Chicago, Mr. Gordin depicts in a high pitched tone first the crescendo and then the diminuendo of his exuberant hopes for a world upheaval. His enthusiasm reaches its zenith upon arriving in Moscow in 1921. Thereafter his religious revolutionary fervor gradually withers away.

On the title-page the author states that he relates "an American's experiences in Red Russia". In the text, however, he never calls himself an American. He seems to be an Internationalist by conviction. But when telling of the trip to Russia, he refers to himself and his companions as "we Russians". Moreover, in only one place does he intimate that he is a Russian Jew. This point explains why the author says so little about the life of the Russian people outside the narrow circle of Bolshevik officials. Racially he has no roots among them; therefore his point of view is that of an outsider. Neither is his attitude American, for an American certainly would have been more sympathetic toward the inarticulate populace.

Mr. Gordin confines his narrative, — I think quite properly, — to descriptions of his own emotions and of the inner workings of the Communist party machine. Within these limits the account is illuminating. With a merciless zest that only a disillusioned disciple could command, he exposes the opportunism, stupidity, and brutality of Communists in power. He seems to admit, at least tacitly, that although he was one of them, these new rulers of Russia appeared to him far worse than the prerevolutionary powers, for after three years in Sovietdom he undoubtedly came to hate the Bolsheviks quite as ardently as he had hated the Romanofs.

In this book one seeks in vain an answer to the question provoked by such disclosures. Why do the Russian people tolerate such a government after having demonstrated their ability to dispose of the old one, which must have had deeper roots in the minds of the population? This question is particularly significant now that the tenth anniversary of the revolution approaches. Apparently Mr. Gordin realizes his inability to solve the riddle, for he lacks historic perspective. His allusions to Russia's past, — which alone, in my opinion, could help answer this question, — are limited to a few derogatory generalizations not borne out by historic facts. He does not even attempt to look further

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than the nineteenth century. Early Imperial Russia he seems to have forgotten. The three centuries of the Moscow period are legendary to him. As to the first five hundred years of Russian recorded history, — those important years of a nation's impressionable childhood, — they are entirely beyond Mr. Gordin's perspective.

The story of his personal experiences sounds sincere and convincing. It is told with a naïveté that would be almost refreshing were it not for a strong admixture of stylistic vulgarity and for lengthy and flowery discourses. Here the author indulges himself in Jovian mood. But I am glad these passages are left in the record, because the pathetic attempt to be Biblical and converse with sky, ocean, stars, and winged spirits, is to my mind symptomatic. They betray a predisposition to perverted mysticism which seems to permeate socialistic theories, and is characteristic of socialists in general and communists in particular. Perhaps this trait explains why Germans, Russians, and especially Jews, are in the forefront of "pure socialism".

To students of contemporary politics and sociology, and more particularly to those who are watching the "great Russian experiment", *Utopia in Chains* should be worth reading, even though one may not be in sympathy with the author.

GEORGE VESSELAGO

Why the Churches?

ABOUT a century ago that pungent little book, *Religions in America*, lovingly accentuated the *causae belli* among our then entrenched denominations. To-day, papers from THE FORUM appearing in book form as TWELVE MODERN APOSTLES (Duffield, $2.50) unconsciously demonstrate the disappearance of those differences. Only two exceptions are discernible: Clifford Smith, of Christian Science's shock troops, and Reed Smoot, Senatorial trumpet of Mormonism. Carl Van Doren, as a professed unbeliever, must essay dogmatism. But he proves extant what I had thought a lost art: one may still be both polite and agnostic, denying reverently. As for Chesterton, he merely hints as justification for being a Roman Catholic every reason there is for being an Orthodox Catholic.

What of the rest? The neat necessity of creeds was never so proved as by these ministers of now creedless sects trying to tell what they believe. They don't say, because they've nothing left to say. Dr. Slattery, despite the Thirty-Nine Articles, boasts that "the Apostles' Creed is the only statement of faith required" by Episcopalianism. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, virtually repudiating the Westminster Confession, goes the Bishop-Coadjutor of Massachusetts one better. "*No* credal tests are exacted" of candidates for Presbyterianism, he says. So it goes down the western theological line.

Why, then, are these assorted gentlemen what they are, theologically speaking? I have to formulate it, for it is the unconscious message of the book. Except Smith and Smoot, none of these believers is able to state his faith. Artless Dr. Coffin is correct: "As a matter of fact, it is not easy to discover the distinctive characteristics." Until I attended this fatal symposium, to my simple mind there seemed but one reason for any individual's choice of any denomination: belief that it was the best. Again I am Athanasius *contra mundum*. Of these eleven so called Christians, seven are in their present galleys for the excellent reason that they were born there; only a couple were converted, and the same number tried tepid choice.

Unite then, why don't they? They have only emptied names to lose! They sincerely want to see rejoined those torn rags which they consider the divided garment of Christ.

Dr. Coffin (It isn't funny) hints at some theory about an Apostolic Succession in the Presbyterian ministry, and in all these other chapters all the other contributors reveal a similar longing toward the faith first delivered to the saints. "It is the Holy Catholic Church that I want to belong to," declares Unitarian Dr. Crothers. Will they, someday, somehow, find that Church? Of old each used to cry: "I alone am right!" Now they cry: "We are all right, — and all wrong." There was an intermediate period of tolerance when every denomination said: "Let every man follow the light that is within him." But what if, to-day, that light has gone out?

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

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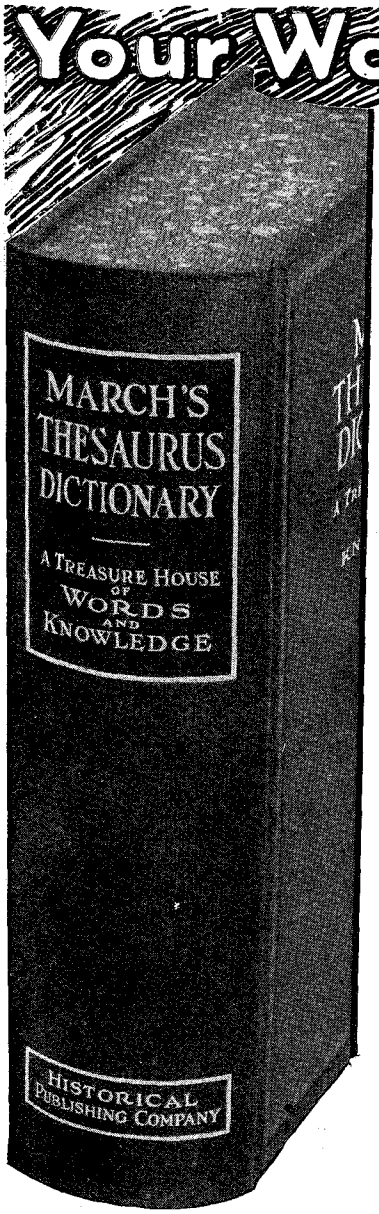
Your Words—do they always say what you *mean*?



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VIRGINIA WOOLF

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VIOLA PARADISE

This month turns a spy-glass on the English, in reply to Mr. Pisgah's scrutiny of America in April

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Al "Foro" che nella grande America
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